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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1980 $2.50

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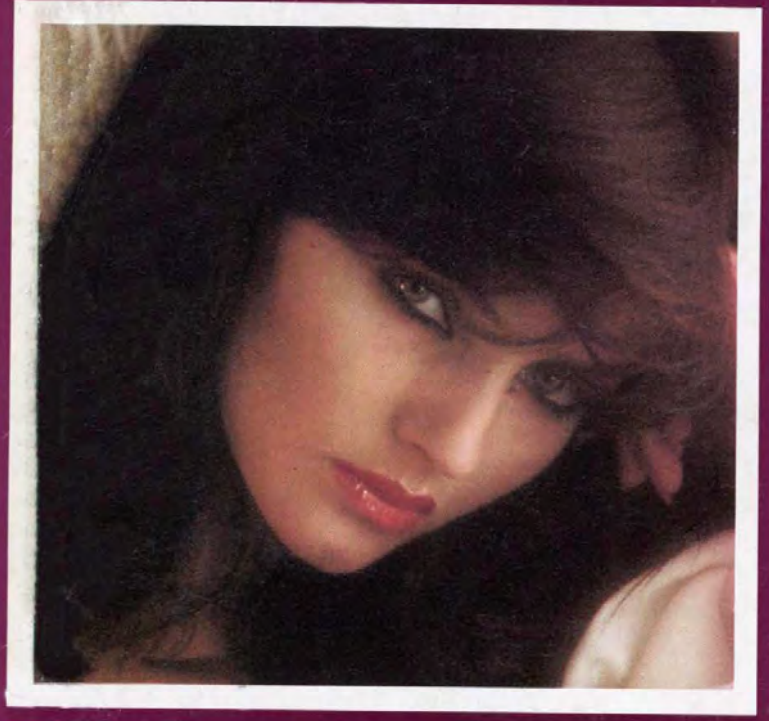

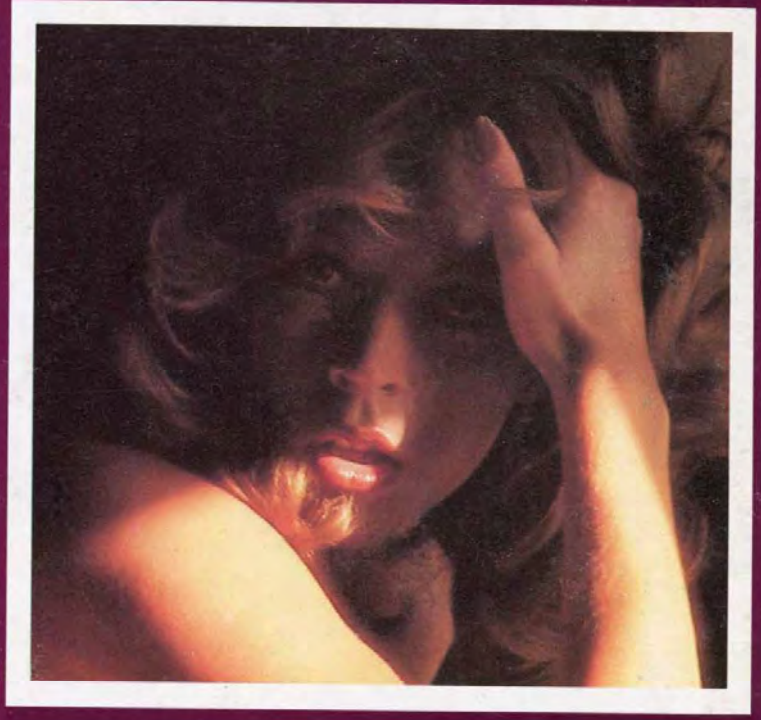

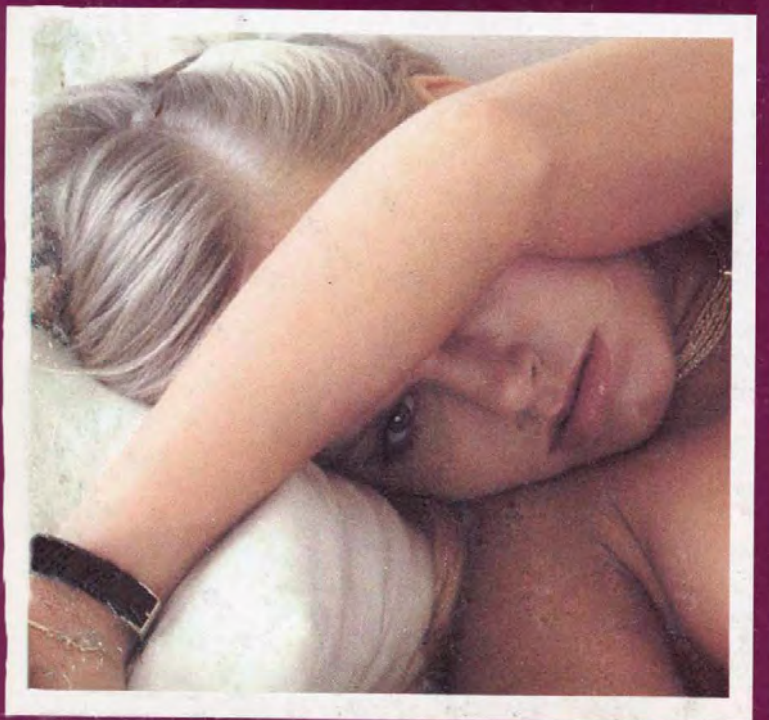

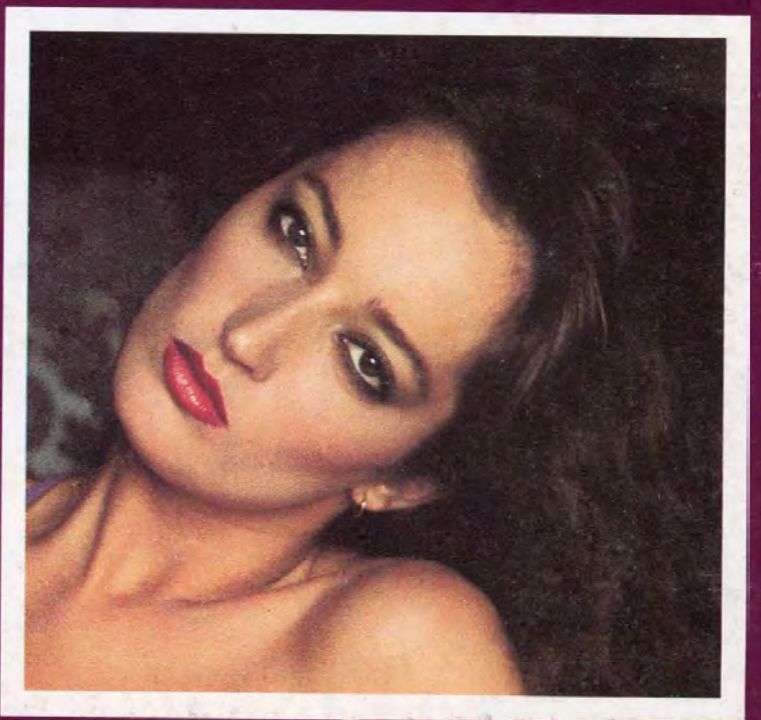

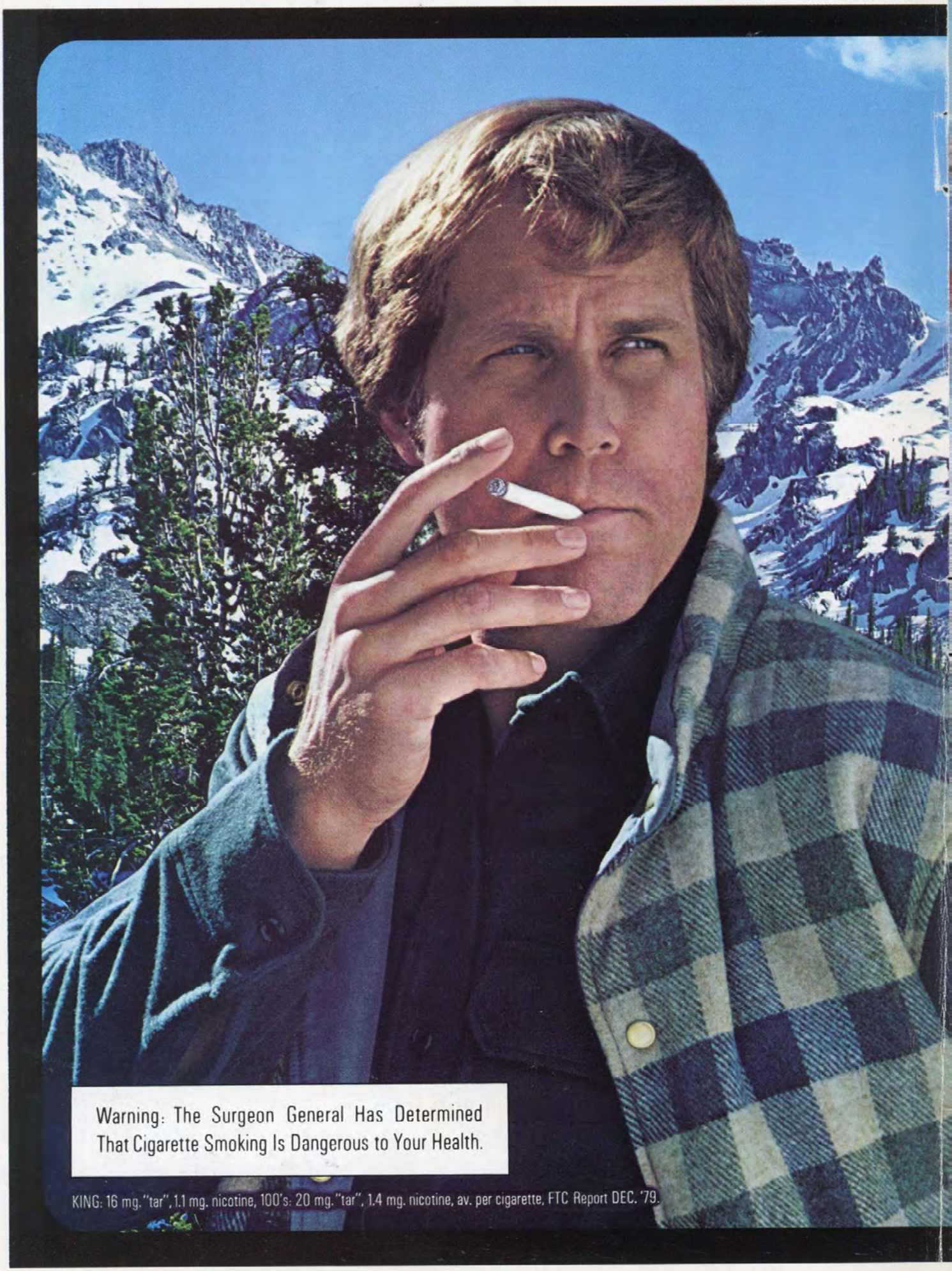
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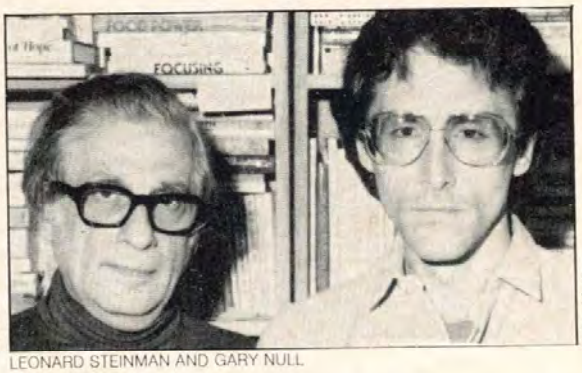

John Muth

LEONARD STEINMAN AND GARY NULL

HOUSECALL

Republicans have always blamed their opponents for getting us into war during every Democratic administration of this century. For three years Jimmy Carter seemed to be the exception to this rule . . . until the crises in Iran and Afghanistan, that is. Suddenly, we were warning the Russians to keep out of the Persian Gulf area. Carter asked Congress to reinstitute registration for the draft. War fever swept Washington. But there is one big problem, reports **Ernest Volkman** in "Unready and Willing" (page 56): "Almost certainly the Russians—and perhaps even the Ayatollah Khomeini—know the truth that has been concealed from the American taxpayer: our military is not prepared to fight." After an extensive investigation of American military preparedness, Volkman concluded that "America is probably ready for an all-out nuclear war," thanks to our atomic arsenal and almost $2 trillion of our tax money. But if the Russians invaded Iran, we would need conventional forces to stop them—as we've needed conventional forces to fight every other war we've ever been in. And these forces are totally unprepared. The Carter White House, Volkman reports, was "appalled when, having asked the Pentagon what we would do about a Soviet invasion of Iran, it learned there was nothing we could do short of launching our nuclear missiles. . . . It would take this country at least 28 days to deploy even part of the army's Eighty-second Airborne Division to the Persian Gulf." After reading this shocking article, you'll probably agree with what one army officer told Volkman: "If the average citizen could sit in the Pentagon for any length of time, there'd be a revolution in this country."

America is also totally unprepared for the much-touted, billion-dollar "war against cancer." And as **Gary Null** has been reporting in the pages of *Penthouse* since last September, big medicine shares much of the blame for the epidemic of cancer that has been plaguing America. This month, in the fifth article in the series, Null and coauthor **Leonard Steinman** investigate the shocking case of Dr. Lawrence Burton, who voluntarily went into exile in the Bahamas in order to test his new treatment for cancer (page 74). Burton's therapy is based on adjusting natural factors that are found in the blood, and he's had success with it. But much more important is the fact that his theories have led to the development of a revolutionary cancer-detection system, one that detects cancer in its earliest—and therefore its most curable—stages. If Burton and other nonestablishment cancer researchers were given the support they needed in testing their theories instead of having their time dissipated in fighting pitched battles with bureaucrats, much of the tragic suffering and death could be alleviated. Instead, the cancer establishment, like the war establishment at the Pentagon, is interested in nought but the perpetuation of its own wealth and power.

As this issue of *Penthouse* goes to press, it is not clear how effective President Carter's boycott of the Moscow Olympics will be. But one thing is certain, according to **Craig S. Karpel**, who traveled to Moscow earlier this year: Carter is doing American sports fans a favor by asking them to avoid the Russian capital. "Visiting Moscow is like hitting yourself with a hammer—it feels so good when you stop," Karpel told us. And keeping his tongue firmly in his cheek, he explains why in "The Olympic Funeral" (page 78): "There have been many arguments advanced why the Olympics should not be held in Moscow . . . but here is an issue that could directly engage the moral sensibilities of men of goodwill everywhere: 130,000 sports fans trapped at one time in a city with a mere handful of bars. The Soviet regime is about to strike at the basic human right of every Olympic spectator."

Our fiction this month is an excerpt from *Green Monday* (page 124), a hot first novel by **Michael M. Thomas** that is bound to be a best-seller. *Green Monday*, which will be published soon by Wyndham Books, tells the story of an Arab plot to destroy the American banking system and thereby take over the political structure of the United States. (Yes, so far it *is* fiction.) Mr. Thomas, who is a financial consultant based in Dallas, has brought his monetary expertise to bear on a rather breathtaking plot. In our excerpt the president and his closest adviser, a hard-drinking former southern senator, confront the leading Arab minister at Camp David. We wouldn't be surprised to find out that *Green Monday* will be required summer reading at the White House.

There's much more "required reading" this month, including **John Lombardi**'s send-up of the new "Macho" image (page 108), the second part of **Tom Eyen**'s vicious satire "Weeds" (page 114), and a special pictorial of Pet of the Year **Cheryl Rixon** on the set of the new Columbia movie *Used Cars*, in which she helps to celebrate America's unsung heroes—the used-car salesmen. And speaking of the Pet of the Year, turn to page 130 for our annual Pet of the Year Play-off. The delectable results will be announced in the fall. Happy voting!

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Twins plus

Sometimes the "Forum" letters seem too wild to believe, but after our experience you have two more believers.

My friend Roger and I attend a prestigious Jesuit university in Washington, D.C., where the standard joke is that 95 percent of all college coeds are beautiful and the other 5 percent come here. Whenever things get real boring, Roger will say, "Hey, Miles, let's go cruise the tourists down at the monuments." Since there are always lots of senior class trips taken here, there are usually eyefuls of ripe young virgins all over. But this time we were to get more than just eyefuls.

So we blew off a couple of joints and headed down to the monuments. We were pretty stoned, so we decided to check out the view from the top of the Washington Monument. Having been there often, Roger and I knew how to get into the blocked-off stairwells.

Our luck was with us that day. We found ourselves in back of the three most beautiful young nymphs I've ever seen in my life. Roger was mesmerized by the blonde twins, whose well-endowed bodies were enhanced by just a touch of baby fat. I found that I could not take my eyes off their Oriental friend. She was a perfectly proportioned counterpart to her tall, blonde friends. Her well-rounded ass was harnessed within the tightest short-shorts I have ever seen and framed by her long, black, sexy hair.

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard Roger say something to the blondes about the phallic nature of the monument. The girls did not miss the clue, and the conversation took off from there. By the time we got to the front of the line, the twins' erect nipples made their tits look like the dome of the Capitol Building in the distance.

When we got into the elevator, I took the opportunity to press in close behind Suzie, the Oriental girl, and her perfect ass. I looked over and saw that Roger had sandwiched himself between Barbara and Marie, with the biggest grin on his face. I could feel my rod getting as hard as the stone monument around us as Suzie pressed back into me.

We lost no time in suggesting we get stoned once we got to the top. Roger showed them the way into the stairwell, which is now closed off to the public. We knew it was perfect for getting high and whatever else might happen. By the time the second joint had been passed around, we were all pretty horny. Roger had his hands full with Barbara's big, beautiful tits, while Marie was rubbing his swollen cock. I started massaging Suzie's perfect tits and felt her unzipping my fly. My eight-and-a-half-inch cock responded instantly and jumped straight out of my open pants. Suzie immediately took my stiff rod into her mouth, and I felt her silken hair flow down around my balls. I looked over and saw Roger bury his face in Barbara's blonde bush as Marie took his ten-inch steaming tool into her mouth. The sight of this, combined with Suzie's expert tonguing, brought me to an explosive orgasm as I shot my wad all over her heart-shaped mouth. As Suzie licked my cock and her face clean, I suggested we join the others so as not to miss anything. I could see Marie had just finished Roger off, and the stairway was echoing with Barbara's moans. I started to enter Marie's dripping twat as she bent over Roger's crotch and could not believe it when she said, "Don't. I'm a virgin!" I knew that anyone who sucked a cock the way she had was no virgin, so I tried again. At that point Barbara stopped moaning long enough to say it was true—they all were, in fact.

A stiff dick has no conscience, so I rammed my burning cock in anyway. It was the tightest cunt I had ever felt, and I realized that it was true—she was a virgin—but her screams were of both pleasure and pain. Suzie was turned on by this whole scene, and before long I felt her pointy tongue working its way in and out of my ass hole and around my balls. It did not take long for Marie and Suzie and me to get into the right rhythm. Meanwhile, Barbara's moaning had changed slightly, as Roger captured her hot, wet cherry for the first time. I could not help thinking about the closeness of these twins. I would see how close they really were later.

Exhausted, we all lay back and smoked a couple more joints. Suzie sat between Roger and me, and her eager hands let us know how we had neglected her. It was not long before I was ready to oblige her. She gasped as my rock-hard shaft violated the untrod territory between her slim hips. Roger looked over to see what the twins thought of all this and saw that they were getting each other off in a 69 maneuver. This explained both their virginity and their expertise. Then he saw that Suzie had rolled over on top and decided that this was his chance. He licked his finger and then moistened the head of his stiff prick. Then, as Suzie bent over to

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increase the pleasure of my love tool deep inside her, Roger shoved his bolt deep into her ass hole. Suzie stiffened at the shock and was immediately overwhelmed by a series of orgasms. Her gyrations were too much, and Roger and I spent our remaining strength in simultaneous blasts. The nubile young blondes had brought each other to delicious climaxes and were watching as Suzie, Roger, and I came together.

The three young beauties then dressed quickly and commented that there was certainly more than one monument in Washington. Then they explained that they had to get back to their high-school tour bus in time to get home. They promised to convince their teacher to bring them back next spring. Needless to say, Roger and I can hardly wait.—*Name and address withheld*

The pink tit

We were reading "Forum" one night and decided to tell our story. We are members of a fraternity at a certain northwestern college campus. We have always questioned the stories about fraternities, but after our experience, we will never doubt them again.

Two years ago it started with the traditional painting of the pink tit, at the beginning of fall quarter. The pink tit is actually an exhaust fan on the side wall of the sorority house next door to our fraternity. There were three of us on extension ladders, painting away, and one more frat brother on the ground, passing up paint. Everything was coming along smoothly when Pete noticed a sight in the adjacent window too good to be true. To his amazement, there were two ravishing blondes showing each other what sisterhood was all about. We all eagerly grouped around the window to see for ourselves. We kind of felt like John Belushi in *Animal House*. We unanimously agreed that the seams in our Levi's were straining from our bulges. At this point Steve was halfway into our fraternity house, grabbing his Olympus OM-1 camera.

Instantly, we recognized one of the girls as one of the little sisters to our fraternity house and the other one as a new pledge to the sorority. Our little sister, Cindy, was wearing a garter belt on her shapely hips and was standing up, with her legs apread apart slightly, in front of the pledge. The pledge was on her knees, completely nude and blindfolded, with her hands bound behind her back. Cindy had a huge, peeled cucumber stuck up her dripping-wet pussy and was slowly massaging herself with it. Theresa, the lucky pledge, was waiting in anticipation of what was to come. After a few minutes Cindy began to thrust the cucumber wildly in and out of her sopping pussy. All of a sudden her firm body began to tremble, and she collapsed to the floor. Instantly she grabbed Theresa's head and commanded her to lick the lubricated cucumber dry. Soon after, Theresa slowly began to eat the cucumber, which was still up Cindy's steaming pussy. All this time Steve's camera was clicking away at all the erotic positions.

Suddenly six girls came running out of the house and grabbed Steve, who was still down on the ground. For some obvious reason Steve did not put up much of a fight as they dragged him into the sorority house. To our disappointment, two girls came into the bedroom we had been watching and took Theresa out. We watched with envy as they brought Steve into the bedroom. We cheered on as they slowly stripped him, still showing no signs of resistance. The girls were delighted at the sight of his throbbing eight-inch cock. We nearly fell off our ladders with laughter when the girls grabbed him and began painting his tits pink. One of the girls came over to the window and stated that if we could paint a tit, they could paint one also. After this the girls began to teasingly strip down for Steve. All of these girls had beautiful bodies hiding underneath their cumbersome clothing. They all approached Steve and began to massage his body with enthusiasm. Steve couldn't handle it any longer. His eight-inch cock shot its load all over the girls' faces. To our surprise, every drop of his come was licked up by all the girls. One of them got up and came over to the window and said that if we wanted him back, we had to come in and get him. We agreed that this was the only civil thing to do. We all crawled through the window. The aura of sex was pouring out of the room. In seconds it was full of naked bodies jumbled together into the best orgy ever on this campus. Certainly our fraternity brothers would have been proud of our performance.

After a night filled with joy and ecstasy, we agreed to keep their secret. What we had witnessed earlier was part of the secret ritual that all pledges must go through to be eligible for their initiation. Ever since this time, the four of us have been invited to every initiation to renew our secret bonds. We all agree that this is ample payment for our vow of silence.—*F. W., Montana*

"There'll be other dogs, Ralph!"

All in the family

I'm an average-looking girl, not really pretty but not too bad-looking for fellows not to get a little horny for, especially over some really nice tits. I really am into a pretty heavy sex scene, and this is with everyone's approval—mine, of course, the fellows I fuck also of course, and even my parents', except for one thing. About three months ago my brother and I started fucking each other, actually because of a kind of crazy accident, and there has been a lot of hell given to us ever since, especially by my parents.

They have always been very frank with

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me about sex and were not surprised when I got turned on in a practical way when I was younger. I had been really interested in a big way before that and finally practically had to rape a boy in my school science lab to get myself fucked. I was already on the Pill, since Ma knew I would need to be sooner or later. Since then I have really enjoyed a better-than-average sex life. As I say, my parents both think this is great—they're young and sexy themselves, and every night is practically a honeymoon for them.

My brothers and sister also are having a nice, healthy, happy sex life, especially my brother Bill, who is close to me in age. We used to fight a lot when we were younger but really are very much on the same cycle in recent years and know a lot of the same kids and go around together with them. We moved into a new neighborhood and a new house about the time he got seriously into fucking, and we've shared our raunchy ideas with each other and have always known exactly who the other was fucking and all like that for a lot of laughs. Also, we have always seen each other naked a lot more than we have the other kids or our parents, though this happens, too. But Bill and I have bedrooms on the lower floor of our house—it's a "daylight basement"—and we have our own bathroom there. The little kids and our parents use a bigger bathroom upstairs. Bill and I got very casual about not needing privacy for anything from the first week we were in this new house and never wear robes or cover up anything when we go from our rooms to take a shower or use the throne. Bill has a nice, big, good-looking cock, and I've seen it stiff many, many times, and my tits are bigger than the jugs on a lot of the girls he dates, and he thinks it's great the way they jiggle when I walk or am toweling dry. But until last fall we had just been good friends, you might say, and never had any ideas of fucking each other, any more than we might get turned on by being naked with a friend of the same sex.

I should also mention that our folks knew about us being naked together a lot. One day last spring Ma was helping me adjust the fit on a new swim bikini she had bought me—not quite a string but almost. She always is great about letting me be a bit of a show-off. We were in the downstairs bathroom, and she was fussing with the bra straps so they would not be too tight. I'd already tried on the pants, and she told me I'd have to trim my pussy hair; so I stepped out of them, and she had just slipped the bra off me when Bill walked in, nice and naked for a shower. I didn't give him a second look (but a good *first* one), and he only grinned and said, "Hi," and went into the shower stall. When he popped out a few minutes later, I was still naked except for the bra that Ma still was fussing with. Bill had a half-hard-on, as he always gets one in the shower, and he began drying himself. Ma glanced at it, then looked at me, and said, "Come on, we can finish this in your room." She never mentioned it again, but she seemed surprised that my eyes hadn't popped out when I saw his stiff cock; so she knew I had seen it before.

Another time Dad came down when Bill was chasing me around the basement, snapping my ass with a wet towel. We were both naked and screeching like little kids. He just told us to quiet down. So they both knew we had seen each other a lot. Actually it was more than they realized, and we'd fooled around with each other, finger fun and playful squeezes, but not even any actual serious masturbation. We had shared a lot of fun just yakking about our sex with other partners after he started fucking regularly. And a few times we'd double-dated and would be making out at the same time. Actually, that's how we got started fucking each other.

What happened was that I was balling a guy really often who drives a really neat van, and we wanted to go to a rock concert in a city about 75 miles away, and the folks said we could. But Bill and his current interest, a hot-pantsy named Sandy, wanted to go, too, and the folks said we should take them with us. They thought it would be better for Bill and me to have each other along, because we would have to stay overnight and all. They felt we could "look after each other." They take a kind of dim view of rock events and even of smoking pot.

So Bart and I said okay, and Bill and Sandy came along, and we all had a great time. The combo was fantastic, and we were really floating and really tuned up high when we got back to the van. Sandy was inside Bill's fly all the way, jacking him off, and Bart and I weren't exactly puritanical either. Sandy and Bill flopped on the little sofa and began fucking the minute we got in, and Bart and I fooled around with our clothes on a little and smoked another joint and then began screwing on the floor like there was no tomorrow.

After we all had come a couple of times or more (for us girls, anyway), the fellows decided they had to go outside and pee. They pulled some slacks on and went out to find a bush or something and smoked another joint while they were out. Sandy was still all hyped up and was telling me she wanted Bill to hurry back and screw her some more (she really wanted it bad) and also was saying over and over what a great cock Bill has and how he was the best cocksman she had had and all. She was playing with herself and bouncing and wriggling around on the sofa and pretty soon fell off it on the floor and began laughing and almost crying; she was so worked up and horny. I was horny, too, but I wanted Bart and didn't want to start fooling around

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with Sandy, which probably would have happened. She was rolling and jerking around, humping her fingers so much. So I got up and lay on the sofa where she and Bill had been and was getting really worked up, too, and began teasing my own clit, wishing Bart would come back. Sandy and I lit up another joint, too, wondering what the fellows were doing, and I was just taking a long pull on it when the fellows came stumbling back in. They couldn't see in the dark very much, but Bill could see my glowing roach on the sofa where Sandy had been and Bart noticed a female outline on the floor where I had been, so they practically dived on top of us. Sandy grabbed Bart's cock and began sucking it in between puffs to finish her toke, so she didn't say anything, and Bart thought it was me, and she thought she was blowing Bill.

By sheer fate, Bill's stiff cock landed right between my thighs, rubbing against the bottom of my cunt lips. I sort of grunted from having the air knocked out of me, but my hand was already down there, and I just lifted his prick quick, and it rammed right into me all the way, and we were fucking like crazy before we knew it. He didn't realize it was me for quite a while, but I knew that wasn't Bart's cock after only two or three strokes but didn't say anything, just kept trying to give him a great fuck. Bart had begun fucking by now. She was so stoned that she didn't know whose cock it was, and Bart knew it wasn't me fairly soon but thought what the hell, inasmuch as by then Bill and I were fucking really noisy and all. When Bill realized it was me, I heard him gasp and he stopped pumping for a second and said, "Karen?" (meaning me) and then, "O my God," and I began giggling and squeezing hard on his cock because I was really loving the great fuck he was giving me, and he started chuckling, too, and began really stroking it into me again, long and really lovely every time. Neither one of us wanted to quit, for sure.

After a while Bill stopped again and spoke to Bart in a phony Mexican accent: "Hey, Pancho, breeng a match, I theenk I am fucking my seester." This really broke us all up, and even Sandy realized what had happened, and she said, "Karen, your boyfriend has a fantastic prick, just like your little brother. You sure can pick pricks, I mean cocks," and we all were screaming with laughter but still not missing any fucking time. We kept fucking till we all had come, really noisy and not holding anything back. Then we kind of lay quiet, and I finally asked Sandy how she liked fucking Bart, and Bart answered for them both (she was still really high) and said she must have liked it okay, since she was really screwing him hard. And then he said, "This is the first time I ever had two such great lays the same night," and Bill said, "Me, too." So I said, "Me three." Sandy giggled and said, "Me, too, so far, but I hope there's more." We were all really flaked out, happy, and laid back.

Bill had pulled out of my cunt, but I began playing with his cock, really jacking him hard, and when he was big and stiff again, I told Sandy, "Bill's got a big hard-on here—if you want it, you better come get it, or I will." And she said, "Turnabout is good fucking—here I come." So she scrambled up on top of Bill and grabbed his dong before I even let go, and I had to roll out from under and down beside Bart, and he was getting stiff again already, so we all began fucking the fellows we came with, and this went on for practically forever this time until we all were really drained and fell asleep. We didn't wake up till long after daylight, and Sandy and I had to get up and pee—so we did, just squatting behind a trailer at the edge of the parking lot. We just had raincoats on and ran back to the van with them flapping open enough to show everything we had if anyone else had been awake.

We got dressed, got some breakfast at a diner halfway home, and by then we all were horny again, so the fellows rented a motel room, and we all stripped fast, and I said, "Sorry, Bart, sorry, Sandy, I want to have Bill fuck me again," and pulled him down on one bed, and we began fucking with me on top, which Sandy and Bart were doing on the other bed. It was fun watching each other, and we all were talking, and I asked the others if they had ever fucked brothers or sisters, and they both said no. We started pumping together, counting one-two-one-two and singing, "Yo-ho, heave ho," till we brought both fellows off, almost at once, and ourselves, too. I looked at Sandy, and she looked at me, and without a word, we just hopped off our guys and traded beds and studs. I began blowing Bart, and Sandy was doing the same for Bill but stopped and began licking her lips and smacking her lips and told me, "Karen, you taste delicious," licking Bill's cock like a big pussycat, and I laughed and told her she did, too. I really could taste her cunt juice, too. It was a turn-on.

When Bart was stiff, he wanted to give it to me doggie-style, but Bill and Sandy had never done that with each other or anyone else, so we all got down on the floor, with Sandy and me facing each other and our guys humping us from behind. I started giving Sandy's nipples a tweak or two, and all at once she stretched out and began kissing me and playing with my tits, too. We were really tonguing each other when we heard the fellows say, "Shift," and Bill pulled out of Sandy and Bart out of me, and they walked around on their knees and stuck their cocks in the other girl's sloppy, really steaming hot cunt. We were all so goddamn excited that you wouldn't believe it—it didn't seem as if we could get

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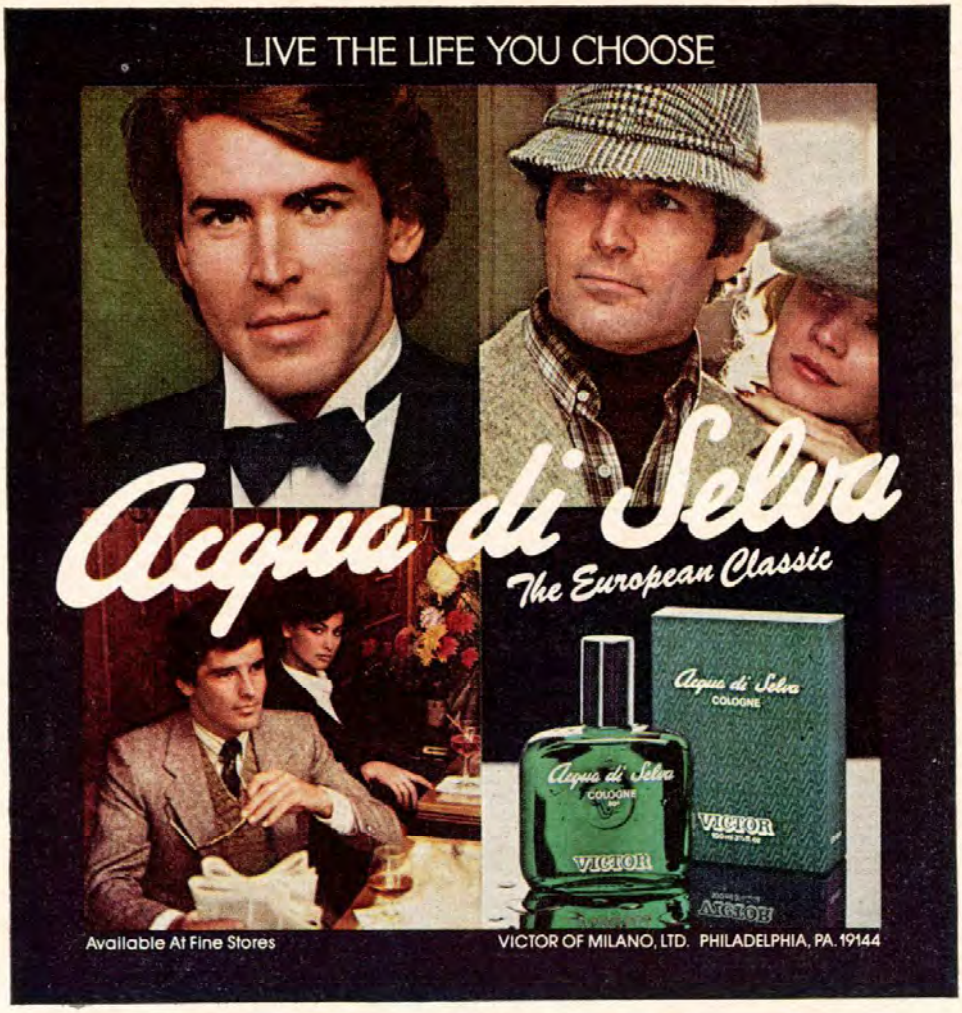

enough fucking. Sandy and I kept kissing and got closer so we could play with each other's clits. This was easy because we were kind of side by side, facing two ways. The fellows kept "shifting" and fucking us and shifting and fucking for the longest time—you wouldn't believe it. Finally Bill was in me when he finally shot off again, and Bart let Sandy have his load, too. Sandy and I had been having one big O after another, and each of us sort of exploded when the fellows came inside us. God, were we pooped! We couldn't have fucked again for anything—at least, the boys couldn't have.

Sandy can fuck all night and day, I think, and I probably could have, too, if there had been a stiff prick around. There wasn't, so we fell asleep, then showered, got our clothes on straight, combed our hair, and drove on home. Bart dropped Bill and Sandy at her house, and her folks were happy to see them looking so clean and all. Then he took me home, and my folks were just as pleased with our looks. Bart left, and Ma asked me where Bill was and then whispered to me that she hoped having Bill and Sandy along hadn't spoiled my fun. I told her of course not and said, "There wasn't any problem, Ma. You might as well know: he and Sandy made out on the sofa, and Bill and I were balling on the rug." Which was true, of course, but it had just slipped out, and I meant "Bart and I" and told Ma so. I guess she hadn't expected me to say it and kind of gasped and stammered, so I decided to give her the other barrel. "From what I could see and hear, Bill must be a great little stud, Ma, because Sandy sure seemed to be loving what she got as much as I loved what I got." Ma turned red and walked out of my room.

When my dad came home, there was hell to pay, as you can imagine. Bill and I told our parents how it started, and I reminded Ma she had suggested that double date. They think it is terrible to fuck each other, even though I can bring Bart home and Bill can bring Sandy or other girls home, and no one bothers us. We think this is a really bum rap and an artificial standard to impose on us.

We don't think that this is something new in human civilization. It's a very natural, nice thing to do and really takes the edge off being too horny all the time. If it's okay to fuck some stranger that your parents don't even know and you maybe don't even like very much, why shouldn't it be okay to fuck your own brother or sister?—*Name and address withheld*

There are certainly many medical and psychological reasons why it is not *okay. In fact, we know of no reputable authorities who'd disagree with your parents' disapproval. Do yourselves a favor: stick with Sandy and Bart.*—The Editors.

Pass and fail situation

I have been reading your column for many years now, but I have always doubted its validity until I had a very interesting experience recently.

I am a student at Dartmouth College. I was cramming late one Sunday night for a physics exam the next morning. It was about 3:00 A.M., and my mind was fogged from the strain of over eight hours of straight studying. I decided to leave my dorm room for a late-night snack. There was a vending machine in the girl's lounge in the dorm adjoining ours where I hoped to grab a few quick candy bars. Little did I know what I would soon be grabbing. As I was walking down the hall, which was normally deserted at that time of night, my progress was suddenly halted by a small, petite, female hand on the back of my neck. I whirled around, and to my surprise there stood one of the most voluptuous, horny girls on campus. I had heard many rumors floating around campus about her nympho tendencies, and I suddenly began to get an immense bulge in the crotch of my pants as I started to visualize her pussy.

"Where are you going so late at night?" she asked with a faraway, dreamy look in those beautiful large, brown eyes of hers. "For a late-night snack," I replied, and then I began giggling as I realized the implications of that statement. "Why not save the money? I've got plenty to eat up in my fridge," she said seductively. She began beckoning and slowly turned her back on me, waving her tight, cute buns in my face. I almost shot my hot jism right there on the spot, but I followed. At that point I still didn't realize just what she had in mind, but I was beginning to get horny as hell thinking of the delicious possibilities—and I wasn't thinking of food.

We entered her dorm room—conveniently a single. She threw herself upon her thick, plush couch and sighed. "Still hungry?" she said as she began massaging her ample breasts. I couldn't believe my eyes!

"I'm getting pretty hungry myself," she said, and I caught her glancing toward my rapidly increasing member. If I didn't let my wild, caged animal loose soon, I knew I'd ruin my new $30 jeans. She gestured me toward the couch, but I needed no prompting. Slowly I unbuttoned her blouse, and I caught my first glimpse of her plunging cleavage and her silver-dollar nipples, which by then were as hard as little rivets. She moaned as I explored the chasm between her breasts with my caressing tongue. At this point the sex-hungry coed became the aggressor and began to attack my straining pants, only to emerge with a ten-inch trunk between her pearly-white teeth. I approached orgasm as she skillfully stroked my swollen head with her warm tongue. She seemed to sense my tension, and she responded by quickening her efforts. My creamy payload explod-

JOHN BELUSHI DAN AYKROYD

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ed, and she swallowed my seemingly endless stream with unquenchable thirst.

Her head pulled away to expose my weary wiener. "Are you still hungry?" she whimpered. "Famished," I replied with anticipation. To my surprise, she got up and sauntered over to her refrigerator and removed a bottle of "Thousand Island" salad dressing. My bewilderment diminished as she spread it generously over her glistening gorge.

"Dig in," she said, giggling, and lay down on the couch next to me. I eagerly complied and lapped up every drop of the tasty substance before thrusting my sweet tongue deep into her pulsating crater. She moaned in ecstasy and had increasingly intense multiple orgasms. Soon she was screaming at me to enter. My reltney was ready for action and, like a divining rod, found its mark. I plunged deeply as she took me to the hilt, easily accommodating all ten inches. We came simultaneously amidst a barrage of ecstatic moans and squeals.

The next day I told my dorm mates of my adventures the night before. Needless to say, I failed my physics exam, but I aced the section on "thrust and accelerated motion."—*Name and address withheld*

Voyeurs Anonymous

Being an ardent voyeur and also the owner of a young women's clothing shop located near a college, I have the daily opportunity to mix business with pleasure.

Prior to the store's construction, the architect, a personal friend, designed my office wall so that it has visual access by means of a concealed two-way mirror into one of the fitting rooms. This arrangement, which is absolutely private and undetectable, has occupied untold hours of masturbatory delight. My experiences for the most part had consisted merely of viewing lovely, nubile young bodies in various stages of undress—until one unforgettable morning.

It was about an hour before the shop was scheduled to open, and upon hearing a tap on the main glass door, I glanced up to see the smiling face of a tall, luscious, suntanned girl, her rich brown hair cascading over her shoulders. She explained that she had planned to meet some friends at the beach and asked if I would mind letting her come in early to buy a swimsuit. Being the accommodating merchant I am, I graciously allowed her to shop before business hours, immediately sizing her up to be a prime candidate for fitting-room number three. I locked the front door and continued my work counting out change. A quivering surge shot through my groin as I appraised her smooth, golden legs, beautifully filling out a pair of jogging shorts. I couldn't help musing over the old Confucius proverb, "Man who masturbate on cash register come into money."

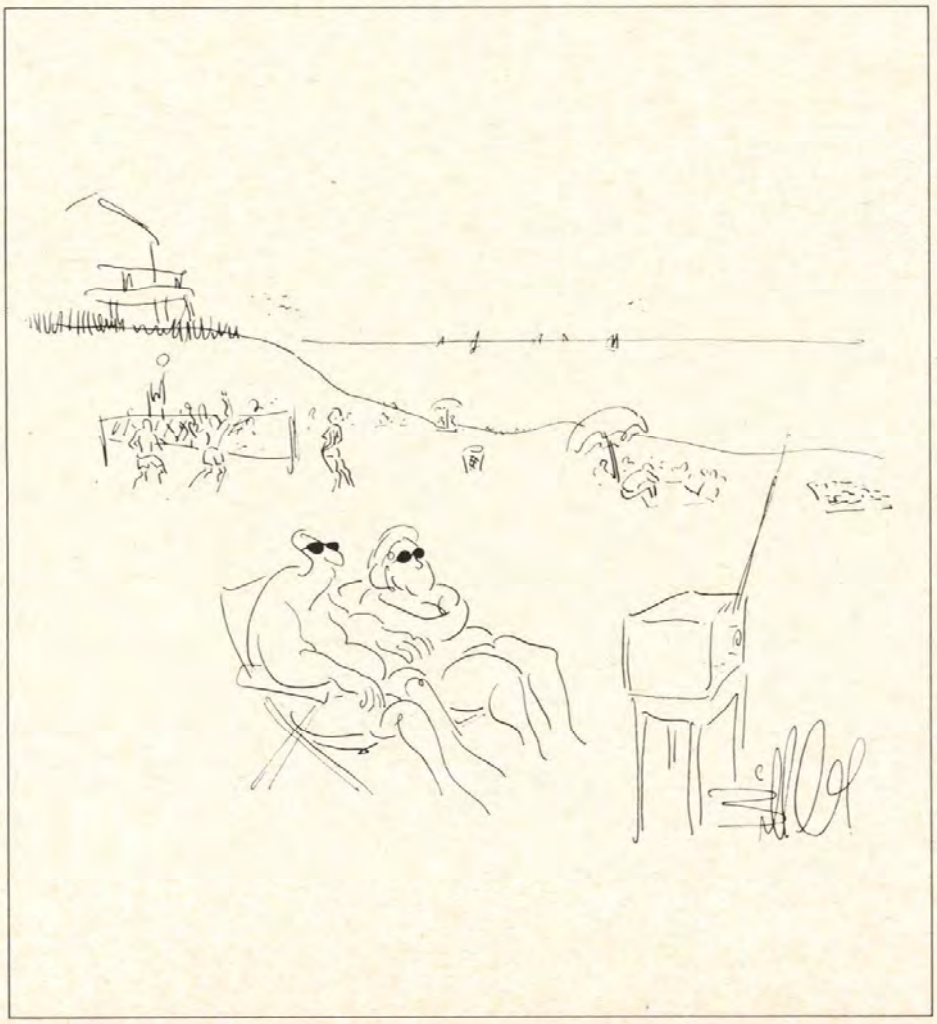
After she chose several styles of suits, I gingerly escorted her to my favorite fitting room and dashed to my office in lascivious anticipation. She removed her T-shirt to reveal a pair of perky, perfectly proportioned breasts. I wasted no time in pulling down my slacks and underpants to stroke my organ, now rising to the occasion. Then she sat down on the small bench, lifted a leg to untie a tennis shoe, and exposed a breathtaking panorama of thigh. The wide leg openings of her shorts revealed wisps of pubic hair peeking through the band of her panties. My heart raced.

Curiously, before trying on each top to a bikini suit, she would lightly brush the palm of her hand across her nipples, presumably to determine how erect they would look underneath the thin fabric. When she caressed her nipples in preparation to try on the last of the suits, suddenly she slumped down and her eyes closed, her hand still moving over her breast. She had apparently, quite by accident, turned herself on. Her fingers now played up and down her crotch, causing the sheer material to slip into her slit.

After a few moments off came her panties, and she lifted both legs, resting her heels on the bench. My cock was now screaming stiff at the exquisitely obscene view clearly exposed to me from only a few feet away. Even with her thighs parted, her luxuriant growth of hair was so thick that it completely obscured her vaginal lips. I witnessed a finger disappear into her brown, triangular jungle, making circular, diving motions. I was hypnotized by her fingers, grazing, brushing, their whispered touch urging her lips up through the forest of her sex. She stretched her head back and began rocking back and forth.

At this point, my body, soul, and all sense of propriety were totally engulfed in my protuberant, pulsating prick. I threw off my pants and underpants in that moment of reckless abandon, flew out of the office to the fitting room, and swung open the louvered doors. My senses were assaulted by the fragrance of her musk. I stood there, cock defiantly outstretched, and with all the tongue-in-cheek bravado I could muster under the circumstances, I stammered, "How's it coming?" She gasped; her hand froze in suspended animation, hovering in mid-stroke above her seething snatch. Her eyes locked with mine, wide in an expression of shocked disbelief and terror. But when her sight lowered to my purple half-exploding dick, oozing a long strand of precome, her eyes dewed with lust and her throat emitted a guttural, animallike cry of desire. I stooped to my knees to devour the enticing feast.

The only sound to be heard was our erratic breathing while I softly parted her fluffy muff and let my fingers savor her



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warm, silken wetness. With lubricant on my finger, I inserted it slowly into her tight, hirsute anus. She offered no resistance, so simultaneously I relished her liquid cherry center with feather-light flicks of my tongue. She writhed, grasping the back of my head, and shoved it forward, her moist membranes gyrating wantonly against my mouth's sucking and nibbling.

Her head began moving from side to side. Suddenly nonsense words tumbled from her lips, and her vagina burst in an orgasm charged with violent, uncontrolled contortions. Still not a word passed between us. She reached for my cock and tenderly surrounded the bulging shaft with her swirling tongue. My self-restraint was gone; within seconds my tool convulsively spewed its jism into her waiting mouth, and she consumed every drop. We fell to the floor, and she slowly slid my swollen schwanz into her slippery schmoo. I could feel her muscles constrict and release, drawing me inexorably into her promised land. With my cock plunging unrelentingly, she was rocking in a frenzy. She stiffened, her head thrust back against the carpet, and she cried out loudly as we both erupted in a mutual explosion.

And so it went until I realized that I was a half hour late in opening the shop. Andrea bought two swimsuits that memorable morning (at 80 percent off), and as she was leaving, I stated politely, "Thank you. It's been a business doing pleasure with you." We get together frequently now and try to re-create the spontaneity of that sublime experience, but it's never been quite the same.—*Name and address withheld*

Three for the road

I am a 19-year-old sophomore at a large university. Recently I was driving my van back to school after winter break. About two hours into my excursion, I noticed two shapely blondes on the side of the road, hitchhiking. I pulled over on the shoulder and picked the two girls up. After a few minutes of light conversation, I found out that they were sisters and attended the same school I did. The older, Kathy, 21, said that she and her younger sister, Julie, 18, were both grateful for the lift, as it was well under 20 degrees outside.

We all began talking, and eventually the topic turned to sex. Both remarked how they enjoyed reading "Forum." I laughed, as I had to agree. Then Julie asked me if I would mind pulling over at the next service station so that she could use the rest room. I parked at the next station, and Julie got out. As we waited for Julie, Kathy turned to me and reiterated how thankful she was for the ride. Then she planted a long kiss on my lips. Not one to pass up an invitation, I repaid her with a passionate kiss, sliding my tongue deep into her mouth. Before I knew it, we were lying down in the back of the van and she had slipped her hand slowly down the front of my jeans. We quickly disrobed, and I lay down on my back while she knelt over my anxious face. Just as she began to buck wildly, I heard the van door slam. Kathy was so involved in our sex that she kept humping while I calmly tongued her luscious box.

It was at this point that I got the surprise of my life. As Kathy came in a shuddering orgasm, I felt my phallus being engulfed by a hot mouth. Kathy raised up, and I looked down to see 18-year-old Julie, now naked, wildly swallowing my eight-and-one-half-inch shaft. Within seconds I shot my hot semen directly into her beautiful face. I then watched in disbelief as Kathy embraced her younger sister and expertly licked my come from her face with her lively tongue. They then moved into a quick 69 position, with Kathy on top of Julie, who had wrapped her long, sensuous legs around her older sister's waist. They began licking each other's clitoris until each had experienced multiple orgasms.

Extremely horny after the scene I had just witnessed, I slid my now enormous erection into Kathy's hot snatch while simultaneously lapping Julie's eager beaver. After we all came, Julie asked me if I would fuck her in the ass. Meaning to please my young passenger, I carefully inserted my slippery member into her tight hole. Within minutes I had brought her off, pulling out in time to shoot my wad on her arched back as she let out a long, low moan.

An angry station attendant's loud knock on the van door sent us flying for our clothes. I jumped into the driver's seat and sent us rolling down the road again. My exhausted passengers and I said nothing until I dropped them off at their dorm. As Kathy slammed the door, she gave me a kiss with lips that were still coated with her younger sister's tasty juices. Without speaking, she left. It was the best thank you I could have gotten.—*Name and address withheld*

Confession is good for the soul

At my church we have a young priest who is relatively new to our congregation. He's so gorgeous that he could have been a model. It never ceased to intrigue me why he chose a profession in religion. Such a great-looking man should be in some sort of sexy and glamorous and all-masculine environment.

I learned more about his personal life one rainy Wednesday in September. I went to confession to cough up a few of my minor sins. I don't really enjoy pouring out all of my evils, but I can't shake 20 years of religious training, either. So, I entered the church to do my Christian duty. I walked into the booth and shut the curtain. A soft voice came through the speaker, and that voice wasn't the usual

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95-year-old priest. It was Mr. Well-Hung Religion himself.

He asked me what I had to confess. Feeling a surge of excitement run through my bones, I decided to lay one hell of a sin onto him. Here was my chance to say a whole lot to someone who could do nothing more than listen. I took a deep breath and went into explicit detail about my sexual desires. Explaining to my heart's content, I told of sucking and fucking, licking and squeezing. Before long I was hearing shallow but definitely hard breathing. I couldn't blame him. I was exciting myself. Unconsciously I had started to stroke myself, feeling my little red pleasure button.

Feeling a little bit uninhibited and a lot more sexy, I told the box that I was secretly horny for the young priest. A shaky voice asked me how I knew that. I answered that I had to walk out of the church service every Sunday because his voice and good looks would get me into such an erotic state; usually I ended up masturbating in the front seat of my car. I told the box I wanted to fuck the religion out of the priest. I was really talking myself into a sexual frenzy. I was rubbing back and forth in the confessional bench and jamming two fingers up my cunt.

I was so excited that I almost told the priest to come over and screw me. I didn't have to—the priest came to me. He opened the curtain and stood with his penis erect and out of his pants. It reminded me of a direct signal to God. I leaned over and grabbed his love wand. Greedily, I started to suck. He pushed my head closer while also trying to rip my shirt off. This didn't work. We switched positions. I stood up. He came in and shut the curtain. From there he lifted my skirt, found my hot little snatch, and jammed it in hard. He pounded away until we both climaxed simultaneously. The force of the orgasm was so strong that we both about fell over.

That was one hell of a confession. Never before was church so entertaining. I suggest everyone screw in a chapel. It's great for the soul.—*J. A. Q., Boise, Idaho*

Off-campus sexcapades

I never thought I would have a story to write to "Forum," but after this semester I've got one that will knock your dick stiff. I'm an undergraduate at a southern Illinois university that has a reputation for partying. The town is called "Beaver City" because of the many beautiful coeds there. I had had my eyes on two of them in particular who were in a choir with me. One of them (I'll call her Joanie) is a gorgeous blonde, while the other (I'll call her Lauren) is a brunette with gigantic tits. Both of them are roommates in a trailer off-campus.

One afternoon I offered them both a ride home after chorus. On the ride to their place, I looked at Joanie in the rearview mirror and fanatisized about getting into the tight pants she wore. Meanwhile, Lauren's gazongas bounced every time we went over a bump in the road.

When we got to the trailer, I was sorry to leave them. However, Joanie invited me in, and I readily accepted. While I was sitting on the couch, Lauren excused herself. A few minutes later she returned with a couple of joints. We fired one up, and talked for a bit. Soon we started talking about sex. At first I was almost embarrassed, but shortly I started feeling the effects of the excellent Colombian and relaxed. Then Lauren asked me something that took me by surprise. She wanted to know if I'd ever taken part in a threesome. I almost came in my pants. I stuttered out the fact that I hadn't but was quite willing to if I got the chance. She said, as she pulled off her blouse, that now was my chance.

With a giggle, Joanie reached for my zipper and released my throbbing cock. With one hand on Lauren's breast and another on Joanie's head (which had moved to my crotch), I lay back. Lauren pressed my hand against her erect nipple and put her other hand between her legs (she had already ripped off her jeans). She moaned as I pinched first one huge nipple and then the other. Meanwhile Joanie's sucking motion was building me up to an enormous climax. As I felt my-

self letting go, I grabbed as much tit as I could and pulled Joanie's hair. My sperm gushed out the corners of her mouth and down the sides of my prick. While Joanie was struggling to swallow the come still in her mouth, her roommate moved down to lick the jism which had nestled in my pubic hair.

To my pleasant surprise, the girls had just begun to have fun. Lauren pulled off Joanie's pants, and they both unbuttoned and eased off my flannel shirt. Now thoroughly naked, we spread out on the floor and began to manually explore each other's body. Since I was in the middle, I soon had two handfuls of dripping pussy and two squirming females on my hands (so to speak). They both came, I think, and maneuvered into a better position.

Joanie spread her beautiful legs and crawled above my face while Lauren directed my rejuvenated prick into her hot and juicy tunnel. Once again, I didn't have to do much work. Lauren rhythmically wriggled on my shaft while her friend mashed her cunt into my face. My tongue soon found her clit, and I really went after it. I started out slowly and then moved my tongue faster and faster in a sideways motion on her outstanding friend. Slowly, very carefully, Joanie rotated on my mouth to face her roommate. They started fondling each other's breasts. Soon they were coming all over the place. Lauren arched her back and breathlessly moaned, "Deeper, Rick, fuck me harder!" Joanie was getting excited, too. It was all I could do to hold my blonde dish within reach of my darting tongue as she writhed on its tip. I could feel Lauren's velvety lips contract around my demanding dork, and this whole action was turning me on in a way I couldn't believe. My cock shot off like an Atlas rocket as I exploded into talented and tightened pussy. We all collapsed on the floor, enveloped in the fantastic smell of sex. I was totally fucked, both in mind and body.

As we lay on the carpet, a knock came on the door. Before the girls could answer, the door was opened and there stood Joanie's brother, Don. We all tried to cover up while Don stood in the doorway, openmouthed. Before Joanie could stammer anything out, he had taken off his shirt and was tugging at his pants. With a gleam in his eye, he said, "I've always wondered what kind of body you have, and I like it almost as much as I like Lauren's."

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, but the girls winked at each other and, grabbing our hands, led Don and me back to a bedroom. They had an enormous waterbed, and we all clambered onto it. I started out with Joanie, and she fondled my sticky member until it regained its hardness. "That looks better, Rick," she whispered, as she pointed it toward her warm flesh. Next to us Don was lapping away at Lauren, who responded by moving herself into a 69 position. This number was right for Don, because he shot his wad within minutes. I was pumping away at his sister, and soon I felt a tongue running down my backbone and heading for my ass. Lauren, who truly had a magical mouth, started tonguing me with a fury I wouldn't have believed she possessed. Don got up and moved near Joanie to get it up. To my surprise, she grabbed his dick and guided it into her mouth. We now had completed a chain of raw desire.

I felt as if I were having a continuous orgasm as we all simultaneously sucked, fucked, licked, and dicked each other. This was the start of an unbelievable weekend in which we found wondrous new ways to please each other.—*R. K., Carbondale, Ill.*

A credit for accounting

I'm a male at a halfway large college in one of the northern states. My business course keeps me very busy, but on my days off and weekends I confine myself to your terrific magazine. I never miss an issue. I've always been convinced that your "Forum" stories are true and have been waiting for my most terrific experience to happen. Well, it did, and here I am writing.

It all started when I was having prob-

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lems with my accounting course. I would spend many nights at the library getting help. I am rather good-looking and am picky about the guys I hang around with. I've had my share of girls and expect to have many more. One night at the library a guy I have in a few of my classes (and also my swimming class) was sitting by himself. I wanted to get to know this guy. He looked like a real lady catcher. He's shorter than I am but a bit muscular and is very handsome. He's ony 18.

Well, I went over and started up a conversation to get to know him better. We sure had a lot in common. I've always told girls my fantasy about making it with a guy. I'm not gay and never will be, for I couldn't live without pussy now and then. Well, we cut the talk, and I suggested we do our accounting. He seemed to have more problems with that class than I did. So I got up and showed him how to do this one problem, not even knowing I was rubbing my leg against his elbow, and he seemed to be pushing his elbow into my upper leg, and I was getting nervous and very turned on. It was getting late, and the library was closing. I thought we would be going our separate ways when he asked if I wanted to go to a party, and I was surely one to accept.

By the time we got there, the party was roaring, and we had downed four beers in no time flat and smoked a couple of bowls of hash. Man, was I seeing colors. I had never smoked hash before and wasn't going to turn them down; so I got totally stoned. As I was really getting to be a riot, Jim thought he had better take me home. Once I got out the door, I couldn't even walk; so Jim put his arms around me and led me in the direction of the car. I have an apartment, and he stays in the dorm. He told me he didn't want my roommate to see me in this condition, and I was all for it, since my roommate is quite straight. Jim said his roommate had left early this week, and that I could stay in his room for the night.

When we got to his room, he had a larger collection of *Penthouse* centerfolds than I did. I turned around and looked at him, and his blue-gray eyes were just staring at me. I stumbled toward him and almost fell over a chair when he caught me. I looked at his mouth and wanted to kiss him so bad. So I got brave and did. I pulled against him hard and just dug into his muscles. We fell on the bed, and clothes started coming off, and I practically shot my load when his body was fully exposed to me. I was proud of my body, but his was better, and I started jacking him off, and he did the same to me. I wanted that cock in my mouth, and he got the hint. I laid him on his back and started sucking his small, hairy tits, then moved down to his navel and reamed it with my tongue. Then I ran my tongue around his hairy balls, and the taste was *so* good. I practically bit his cock off when I put it down down my throat. I must have been doing a good job, because Jim was moaning up a storm. He started pumping my brains out and came with such a force that it practically came out my ears. I shot so much come on his strong chest that I went wild and rubbed it all over my thighs.

He then got to licking and sucking around my groin area, and I worked his cock over again. We both came at the same time and viciously drank each other's liquid. I took his prick out of my mouth, and he did the same. I was still dripping come, and I turned him over and smeared it on his ass hole. He was so tight and hot in there I couldn't help myself: I rammed in all seven inches to the hilt. He let out such a scream that I thought the building would fall apart. I pulled him up on his knees and hands and jerked him off while he pushed against me. I slammed into him and filled his hot ass with come and soaked his chest with it. I then withdrew, and he cleaned my aching cock off. He then pushed me on my stomach, took the come off his chest—it looked like a full pint—smeared it over his cock, and rubbed my ass down with it. He slowly pushed his prickhead against my bung hole and gave me the same medicine. He rammed into me so hard that it felt as if his cock had pierced my heart. I have never felt such pleasurable pain. We both started slamming against each other and came with such a force again that our peckers could have shot to the moon like rockets at full power.

Then we both collapsed for about ten minutes. He pulled his softened cock out of my ass and suggested we take advantage of the shower. My cock started throbbing at the idea. His shower had a shower massager that he had put in, and believe me, I knew it would come in handy. First, we soaped each other down, saving our flagpoles for last. Then Jim sat me down with my legs spread out as far as I could get them. He then perched his ass right over my awaiting cock and sat down on it. I slammed it into his ass, and he turned the shower to a pulsating setting, turned the water on cold, and pummeled my balls with it. I started screaming that I couldn't control myself. That freezing water on my hot balls made me come so hard that it hurt my side. I then pulled out and pushed him on his hands and cleaned my escaping sperm from his ass. His purple cock felt like it was going to break as I sank down on it, and he viciously fucked my ass off. I was so dazed I wished that shower head was smaller so I could get both it and his cock in my ass at the same time. That thought made me come again with such force that I thought my balls were going to jump out of their skin.

I must have passed out because I woke up the next morning with my head on his chest and his cock in my hand. We

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went at it again until our tools were sore. We told each other about our fantasies. His greatest I'm going to make come true on his birthday in January: he wants to fuck a girl while being butt-fucked and eating out a pussy with a cock in it. I can't wait and have already got the ideal celebrities.—*Name and address withheld*

Fearless flying

Most of your letter writers start out saying they didn't think they'd ever have an experience worthy of writing to *Penthouse* about. Well, here's a switch: my girl friend and I knew we could, and we set out to have it. And even if we don't get our episode in print, the effort was well worth it.

One night, while planning a vacation in Fort Lauderdale, we began to discuss some of our fantasies. I told "Bojo" that I'd always wanted to do it in an airplane. She laughed, and we left it at that. But as the days went by and we continued to plan our trip, we kept talking about the possibility of doing it in the air. By the day we were leaving, we had decided we'd try.

We left Cleveland (a good place to leave) at about 9:00 P.M. We had had a couple of drinks at the airport, and, carrying a copy of *Penthouse*, we boarded the plane. We quickly got psyched up with the "Forum" letters and a couple more drinks.

Finally, after two hours in the air, the time seemed right. We walked to the rear of the plane and, when it seemed no one was looking, both slipped into one of the tiny bathrooms, locking the door behind us. We quickly went to work.

Bojo, I soon found out, had planned ahead. She wore both a dress that was slit in the front and the crotchless panties I had bought her many months before. What's more, she had cut a tiny hole in her panty hose. She lifted up her dress and asked me to pull on the tiny hole and make it large enough for some high-flying fun. Needless to say, I quickly obliged. I took my index fingers and ripped the panty hose to give me access to her sweet honey pot.

Since we had been thinking about this for weeks and had just finished reading some racy "Forum" tales, we were ready to get down. Bojo leaned over the sink, facing the mirror, and immediately offered her moist orifice. My nine-and-three-quarter-inch member was already throbbing as I slid my pants down to my ankles. I quickly eased my pulsating muscle into her tight little twat. We both quivered in delight. We began to thrust like crazed beasts.

As quarters were cramped, we soon decided to shift positions. I put down the lid of the toilet and seated my bare butt on the cold but exciting plastic. Bojo turned her back to me and lowered her delectable little pussy onto my steaming rod. As she began to ride me, she moaned, "My ears are popping . . ." I said, "I'm about to pop myself." We both laughed and pumped harder.

Just as we were about to fire our jets, the RETURN TO CABIN light flashed on, and we heard the stewardess telling the passengers to fasten their seat belts for landing. But we weren't ready to land quite yet. Bojo suddenly lifted her luscious clam off my erect shaft and turned to face me. She spread her long, sexy legs wide and straddled my heaving body. As she placed her feet back behind me, her thick bush parted to reveal her juicy cunt lips. She slowly lowered her dripping love hole onto my cock.

We could feel the plane starting to descend, but, at that point, we wouldn't have cared if we crashed. Bojo was riding my manhood like she was trying to break a bucking bronco. She started moaning, "Fuck me . . . Fuck me harder, please fuck me."

I reached around behind her and slid my finger between her sweating buttocks. I followed her crack up to her tight little anus and began to play with the opening. With my other hand, I located one of her heaving breasts, which were flapping wildly in my face. I pinched her large, erect nipples, and she cried out, "Come now! Do it! I want you to shoot your hot come right through me."

She immediately stuck her tongue into my ear and pushed it in and out quickly. I moaned loudly and fired a huge load into her steaming pussy. We both moaned loudly, then caught ourselves and thought of the other passengers. Bojo stood up, grabbed a paper towel, and wiped the warm love juice from her dripping cunt lips and her legs. Not until then did we realize we had completely steamed up the mirror.

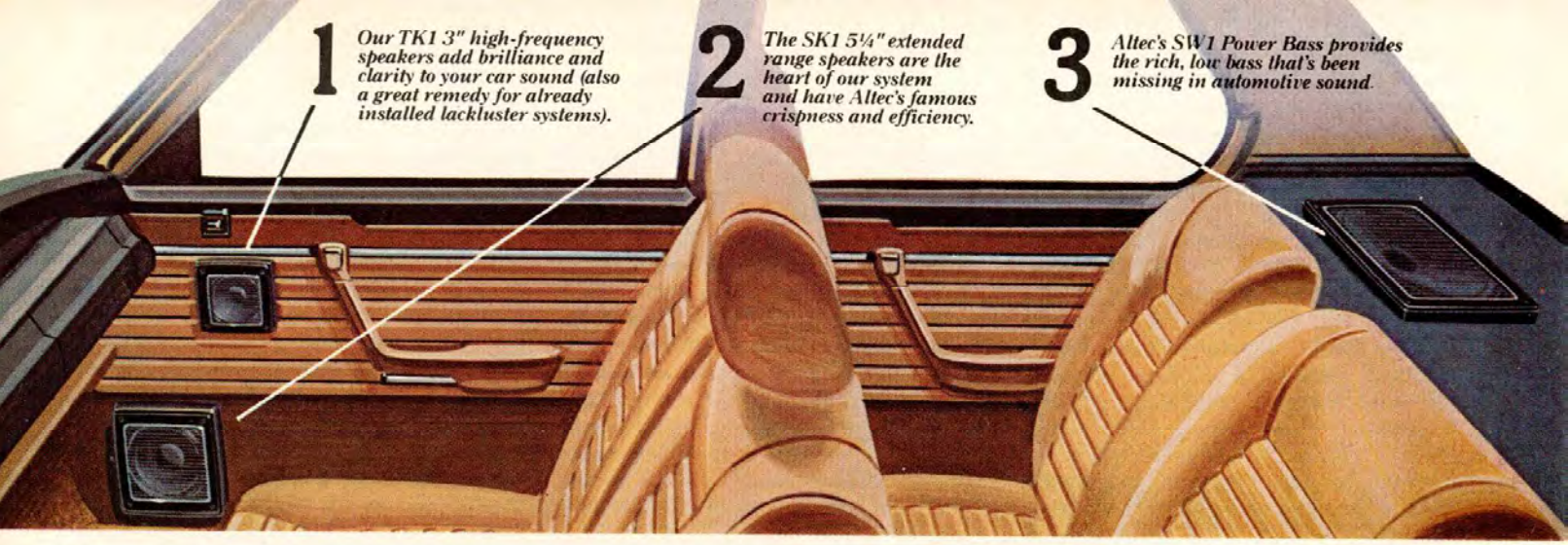
Bojo winked and snuck out the door, telling me to wait a bit. That way, she hoped, no one would notice we had been in the same bathroom. I came out about a minute later. I don't think anyone really suspected anything. But if anybody had, I really wouldn't have given a damn.—*Name and address withheld*

"Hold it, Sam. If you're going down, would you mind taking the garbage?"

Advanced biology

I am a coed undergraduate and an *avid Penthouse* fan. I especially enjoy reading the "Forum" series and practicing what you preach. As a biology major, I harbor a particular interest in anatomy. I am especially interested in the male anatomy and mainly and especially in certain parts of the male anatomy! I believe I have a little biology lesson to pass along to "Forum" readers.

My "studies" began one weekend last fall when I had occasion to spend some time with a young fellow I had met in one of my classes. Of course, one thing led to another, and (he should have known I had something other than books on my mind) we decided to spend an eve-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ning "studying" for an anatomy quiz. I offered him a large glass of red wine, and we smoked a joint shortly after we got to my apartment (I have since moved into the dorm, and my activities have been somewhat cut back). I guess we never got to the books, because before I knew it, he had set down the roach and asked me just *how* wide and vast my knowledge of male anatomy was. I replied that I had "studied" my share and asked him what he had to offer that was any different. With that remark he unzipped his pants and pulled out his nice cock. To my amazement, it was "uncut"—uncircumcised.

Now, I had seen, handled, masturbated, and been fucked by about two dozen different cocks in my time, but I had *never* actually had one which still had a foreskin attached. It was not particularly large—about five inches in its semierect state—but it appealed immensely to me because it was different from most I had seen. I asked him if I could play with it. Needless to say, that was fine with him.

I insisted we leave just one light on while the "lesson" progressed—a small, high-intensity lamp I use for reading. I directed the light so it illuminated his marvelous penis, and I set about learning just how to best handle this situation. With my partner's guidance and instruction, I worked the prepuce (foreskin) up and down the shaft. He cautioned me to hold only on the foreskin and not let my fingers rub against the glans, which is extrasensitive in uncircumcised men. I asked him what felt best to him as I worked, and he instructed me to pull the skin all the way back and then all the way forward, bunching it up above the glans on the upstroke. And he wanted me to do it with tantalizing slowness.

After just a couple of minutes of this action, his member had swollen to its full, erect size of about seven inches. My thin and dextrous fingers (I work with clay as a hobby) performed expertly as he lay propped up on a pillow and moaned softly in total ecstasy. I decided to add a bit to the technique; so I brought the other hand into play. I pulled his foreskin down and stretched it as tight as I could. With my other hand, I moistened my index finger with some of the semen that had just started to leak from his cock and rubbed just under the base of the glans. Next I licked off my finger and moistened it with saliva. Still holding him stretched tightly, I rotated my moistened finger into his meatus (the pee hole), taking care not to allow my fingernail to touch. I continued moistening my finger as I worked and started moving the foreskin up and down a little again. Occasionally, I would suddenly stretch his skin back tight and run my tongue around the base of the glans. He moaned that he was about to come and asked me to go a little faster. So I cupped my lips over the very tip of his penis, while holding the foreskin down tightly *and* squeezing his scrotum lightly and stroking his anus with my index finger, all at the same time. With all this going on, it took only about a dozen circles and touches with my tongue to bring him off. He came in large spurts into my awaiting mouth. I didn't swallow it but pulled my head back a few inches and slowly dripped his semen all over the head of his dick while I pulled it back and forth as fast as I could go.

Lubricated with his own come, his penis was no longer sensitive to my fingers. So I held the foreskin back and worked over the naked glans until he came again. (My "scientific" mind noted that his second coming had neither the intensity nor the quantity of the first. After that one, he asked me if he could rest for a few minutes. So we decided to inspect *my* anatomy (for scientific purposes, of course).

Trading places so I could lie back on the couch, I was very quickly propped up with a pillow and depantsed. He had me hold my cunt wide open so he could look over my clit. He found it very exciting for me to explain in anatomical terms what everything was and said he wished he had met a girl who was so straightforward before. I showed him how my clitoris was like his penis in that it had its own little foreskin, which he could pull back and forth. A little experimentation, and he was soon masturbating my little clit, just as I had pulled his prepuce back and forth. When I masturbate myself, I generally apply fairly direct pressure to my clit with one finger. It was unusual and stimulating to have him pinch the shaft between thumb and forefinger while he stretched and pulled back the foreskin. He was being careful to hold onto the skin and not let his fingers rub on the delicate clit itself. Between strokings, he would, from time to time, lean down and tongue my clit to keep it moist, although there was hardly any need for that as I was juicing all over the place. To keep things interesting, he used his other hand to stroke, poke, and otherwise play with my thoroughly wet pussy. He rubbed juice from my cunt all over my clit, and in about five minutes' time I came and came and came.

We lay in a 69 position for about the next 30 minutes while we played with each other's sex organs and discussed what felt good to each of us. Before that evening was over, we tried some things which were new to me but I wondered why I had never thought of it before.

He had me hold my labia open wide while he guided his penis down to rub the tip of it against my clit. With all four of our hands getting into the act, we managed to "fuck" his meatus with my clit for a few

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short strokes. He said he wanted to come on my clit, so I assisted with the jacking off and, just as he was getting ready to shoot, we worked my clit into the pee hole. He spurted all over it and all over my purple-with-fucking cunt. Then he licked it completely clean for me. I ended up making him come again (his fourth time), only this time we used one of my nipples to "fuck" his meatus. We practiced rolling up his foreskin over a nipple, too. It was great fun.

Finally, we were both pretty much worn out. He was still quite randy about talking about penises and clitorises and all, but his cock had shrunk down to about four inches, with the foreskin completely enshrouding the head. He told me that it always felt really good to pull the foreskin all the way back and stretch it tight when his cock was soft and there was plenty of loose skin. So I did that a few times, and guess what: he started to get another hard-on. This time I guided that neat little pecker into my waiting cunt for the first straight fuck of the evening.

I have since sought out guys with uncircumcised cocks. I have even found a few (they're rare, though), and I have demonstrated my knowledge of how to handle their particular kind of needs. It is my opinion that a man with an uncircumcised penis is generally a more sensitive lover, just as his penis is more sensitive. I have even encountered one guy with an extremely tight foreskin, which (so he theorized) was responsible for the fact that his cock measured only three inches when soft and about six when hard. This turned out to be a superior evening of sex for me (being a biologist, I know that my vagina will expand or contract to handle any size of penis), and I found it unusually exciting to make him come and then just lie and watch that little cock go soft. When my continuing playfulness started to stir it again, I would watch with amazement and amusement as the skin retracted "automatically" as the dick grew. Biology is certainly an interesting major.

I hope I have enlightened some of my fellow anatomy freaks. Next time you're in a position to play with a foreskin, go for it! It might turn out to be the most fun you've ever had!—*Name and address withheld*

A satisfying vacation

It was mid-June, and I had just graduated from an eastern university and needed a rest. So I packed all my worldly possessions, cleaned my meager savings out of the bank, and headed for the Jersey shore.

I arrived in a small fishing village about midnight, and it looked like the town had rolled up the sidewalks hours earlier. I found a bar and sat drinking a few needed beers, thinking I might have to sleep in the car that night. The bartender had said that the motels in town wouldn't even open for the president at that hour.

Two other guys were at the other end of the bar, and halfway between them and me was a girl sitting by herself. She looked half crocked, but I thought to myself, What the hell, any port in a storm. I moved next to her. She was about 25, and although she was pretty, it was her tits that held my gaze. I've always been a tit man, and she certainly had a pair of boobs that could warm a man on a cold night. I could feel my nose buried between those luscious globes already.

Carol heard me talking to the bartender about a place to stay and said she had a rather large house and I could have one of the rooms if I followed her home. She didn't want to leave her car there and wasn't sure she could drive too well with all the booze in her.

After a weaving, zigzag drive we arrived at a rather large house, and I helped her out of her car and half carried her to the door. As soon as we entered the house, she headed right for the sofa and flopped down on her back and passed out. I looked around the house, and from all indications it looked like she lived alone. I went back to the sofa and sat on the edge of it, looking at her. Her dress had ridden up her legs. Another three inches and I would have been able to see her snatch. I shook her leg, and she was still out cold. I raised her dress up over her hips. She was wearing white bikinis. I put my hand on her pussy and rubbed it through her pants. She didn't move, so I gently pulled the pants down and off and sat there, looking at a lovely cunt that was moist. I rubbed the lips and slowly spread them apart and slipped a finger in about an inch. She moaned and seemed to spread her legs a little further

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apart. I moved my thumb up to her clit and massaged it, and she started to come to life. By this time I had a raging hard-on. I took my shirt and shoes off and unzipped my pants and took my prick out. I stroked myself while continuing to finger-fuck her with two fingers. She opened her eyes and reached up with both arms and pulled me down on top of her. She reached down and grabbed my prick and put it up to her cunt, and I shoved it in. Now she was awake and fucking like mad. In about three minutes we both came and collapsed in each other's arms.

When I awoke, it was morning and I smelled coffee. As we sat at her kitchen table, she told me her story. Her parents had died, and she was going to sell the house and move to a more lively place. And I was welcome to stay until she sold the house. We fucked and sucked for over a week. We hit the few bars and restaurants in town, but we always ended up bare ass, enjoying the hell out of each other.

She finally got a buyer for the house, and we had two weeks before we had to leave. That evening a girl friend of hers named Betty came over for the evening. Betty was divorced and, like Carol, lived by herself. We sat around and drank and talked. I was a little tired and lay back on the sofa. Carol came over and lifted my legs and sat down with my legs over her lap. Betty was half in the bag, with Carol following a close second. Betty was finishing a dirty joke when Carol started to slip her hand up my pants leg. She got as far as my knee, and it wouldn't go any further. I told her if she wanted to get where she was going, she'd have to go in from the top. She removed her hand and stuck it down my pants with my belt still impeding her path. I laughed and said, "There's just one thing left." With that, she unzipped my fly, stuck her hand in, and grabbed my prick, which was by now straining at the seams. I said it was going to bust that way, and she asked if she could take it out, and I said why not. Out it came, and she slowly ran her hand up and down, making me hornier by the minute.

Betty, who was sitting in a chair facing us, said, "Can I watch?" I said I didn't mind, and she came over and sat on the floor with her face about six inches from my cock. The position Carol was in had her holding my prick in an awkward position, and as she jerked it, it hurt. I said we'd better get in a better position. So I sat up, and Carol continued to pull away. It was then that I realized that although she could fuck and give blowjobs with the best of them, she didn't know how to jerk a guy off. I told her to wait a minute. By this time Betty was on the sofa on my other side. I said, "Betty, do you know how to jerk a guy off?" and she said sure. I said, "Okay, wait a minute, and we all can get in on the act."

I stood up and let my pants fall to the floor. I took my shirt off, and, completely nude, I sat down. Betty took hold of my prick and commenced. She really knew what to do. I told Carol to massage my balls. Then I sat back and started to enjoy. I put my left arm over Carol's shoulder and grabbed her right tit and—still not knowing what Betty would do—reached over and took a handful of her left tit. She had even bigger ones than Carol. Betty kept pumping, and I started to feel ready to come. I told Carol to squeeze harder and told Betty not to stop right away when I spurted but to slow down, easy like. She said, "I know, I know." I couldn't hold it any longer, and I came with a burst I didn't know I had in me. My come flew up my chest and over my shoulder. Betty, true to her word, milked it slowly until the last drop was running down the side of my prick. She laughed and said, "Too bad. Now you two won't be able to get it on later when you go to bed." I told her she hadn't seen anything yet and told her to continue playing with it while I reached over and removed Carol's blouse and told her to take her skirt off.

When she was completely nude, I laid her on her back. By this time Betty had my cock hard again. I spread Carol's legs and asked Betty if she wanted to put it in for me. She grabbed my prick with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cancer feedback

I want to thank you for your excellent series of articles on cancer by Gary Null. They are an outstanding contribution to humanity and the war against cancer. The public desperately needs to be aware of the Machiavellian undertones that are woven throughout the financial and legal bases of our major institutions that were designed to fight cancer. Your articles are the first of their nature to appear in a major publication, and I read them with the deepest gratitude. I had waited and hoped for a long time that just such a series would appear.

I also appreciate your sharing other readers' thoughts with the public in the *Penthouse* "Feedback" column. I was particularly interested in the letter by Mrs. Phyllis Pfeiffer (January 1980). I met Mrs. Pfeiffer in Freeport, Bahamas, where I also was a patient at the Immunology Researching Centre. I was very happy to see her share her experience with the public, as I had the pleasure of witnessing it with my own eyes. And Mrs. Pfeiffer is certainly not the only example of the effectiveness of Dr. Lawrence Burton's immuno-augmentative therapy. I know many others, including myself.

I find it both sad and deplorable that Dr. Burton's treatment is not available in the United States, and I wonder whether my civil rights have not been violated when I must go to a foreign country to receive the treatment of my choice. Certainly, I believe I *should* have a choice when the conventional treatments offered seem so ineffective and so reminiscent of antique tortures, such as bloodletting and the use of leeches.

What has happened to scientific freedom? What must we do to ensure that any scientist with a reasonable theory may be free to further his scientific research in the United States? When even one scientist is denied that opportunity, it is we ourselves who are the real losers.

I understand that Gary Null will be doing another article in which Dr. Burton's immuno-augmentative therapy will be discussed, and I look forward to seeing it.—*Mrs. Linda Maltsberger, Fort Pierce, Fla.*

We are, in fact, running Gary Null's article on Dr. Burton and his cancer therapy in this issue. We hope you enjoy it.—The Editors

I have just recently read the article "The Great Cancer Fraud," by Gary Null and Robert Houston (September 1979), and found it stunning. Null and Houston with one leap have placed themselves alongside Ivan Illich, the "Medical Nemesis" man.

I brought the article to the attention of several people, who read it. Among them were a prominent psychiatrist here, a psychologist who teaches at the University of Texas Medical School, and an assistant to an editor at Little, Brown. I received no comment from any of them.

After reading what Null and Houston had to say about the virtual buy-offs of leading publications by the American Cancer Society, I wasn't exactly shocked not to see your story picked up by the wire services. I've followed this cancer debacle for about five years and, in fact, have built a fair file of snipes, particularly from people writing with a psychological bias and from advocates of holistic medicine.

I can't figure out why there hasn't been more attention paid to this story. Can it be that (1) there is indeed a moratorium on "unauthorized" stories about the failures of the national cancer research institutions; (2) exposing a cancer fraud attacks the last repository of faith in institutions; (3) *Penthouse*, despite its editorial excellence, was the wrong place to drop the big bomb?

I hope that, whatever the reason, your contributors plan to write more on this subject. It may yet turn out that *Penthouse* has given this bit of earth its first shake. I think you were brave and very smart to do it.—*J.G. Burnett, Dallas, Tex.*

We suggest, if he hasn't done so, that Mr. Burnett read our continued cancer coverage (October and November 1979; January and July 1980).—The Editors

April acclamation

The April 1980 issue of *Penthouse* was power-packed. We could have been spared the gossip from Britt Ekland, but three things made the April issue outstanding: "The Squeeze," by James Davidson, the essay on nuclear power by Karl Hess, and the cartoon by Edward Sorel. Together, these three items should be reprinted and distributed to every house in the country. As that would seem a rather massive task, I will have to be satisfied with recommending this issue to as many people as I can.

Thank you for publishing this kind of high-quality, crusading journalism. My only hope is that if enough educating is

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done by what is left of the intelligent media, a large segment of the population may rebel, may "stop paying" before we reach the point of no return. All around me I see people passively accepting the status quo at a time when we need rebels more than ever.—*Fred Breukelman, Dover, Del.*

While *Penthouse* may not be a pioneer in reporting on cancer and government, I believe you probably have the highest circulation of all publications that do. Your cancer reports in the past several months have been outstanding. And your April article on government, "The Squeeze," by James Davidson, was very good. Although I was aware of many of the facts prior to reading it, it was still excellent and interesting. I sincerely hope this article will be the springboard for further in-depth reporting.

God knows, there are enough inequities in government to fill a library. Because of our past and present government practices, we may well be headed for disaster. If you scoffed at *1984* the first time around, read George Orwell again. It's not difficult to see just how close to *1984* we are. I think John Doe is tired of nonsense and has seen enough of it to want to know what the hell is happening. Something is wrong with the system. The people in Washington promised never to lie to us, which we now know was one of the biggest lies of all. They do lie and inflate our money by pouring it down the drain, printing more, and taking more to pour more—a never-ending rotational cycle. It won't stop until we stop them, and we can't stop them if we don't have the information. Our survival and the press's survival depend on the press educating and informing the public.

The papers are full of one-sided views, and I think it's time a publication like *Penthouse* showed the other side. Thanks for the soapbox.—*Name and address withheld*

James Davidson's article "The Squeeze" was great. *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the program "60 Minutes" could learn much about disclosure from *Penthouse*. The media should focus its attention on the crisis in the United States Congress. And the federal bureaucracy should form one more department: the Department of Investigation of Politicians. Someone should certainly scrutinize the financial records of politicians and figure out where the missing $50 billion in federal funds is.

I hope your writers continue to investigate politicians and the government and its many departments. Keep up the interesting articles—*T.F., Evergreen Park, Ill.*

Wright or wrong

The interview with Judge Bruce Wright by Richard Ballad (April 1980) was one of the best I've ever read. Not that I agree with Judge Wright's positions; in fact, I would honestly admit that the results of his neo "strict-constructionist" interpretations of the Constitution have injured more than a few innocent citizens.

However, like many controversial figures who are dismissed as ignorant or foolish or, God forbid, dangerous by white Americans (Andrew Young comes to mind here), Judge Wright raises important questions, questions about the operation of our criminal-justice system, and I can't say that he is wrong when he accuses the system of implicit racism and inequity in dealing with minority and indigent offenders. Certainly the Glover case proved Judge Wright accurate in many of his observations.

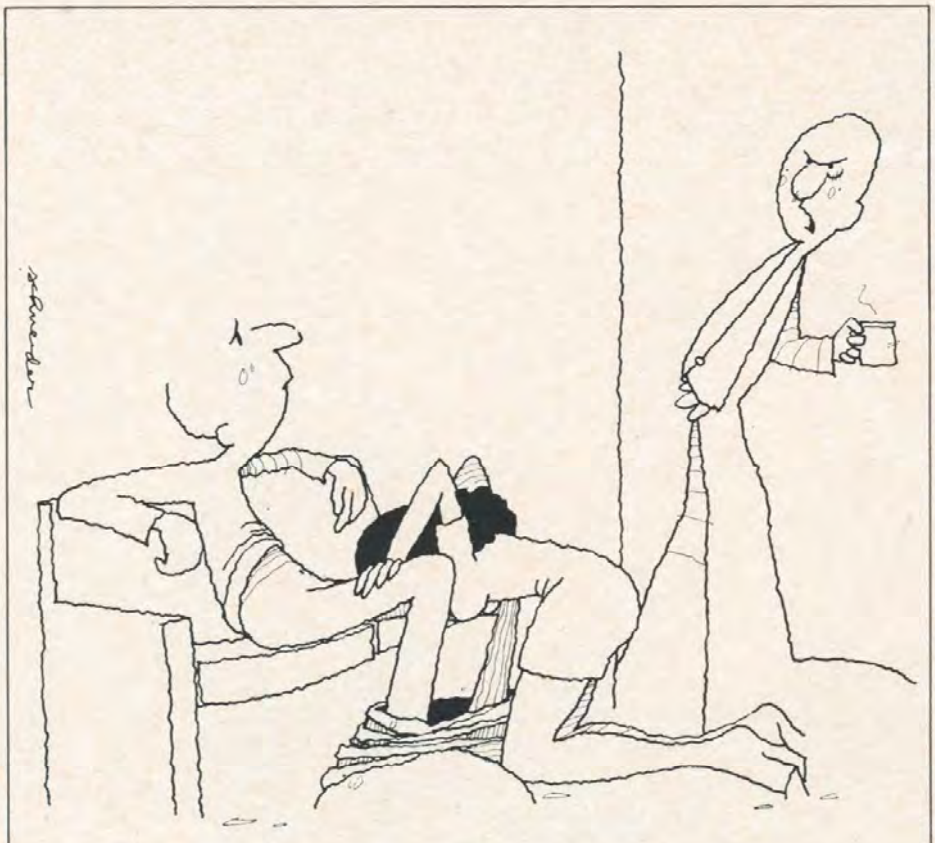
Although I admit to wariness in endorsing all of Judge Wright's judicial prerogatives, I wholeheartedly endorse the idea that he has something important to say, and we, as white Americans, should be listening to him.—*Alan Hague, Brookfield Center, Conn.*

Let me be one of what I assume will be many to congratulate your magazine on having one of the most informative interviews on the criminal-justice system here in the United States that I have ever had the good fortune to read. I'm referring to Judge Bruce Wright, of course, who has really told it like it is. He didn't pull any punches. Judge Wright is a man of high moral ethics. God bless him for believing in the Constitution and what it *really* stands for.

Even though I was born and raised in the Southwest (Kennedy, Tex.), I've never thought of myself as better or worse than any human being, be he black, brown, or white. I've seen too much death and destruction in my lifetime (World War II) to get carried away with the white-supremacy bit. I have been all over the world with the United States Navy and the Merchant Marine, and believe me, I speak from a broad range of experience.

It takes a brave and courageous man of high moral integrity to speak out as Judge Wright does. I'm 53 years old, and I thought all true heroes were dead, but now I'm not so sure after reading his interview. Someone should award a medal to Judge Bruce Wright and *Penthouse* magazine.

You see, I am on death row, having been convicted of a hired killing that I am *not* guilty of, and I was put through a kangaroo court such as Judge Wright described in his interview. I particularly noted his comments on the presumption of innocence until proven guilty—a joke here in Texas. Judge Wright said so many things that were right on that I can't begin to say which were the best, but I thank God there are a few good judges who will tell it like it is.—*Robert May, Huntsville, Tex.*



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Edna, start smoking again!"

Vet's forum

Your April 1980 "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" column discusses the study of veterans' readjustment that is currently being conducted by the Center for Policy Research in New York City.

You are right when you say that Dr. Arthur Egendorf, senior researcher for the Vietnam Era Research Project at the center, and I are cautious about discussing the study. But you are wrong when you attribute this caution to "the study's political sensitivity and its implications for all veterans' programs." Our caution is dictated only by the fact that the early report is fragmentary and inconclusive. It covers only one-fourth of the veterans in the full study, and all of them are in one section of the country, the Northeast.

The Center for Policy Research study is just one of several studies being conducted by the Veterans Administration regarding the readjustment of Vietnam veterans. All the studies will have implications for veterans' programs, this being their purpose, but we are not waiting for their completion to put into effect programs we know are needed. One of our most important activities at this time is the opening of "Vet Centers" in cities across the country. Forty-five have been opened, and another 41 are scheduled.

These centers are storefront operations, separate from other VA functions and free of government formality and red tape. Here veterans previously reluctant to seek assistance can discuss their problems with skilled counselors. The centers not only are helping persons who have long been without help but also are adding to our knowledge of their needs. They will put into use their own findings and those of the Center for Policy Research study and other VA projects.—*Max Cleland, Administrator, Veterans Administration, Washington, D.C.*

David, Henry, and the shah

I would like to thank you for publishing Ernest Volkman's essay "The Dangerous Meddling of David Rockefeller" (March 1980). It takes real guts to print the truth, especially when the truth is as volatile as the story of the shah's admittance to the United States.

Everyone has felt sick about the hostages being held captive in Iran. Now we know why giving the shah back was not even considered as a possibility. Volkman's piece points out the involvement of Rockefeller and Kissinger in bringing their friend, the shah, back into the country. Let's point the accusing finger in the right direction.

I agree with Mr. Volkman that Rockefeller's special businessman's passport should be revoked, but I think the recommendation should be taken one step farther. Mr. Kissinger should be banned from involvement in any but the most mundane affairs of the Carter or any other administration. How can an ex-bed partner of Richard Nixon's be trusted?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I must share with your readers an experience that happened last summer. I am married to a wonderful man, whom I will call Jeff. We were childhood sweethearts who tasted the beauty of sex at a young age. Jeff always used protection because of the stigma of a young girl becoming pregnant. It was wonderful, but I always wanted to pull the rubber off as he was penetrating me, although I wouldn't dare to. Jeff and I realized that we were too young to continue a steady courtship and decided to break up for a while to see if our love was real.

I dated many wonderful guys just for a good time and never became serious with any of them. Each would try to seduce me after a few dates, and even though it was hard for me to do, I would resist. Oh, I would let them play with my breasts and even lick their cocks at times. This felt so good that I toyed with the idea of letting them screw me, but I knew that if I did, word would get around my small town and my reputation would be shot. Besides, I still thought that Jeff and I would end up together again.

The next summer one of the sexiest guys that I have ever met entered my life. Vinnie was 20 and wise in the ways of the world, having already served a tour in the air force. He really knew how to treat a girl, and I was overwhelmed by him. We did almost everything—skating, movies, and picnics. One evening, after about a month of dating, we were parked near my home in the country. It was a lovely summer night, just right for love. Kissing made me warm. He must have sensed the mood was right, because for the first time he began to fondle my breasts. This brought a flushed feeling to my body. He suggested that we move outside the car, and after he had produced a blanket from the trunk, we lay on the grass, secluded from the rest of the world. Vinnie removed my halter and began to kiss, lick, and suck my breasts. Before I knew it, my shorts and panties were tossed aside and I was lying beside this hulk of a man, stark naked, and loving it. As he continued to kiss and caress my body, his hand moved along the inside of my thigh, lightly moving up and down, each time nearer my wet and dripping pussy. After what seemed an eternity, his finger found my clitoris. As he inserted his finger, I exploded in one of the most beautiful climaxes that I've ever had. He continued to caress and love my body until I felt his breathing near my pussy. I had never been kissed to climax and wondered what it would feel like. Vinnie remarked about the flow of my juices. They covered the blanket as if a faucet had been turned on. I pushed his head into my pussy, and his tongue began giving me such wonderful licks that I could hardly stand it. Another sweet, wonderful climax (the most beautiful word in the English language).

I realized that I had now felt two wonderful climaxes without having felt or even seen Vinnie's prick. I reached for it, and through his pants I could feel it throbbing as if it would break his fly. He quickly removed his pants and shorts, revealing the largest cock I had ever seen. Its size was over eight inches, and the thickness was astounding. I knew immediately that he would rip me open, even with my juices flowing as they were. Sex with Jeff had been wonderful, but I knew that I was not broken in enough to accept this log. Vinnie wanted to penetrate me, but I put him off, telling him that I would not do it until he put on a rubber. He said that he would never use a rubber and spoil the beauty of sex. I began to rub his penis, and I needed two hands

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

EARLY TIMES.
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to control its throbbing. I could feel the excitement building in his body. Just as he was about to climax, he gently held my head, moving it closer to his prick. I took in as much of it as possible as he exploded in my mouth. It was wonderful. I continued to suck until all the juices had stopped.

Nights such as this one were repeated many times during that summer. Vinnie begged me to go with him to a motel, where we could make love in style, but I kept telling him that I wouldn't go until he purchased rubbers. For some reason he refused, and the summer passed without our ever having intercourse. I was too afraid of pregnancy, and he was stubborn about rubbers, so the stalemate just continued.

Just as I was about to give in (I had planned to do so on our next date—I no longer cared about anything except the beauty of feeling his large prick inside my hot body), Jeff called to ask for a date. Ah, my first love, Jeff! After a year away, he somehow was coming to my rescue.

I never dated Vinnie again, once Jeff reentered my life. Jeff and I got married and moved away. The only times I saw Vinnie was when I ran into him when Jeff and I returned home on vacation. He was married, happily so, as was I. A few years later, when I ran into him, we spoke briefly, and I could tell that the desire was still there. We did not say a word about old times, but I could see the big bulge in his pants. I felt the sex juices start to flow from my pussy, and, slowly crossing my legs while we talked, I had a tremendous climax. I am not sure if he noticed, although he really smiled as we bid our good-byes.

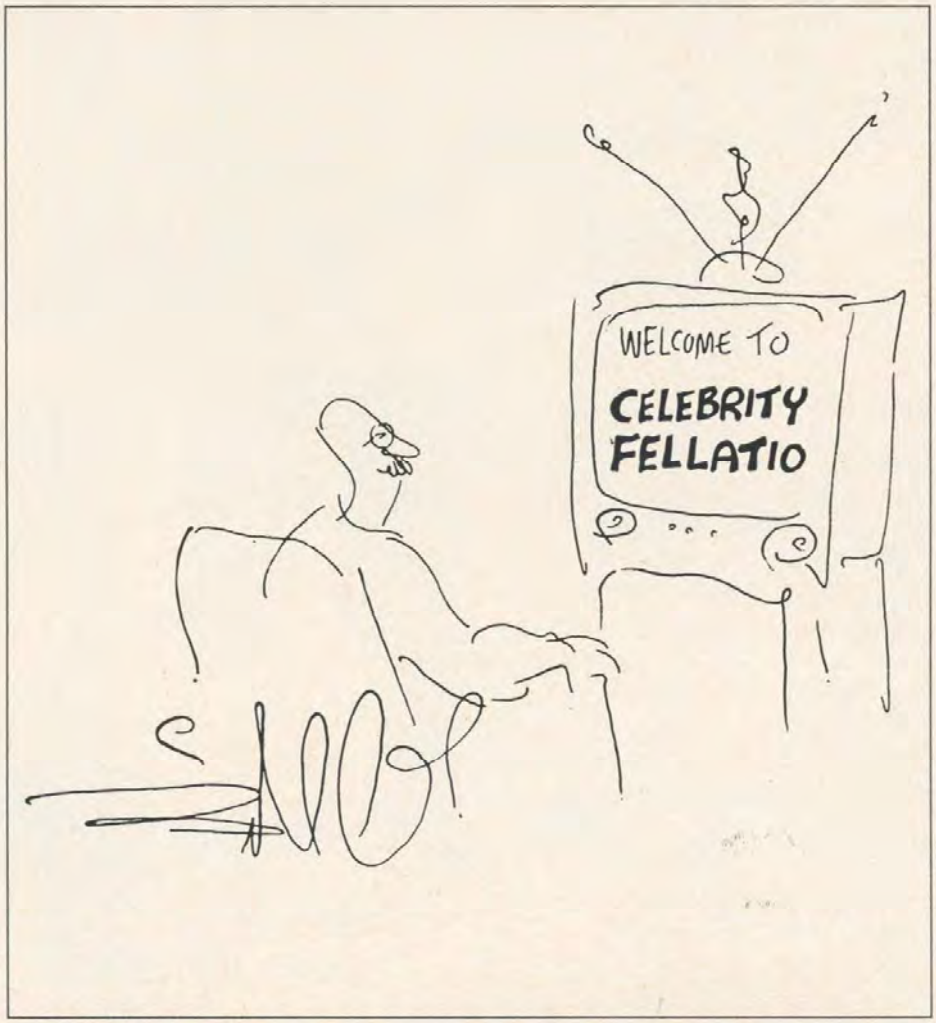
One night, a few years later, as Jeff and I were enjoying one of our frequent love bouts, he asked me who I would have given myself to if we had not married. I told him about all of the men in my life before our marriage and went into detail about the affair with Vinnie. He began to shudder with excitement, and my own juices began to run uncontrollably. Jeff remarked about how hot and excited I had become, and I could feel a new strength in his prick as we violently climaxed together. Each time the subject was brought up after that the result was always the same—climaxes that could blow the mind. One night, during one of these beautiful sex battles, Jeff suggested that we go back to that small town and see if Vinnie was still around. At first I refused, but as time passed I decided to give it a try, knowing that our love was strong enough to stand one affair with an old boyfriend.

We set out for the old hometown, our plan intact: Jeff would go hunting for a couple of days with his brother while I would hopefully receive something that we had both come to desire—Vinnie's huge prick. As we neared our destination, doubts began to creep into my mind. The doubt that maybe I shouldn't do it was overcome by the deeper fears that maybe Vinnie had moved or that I wouldn't see him or, worst of all, that he wouldn't be interested in me after all those years. Anyhow, I would soon find out. Jeff and I rented a nice motel room outside of town, and he left for his three days of hunting. I showered before setting out to see if I could locate and seduce my old boyfriend Vinnie. I suppressed my desire to masturbate and departed on my mission.

I had been in town only about 15 minutes when my heart jumped into my throat. There he was, coming toward me. He was dressed in hunting clothes. As he approached, his eyes fixed on me and I saw that they were still filled with desire. He asked why I was in town, and I replied that I was just visiting while my husband went hunting. He explained that he was on his way to do just the same thing, but he couldn't think of leaving before we had a drink together. I then knew that before the day was over, I would be penetrated by his huge dick. At a local bar I could hardly sit still, and I crossed and uncrossed my legs. I was determined not to allow the wanted climax to happen until he was inside me. Vinnie asked me if something was wrong, and I told him that I now hated rubber as much as he always had and that I was using some other form of protection. Immediately he took my hand and asked if I still wanted him. My reply was to get up and start to leave. He was startled and began to apologize. I took his arm and told him to follow me.

After a reckless drive, we were in my motel room, hugging and kissing so hard that we could hardly breathe. As he touched my breasts, all the old feelings of desire welled up inside of me. He was dry-fucking me as we stood in the middle of the room. We started undressing each other. As my blouse and bra dropped to the floor, he took my breast in his mouth. He tweaked my nipple with his tongue, and as he released his hold on one I shoved the other one into his mouth. I was getting weak and could hardly stand. He slid my skirt and panties over my hips and down my legs into a heap on the floor. His shirt was off, and I started tugging at his belt to release his pants and the monster within his shorts that I had traveled so far to see and fuck. As I helped him slide down his shorts, his cock sprang out and stood straight up, throbbing as the juice started to flow from its end. It was even larger than I remembered, at least nine inches long. But even more incredible, it was thicker than my arm! Again, I had doubts about whether I could take it up my cunt. But I was determined that I would .

We removed the rest of our clothing, and Vinnie picked me up and carried me to the bed. His kisses continued as I begged him to screw me. He said that we



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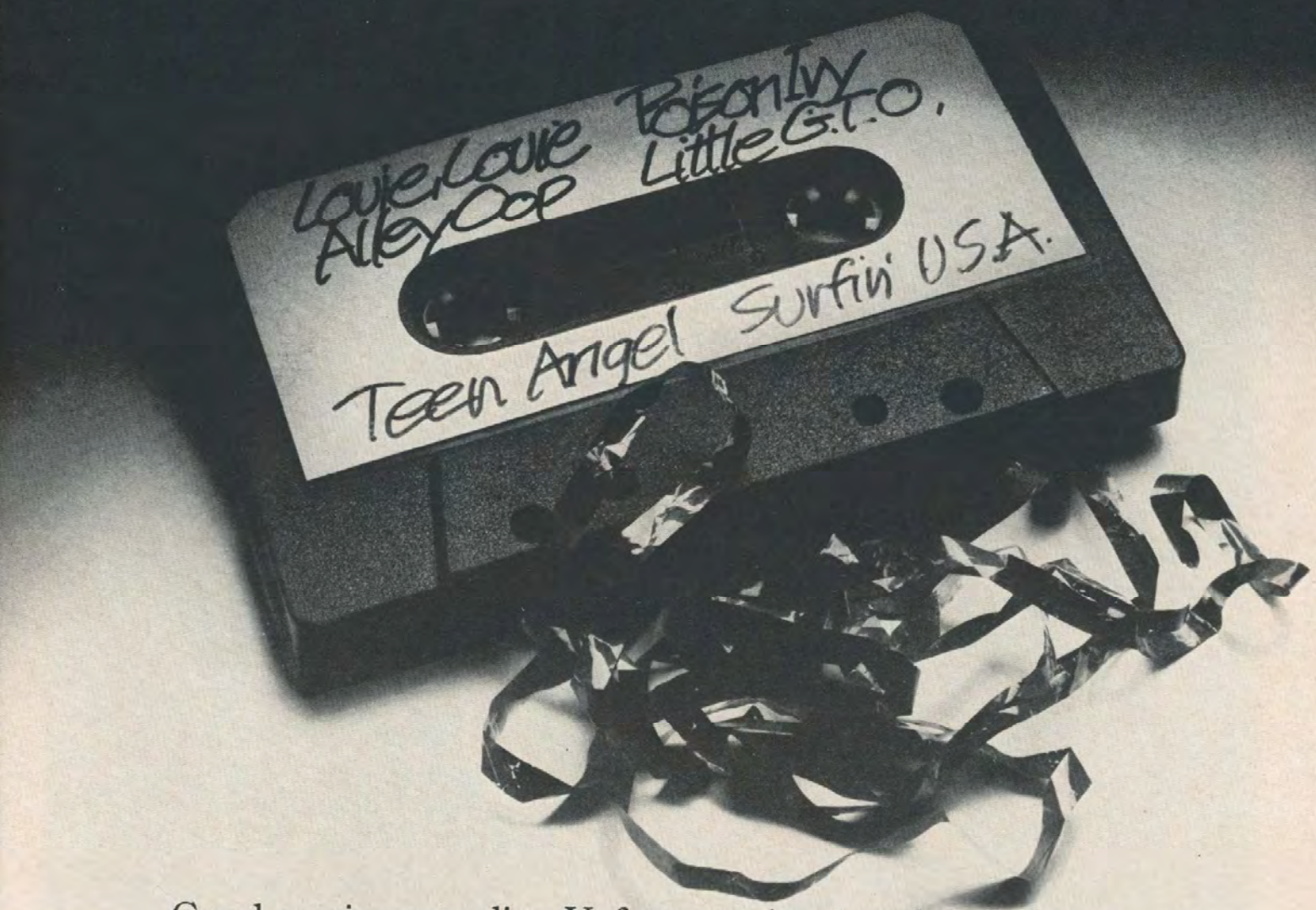

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had waited for years—there was no need to rush. As I unashamedly opened my legs, he viewed my pussy. The juices were running all over me. He commented that they were even more abundant than when I was younger. My reaction was to pull him to my pussy and to let out a scream of ecstasy as his tongue entered my pussy for the first time in so many years. I maneuvered around so that his dripping penis was directly in front of my face. Again, I needed both hands to control it in my mouth. Just as my body began to jerk and build to a climax, he removed his tongue from me and turned around to kiss me, stating that we had done all this before and that this time he was determined to seduce me. My answer was to slide under him as I began to undulate my hips in rhythm with his. I spread my legs as wide as possible as he poised himself, letting the juices from his prick drip onto the already soaked lips of my cunt. Then he gently pressed. At first his prick would not enter, not even with the wetness. I was too small for him. But he very gently continued to caress my pussy with his dick, and as it opened he began to slide in an inch or so. Soon half of it was inside me. I thought I would die of mixed pain and desire. Suddenly, he pulled it almost all the way out and plunged it into me, hitting bottom and pushing still farther. Presently, the pain subsided and I was full—full of more cock than I had ever dreamed was possible. Deep within my stomach a feeling started to grow, covering every part of my body, growing until breath was short, growing into a mind-shattering explosion. Climax after climax—how many? I lost count. He continued to plunge even deeper as I held his cheeks and pulled him farther into me with each stroke. Suddenly I felt his cheeks tighten, and he moved faster until I heard him yell and felt the explosion of his prick, shooting his come all over the insides of my burning pussy. I could not hold it all, and it squirted out and flowed down over my ass. We both collapsed and soon fell into a deep sleep.

After what seemed hours, I awakened to feel his tongue inside my pussy, licking until all the juices were removed. I mounted him and guided that huge prick inside my aching pussy. I rode him to another earth-shattering orgasm and continued until he exploded again inside my body.

This continued until dusk, when we showered, dressed, and went out for dinner. I could hardly sit down because of the soreness around my pussy. Vinnie promised that he would take care of that when we returned to the motel. He did, again and again. I promised that my next vacation would be taken at the same place. After three days of nothing but fucking we parted, and I felt the surge of juices already starting in anticipation of next year's for-good-time's-sake liaison.

I have decided to share this story both to let Vinnie know how much I enjoyed that big dick after so many years and to fill Jeff in on all the juicy details.—N.M.

I'm glad that your childhood lover turned out to be such a terrific lay. And after all those years! But had you married *him* instead of your own husband, the sex probably would not be as good. As they say, waiting is half the fun. So . . . maybe it's a good idea to see him only once a year and keep things exciting.

Have you ever seen the play or film *Same Time, Next Year?* It is about a man and a woman (both happily married to someone else) who keep meeting each year at the same hotel. Throughout the play one sees them gradually grow older and go through various changes. I recommend this play to anyone who has an arrangement similar to yours. Maybe you can detect similarities.

LOVER, COME BACK

I have been curious for some time about the question of sperm count. Do you believe it is sexier when a man pumps out more semen than average per orgasm? Or is that just a turnoff?

My girl friend and I feel that it truly enhances our lovemaking when I spurt large quantities of love juice during orgasm. In fact, we even try to determine

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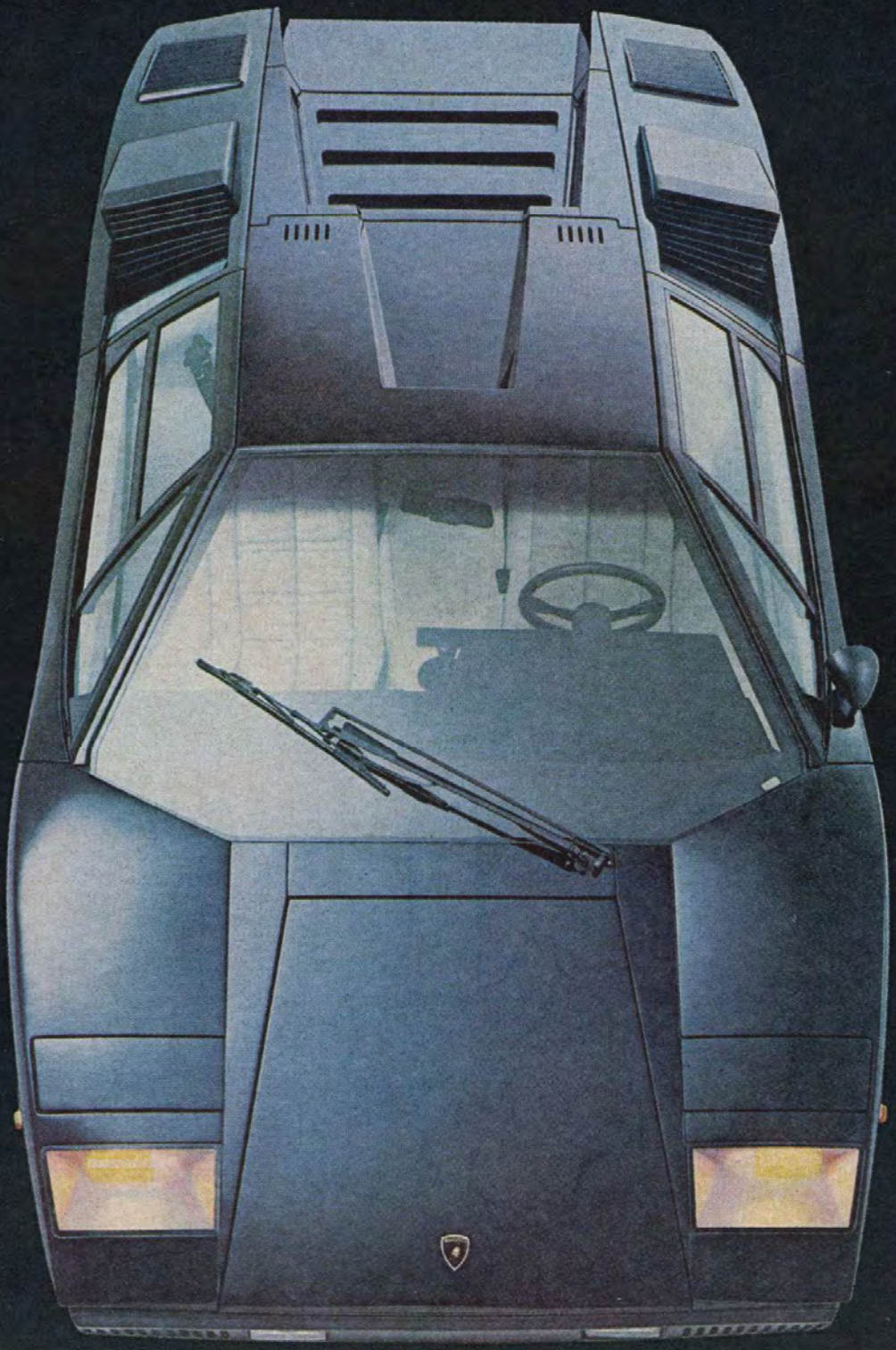

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just how much juice we were able to squeeze. Most of our intercourse is coitus interruptus; that is to say, I pull out and come all over her stomach or face. We also engage in countless handjobs and blowjobs, as the sight of dripping sperm really gets us off. You can be sure that we have one of the wetter beds in town, and Kathy has processed veritable quarts of my stuff in our three and a half years together.

I wonder how unusual my talent may be. Perhaps my balls are extraefficient in sperm manufacturing. My cock is a large seven inches long and five and a half inches in circumference. But does cock size have a correlation to large loads? Besides, I've seen porno films with better-endowed men who shoot much less than I do. Only Johnny Wadd, with his thirteen-inch dong, would seem to match up. As a matter of fact, my virtual obsession with ejaculation hails from a summer job I had as a porno motion picture projectionist. I grew fascinated with the look and quantity involved in each come shot and resolved to test the same in my own life.

Now, I've always known, even in my early years of teen masturbation, that I shot a large wad. I've heard that ten cubic centimeters is the average for a normal ejaculation. I haven't had a test tube to measure my load, but I would guess that I shoot 25 cc's during my first ejaculation. If for reasons of sickness or travel I have abstained for a week, Kathy and I have a little ritual whereby she teases me for a good hour or more with her hand and mouth, really building up my tension as well as the testicle supply, and I eventually let forth with wall-splattering clumps of "white art."

Thus, I'll close by requesting all the info you have on ejaculations. I am also wondering if you like men coming on you.—J.S.G.

You seem more of an expert than I am, because I don't look at sperm for its cc's or calories. I enjoy sex because it is a pleasant pastime and not for its technical or health aspects.

Although, I, too, like to see a lot of nice, thick come spurted over some part of my body from time to time, I still prefer having that cock explode inside me. If all you are interested in is counting the cc's of your ejaculate, you should try to get into the *Guinness Book of Records* or the Olympic Games.

Why all this coitus interruptus? In porn movies they show all that come as proof for the audience of the guy's orgasm. In real life there are other ways of enjoying orgasms, and quantity is not necessarily the sign of a good lover. It is an interesting phenomenon, but I wouldn't put too much emphasis on it. If you were into kissing, would you measure spit?

GETTING A GUM JOB

I read the letter entitled "Goody Goody Gum Job" in a recent Penthouse *with special interest. Actually, my boyfriend excitedly showed it to me. Gumjobs and denture-wearing young ladies are not as unusual as you make them out to be. I am an attractive, 30-year-old woman with a job in a publishing house that requires me to look and dress stylishly. I had all my teeth pulled when I was still in my twenties, and I was glad to be rid of them. Once you get over the initial shock of being toothless and your gums heal, denture wearing is fine and not at all horrible. I wear mine just about all the time because I don't want my lips and mouth to lose their shape. My dentist tells me that some high-fashion models have their back teeth pulled just to get that drawn, gaunt look.*

When I meet a man, I try to size him up. With the more conservative types, I let my dentures be my own little secret—I just have to be a little bit careful about kissing. I've had several great affairs with men who never dreamed that I'd had all my teeth pulled. One even found my Polident, but I was able to talk my way out of it! If a man looks like a swinger, though, that's a different story. I usually wait until we are up at my apartment and things are going pretty heavy. Then I inconspicuously slip my dentures out of my mouth and go down on his penis and begin gently chomping with my gums. At first, the guy doesn't realize what's happening, and soon he is in such ecstasy that he doesn't care. As things heat up, my soft, pulpy gums massage his organ, and my chomping becomes more rhythmic and frantic. The sensation of a man's penis against my naked gums is indescribable for me, too, as the gums themselves become sensitive, like a sexual organ. Soon my mouth is rewarded with a huge wad of semen.

As I'm still a little sensitive about my appearance without my dentures, I usually excuse myself and replace them before proceeding to actual intercourse. Many men love having their penis "gummed" but seem uncomfortable about making love to a toothless woman. My current boyfriend, however, loves my naked gums so much that he likes me to leave my dentures out all evening.

It's certainly no tragedy for a young woman to lose her teeth. There are plenty of men out there who appreciate a good pair of gums!—H.B.J.

I hope you are not suggesting that we girls should have our teeth pulled out simply to enhance our sex lives. After all, sex isn't everything!

I believe how sensitive your gums can be, but . . . those of us who still have our teeth can achieve the same sensation by pulling our lips over our teeth. Luckily, lips are also very sensitive.

By the way, there are also many men who love the tickling sensation of *teeth* or

nails on their cocks, provided you don't bite them too hard or scratch the foreskin. Everything in moderation, nothing in excess.

GROSS BUT NOT GUILTY

My wife and I, both 31, have been married for ten years and have a great sex life. About four years ago we started wife-swapping with other swinging couples. We had both good and bad experiences, as could be expected. My wife is now bisexual and enjoys everything that two, three, or even four people can do with one another sexually.

She has a great 38-23-36 body and is five feet two inches tall. She does not care to have oral sex with a man but enjoys it with a woman. When we go to X-rated movies, she gets so horny that she starts to masturbate in the theater, quietly, so that nobody notices. Then she can hardly wait for the ride home so she can get herself off some more. She lies down on the front seat, using a dildo—or sometimes making me stop at a store so she can buy a sausage to finish herself off. When we get near large trucks (where the driver can see into our car), she doesn't even try to conceal what she is doing. It seems to turn her on even more. When we get home, she fucks the hell out of me!

The problem is that after whatever we do—whether it's swinging or movies—my wife feels guilty. She feels that these things aren't right, but she enjoys them too much to stop. I approve of what we are doing. How can I help her to overcome her guilt feelings and feel freer about group sex?—D.C.

Stop the games for a while, and your wife will probably find that she misses them. Most likely, she will suggest that the two of you get back into action. In the meantime, make love to her as well and as often as possible. Let her take the initiative to get back into the old swinging habit, which she will probably do as she comes to terms with her sexuality. You sure are a lucky fellow to have such a naturally randy wife.

If your loving doesn't help her, try books. Sometimes when people see something in print, they're more likely to accept it as the truth than any amount of talking you can do. If your wife feels guilty about being bisexual, go to a gay bookstore and buy her some books that expound the philosophy that gay is good and bisexual is beautiful. Of course, if your wife feels guilty about swinging, well, let her read the expert: me. I've written about a dozen books on the subject and particularly recommend my opus *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*. It's probably my most kinky book, because it deals with sexual fantasies and how one can enact them. After reading that book, she'll find her sexual endeavors tame indeed and nothing to be ashamed of. It might even give her some new ideas. OH

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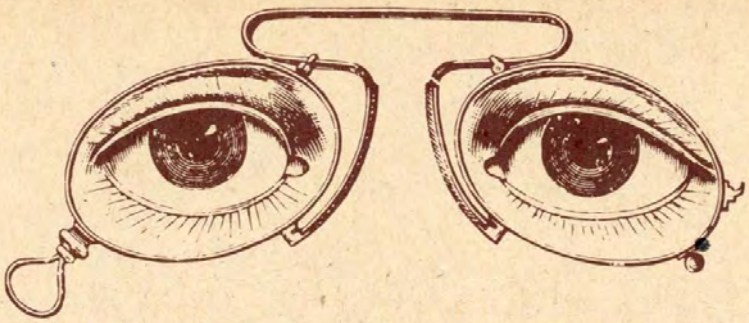


VIEW FROM THE TOP

YOUR FUTURE

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

You managed to survive Vietnam, Nixon, macrobiotics, the Moonies, "palimony," acupuncture, platform shoes, disco, the S.L.A., Who concerts, DC-10s, est, swine flu vaccine, and paraquat. You made it! Right? Well, so far. But just because your old dreams failed to come true, it doesn't mean your nightmares can't be realized now. If you think the past was bad, consider six scenarios for the immediate future:

(1) Japanese engineers—on your enemies list since they drove up the price of Sonys and 280-Zs—announce the development of an automobile that gets a minimum 54 mpg *average*. The catch is a small matter of the $17,500 sticker price. You rage and resist, but when gas nears three dollars a gallon, you take out a second mortgage and plunge. For 32 days you preen, parade, and extol it tirelessly. On the thirty-third day an obscure organic-chemistry lab in New Mexico releases the details of its successful synthesis of a proto-carbon combustion fuel, based on sewage, bicarbonate of soda, and superheated nitrogen, which can be quickly and massively produced for 13 cents a gallon. It also cleans your plugs, is pollution-free, and can be made in the bathtub.

(2) You're at a party with your spouse/mate/lover and many mutual friends. You've had a vile week and drink just enough J&Bs over to take the paint off a Winnebago. You and your s/m/l become engaged in a heated dispute over some personal, symbolic, beaten-to-death topic on the order of foreplay or new drapes. With besotted ire, you call your s/m/l a lying, sexless, low-rent tramp. Your s/m/l—on the basis of a two-month-old Maryland court decision—thereupon sues you for "emotional assault" and "reputational rape." Your s/m/l then collects on both grounds—$104,000 over ten years for "image rehabilitation." You later try to recoup by suing a company that sells amusing T-shirts with your photo on them. Ruled a "public figure," you lose.

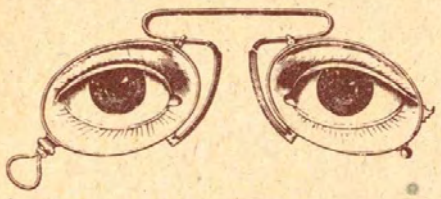
(3) After gruesome experiences with trampoline parks and Pet Rock distributorships, you finally go into business for yourself *successfully*. Regrettably, your enterprise falls into that vague, monochromatic area between "unorthodox" and "questionable" and involves a form of "aggressive promotion" that others, less tolerant or less devil-may-care, call "misrepresentation." Then, on a balmy Sunday afternoon, you hear a knock at your door. You answer it. You find Mike Wallace on your doorstep with a "60 Minutes" field crew. As cameras whir, Mike asks you a series of questions about your field of business in general and your own operation in specific. The questions keep beginning with the words, "But isn't it true that . . ."

(4) You develop a debilitating allergy to all mood-altering substances, including alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, marijuana, Valium, Librium, LSD, Dalmane, cocaine, methaqualone, ibogaine, nitrous/butyl oxide, mescaline, psilocybin, amphetamines, barbiturates, opiates, and jogging. After a costly and exhaustive series of tests, it's determined that your reaction is activated by *sexual arousal* and is curable only by the total avoidance of any sexual stimulation. You're given the choice of permanent and potentially humiliating surgery or lifelong lighthouse duty. In the meantime, your violently repellent rashes and pustules make you a sexual leper, as well as a dermatological neon sign to narcs.

(5) It's discovered that *reading* about cancer can *cause* cancer. As a result of your literacy, you must have a malignant gall bladder removed. One week after President Edward Kennedy nationalizes medicine, you go in for surgery. Through a series of appalling bureaucratic errors, you receive a sex-change operation by mistake. You lose your family and your job as semen donor. The government rejects your lawsuit, but you find a modicum of romantic happiness with your coplaintiff, a steamfitter named Dolores who now keeps his gall bladder in a beaker on the mantel.

(6) The latest word to hit your social grapevine is that the snorting of one gram of manganese each month will ward off cancer, arthritis, and sexual decline. All your friends begin putting their money into manganese, at $25 an ounce, for future use. Having "50 years worth of 'nese" stored away becomes a symbol of affluence, fashion, and survival as well. You dismiss this as just another fly-by-night vogue until, as manganese inches past $30 an ounce, you wonder if it might be a tidy investment, should this fringe idiocy go mainstream. But, hell, you rode out mood rings, hot tubs, and Earth shoes; you decide to pass. That night, Dan Rather reports that the Mayo, Menninger, and Masters & Johnson medical clinics have found that inhaling "gray gold" not only boosts resistance to cancer, arthritis, hypertension, senility, and piles but also triples one's orgasm frequency. The next morning manganese opens at $1,245 an ounce, its lowest point for the ensuing 14 years.

Joseph Ciardiello



SCENES

SUPER STAR, SUPER SALES

God's tenure in Hollywood, though nearly as long overall as the history of film itself, always has been an on-again, off-again affair. When George Burns assayed a portrait of the Deity as a Methuselated gnome two years ago in ***Oh, God!***, throngs swelled the offertory by $31 million. Assembled in front of home screens, they proved that God gives good Nielsen, too.

After a decade's conspicuous absence from screens ablaze with omens and exorcisms, the Ultimate Celebrity is ascendant once more, omnipresence being

Marty Feldman: pigeonholed.

His most notable asset as He appears in seven comedies, five dramas, two mini-series, one made-for-television movie, and a handful of documentaries.

With such a congregation, it is no wonder that writer-director-performer Marty Feldman feels stifled. In August, when ***In God We Trust*** (the escapades of Feldman as a monk newly out of the cloister) opens, it will already have been scooped by ***KGOD*** (a failing television station switches to religious programming), ***Wholly Moses*** (a case of mistaken messianic identity), and ***Oh, God! Oh, God!—The Second Coming*** (a sequel to *Oh, God!*, with Burns and Rodney Allen Rippey). ***The Runner Stumbles*** and ***Wise Blood*** will have played nationwide, and ***Resurrection*** (Ellen Burstyn as a paraplegic with healing powers) will have been previewed extensively prior to a September debut.

"It's a pisser," Feldman swears, "when you work so long and come out last. You get pigeonholed; and when you get pigeonholed, you get covered in pigeon shit." Many God movies—or, as a spokesperson for Warner Brothers (*Oh, God! Oh, God!*, ***Life of Brian,*** and ***Jesus***) calls them, "religious movies with a twist, or twisted religious movies"—are parodies of evangelism, of false piety, satirizing not so much the sentiment In God We Trust as the place where it is most often printed. Even the dramas, except *The Runner Stumbles* (over once thorny questions of celibacy), concern the distinction between the practice and the business of faith.

Some of the films are themselves big business, like *Oh God!* with its overwhelming grosses, but none so much as *Jesus*. Last fall, when Warners released *Jesus*—a barely adequate, live-action comic strip based on the gospel of Luke—what cinema-goers saw was but a two-hour sampling of four hours of anecdotal vignettes available in 15- to 20-minute segments on small-gauge film or videotape to religious, educational, and missionary groups. Those four hours, in turn, are but a minuscule portion of something called the Genesis Project. Utilizing initial private investments of $22.5 million, income from Warners' release of *Jesus*, and nontheatrical sales of the recently completed ***Genesis*** and the soon-to-be-completed ***Life of Paul*** (based on *Acts of the Apostles*), the Genesis Project may yet attain the status of a quarter-billion-dollar media monolith, presenting not only the complete Old and New Testaments (collectively entitled the ***New Media Bible***) but also the ***New Media Atlas***, the ***New Media Encyclopedia***, and the ***New Media Dictionary*** as well—2,000 hours of film by 1993.

George Burns: proving that God gives good Nielsen.

Expecting to see no profits during this generation, yet denying that the Genesis Project is a sophisticated tax-loss venture, producer John Heyman, who regards himself of late "as a very religious fellow," is doing all this for the 54 percent of Americans whom he characterizes as functionally illiterate ("They can talk only about television and yesterday's sports"). Heyman chose ***Luke***, the most credulous of the gospels—the one with all the magic tricks—as the basis for his version of the greatest story ever told, because it was the one gospel written for the masses. Shot in Israel in both English and Hebrew, with the customary cast of thousands and the somewhat more unusual "donkey dung and garbage in the [temple] courtyard because that is the way it was," *Jesus* is available with separate narration tracks read by José Ferrer, Orson Welles, and Alexander Scourby for Catholics, Protestants, and evangelical Christians, respectively.

The scale of the enterprise makes Universal Pictures, with just three films—*In God We Trust, Resurrection,* and Norman Lear's tentative *Religion* ("Fernwood Tonight" hosts Martin Mull and Fred Willard as an evangelist and a con man)—appear agnostic; and Columbia Pictures, with just two—*Wholly Moses,* directed by Gary ("Hey, is Moses the Old or New Testament?") Weis of "Saturday Night Live," and a remake of ***Stairway to Heaven***—downright irreligious.

Every film wave brings denials from filmmakers resisting the notion that their work could be inspired by anything but the word straight from God's mouth to their ears. As with Feldman and director Rick Friedberg (*KGOD*), director Gil Cates (*Oh, God! Oh, God!*) and coproducer Renee Missel (*Resurrection* and ***Noah II***, an "apocalyptic fable" set in Central Park), Weis is wary of being pigeonholed. "*Wholly Moses* was written five years ago. Before *Oh, God!* came out. Before *Life of Brian* was conceived," he insists. All they'll admit—and they admit it universally—is that "something is in the air," be that something Jonestown, the pope, or the aya-

tollahs; the religious conversions of Larry Flynt, Eldridge Cleaver, and Bob Dylan; or the cynicism engendered by the numbing regularity with which "60 Minutes" roasts evangelical hucksters. (What might Mike Wallace make of Cates's claim: "We really show God, not the Son of; we've got the Owner of the Store, the Man Upstairs, the Big G Himself"?)

If we take the filmmakers at their word, what we have is a nearly coincidental assortment of films that coincidentally includes one more drama: ***The Second Son*** (working-class faith healing); two more documentaries: ***In Search of Historic Jesus*** (the Rosemary Woods of Jesus flicks, it speculates on the 18-year gap in the life of Jesus as told in the New Testament) and ***The Silent Witness*** (about the Shroud of Turin, backed by Pat Boone); two mini-series: ***Masada*** (960 zealots, about the same number that died at Jonestown, die for religious freedom in ancient Judea) and ***An Army of Children*** (30,000 preadolescents on a thirteenth-century crusade); and a made-for-TV movie: ***The Day Christ Died.***

There is, however, a larger trend of which these films are inarguably a part. Something has been born again in Hollywood. It's benevolence, born-again benevolence. That's why new pictures have begun to look like old pictures. The demons have been exorcised. Shit-kicking cops and bloodletting cowboys are waning. Religious moves with a twist are a subtrend. What's more, they always have been.

In the silent-picture era, a time of Victorian reverence and Edwardian exotica, such prolific epic makers as D. W. Griffith and C. B. De Mille interspersed their religious and secular spectaculars without breaking stride. Nazimova's Salome was in essence a Theda Bara vamp.

Later, when screwball comedy dominated the lighter side of cinema, celestial clowns were commonplace, like Jack Benny in *The Horn Blows at Midnight* and Cary Grant in *The Bishop's Wife.*

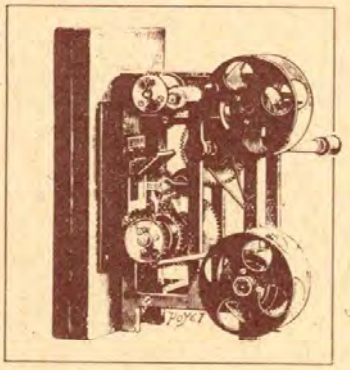
Faith and redemption made serviceable soap opera of *My Son John* and *The Story of Esther Costello* at the same time that other characters fought back from booze and drugs in films like *I'll Cry Tomorrow.* Author Leslie Halliwell points out that *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima* (1952) was not so much pro-Catholic as anti-Communist.

The most memorable wave of religious movies swept into theaters with the onset of Cinemascope. First came *The Robe.* Soon the posters for De Mille's remake of *The Ten Commandments* were braying: "What a story it tells! What majesty it encompasses! What love it unveils! What drama it unfolds! The parting of the Red Sea is the single most spectacular scene ever filmed!" God was just a special effect. On the wide screen *King of Kings, Quo Vadis,* and *Ben Hur* (all remakes of silent films) were indistinguishable from secular epics like *El Cid, Taras Bulba,* and *Hercules.*

The same is true today. We have *In God We Trust* (mocking shabby religious practices) in the context of . . . *And Justice for All* (doing the same for the law); *KGOD* and *The Electric Horseman* (hype and the thing hyped); and *Life of Brian* and *Being There* (beleaguered realists in a world of power-mad illusionists). Each concludes with the optimism of Frank Capra (as Feldman describes it, "Each of us can make only minimal changes; but even if we can't, we must try"), its measure of the distance between ideal and real, between a land flowing with milk and honey and one with donkey dung on the temple floor.—*Mitch Tuchman*

Life of Brian: *"religious movies with a twist, or twisted religious movies."*

FILMS



GOING SANE

Nothing plays us trickier than passing time. Yesterday's causes become today's embarrassments and tomorrow's nostalgia. So I'm uneasy about what time has done to the topics of ***Serial,*** Bill Persky's agreeable satire on the fashions of living and loving in Marin County, California. The novel it's based on, Cyra McFadden's spiral-bound comic-book soap opera, caused a stir on its publication a few years ago—when it may already have been going comfortably out of date. I'd guess its sights were set on the early 1970s, on the days of meditational, ecological, raised-consciousness chic, the days when half the hate mail a film critic might receive would be signed "Peace."

There still are people who swing with those times. Most of them are now over 30: the blue-jeaned officers of federal funding agencies, television-commercial makers, chronic analysands, Californians—people who believe in interface and support open marriage and patronize those natural-food restaurants where they charge you by the calorie. So maybe there is some relevance—not that it much matters, because *Serial* seems remarkably successful at creating and populating its own little universe of trendy nonsense across from San Francisco on the Bay. Even if they are last year's trends, the human idiocy that clings to them is forever.

The plot situations in *Serial*

Tuesday Weld and Martin Mull: old wine, new bottles.

must also be forever. Soften the vocabulary, subtract a few cults, limit the nudity, change the kinds of dope and the styles of psychoanalysis, and you'd have 1930s film comedy or 1960s television sitcom. The rebellious kids, henpecked husbands, silly wives, pious frauds are all so predictably shocking that by the time Harvey Holroyd (Martin Mull) has deserted teenage nymphomaniac Marlene (Stacey Nelkin), resisted the advances of his sexy secretary (Patch Mackenzie), and regained his wife (Tuesday Weld) from the influences of her analyst (Peter Bonerz), her seven-times-married best friend (Sally Kellerman), and her spiritual adviser Spike (Tom Smothers) and the two of them, with the help of weekend homosexual Hell's Angel Skull (Christopher Lee) and his buddies, have rescued their daughter (Jennifer McAlister) from the loving clutches of the Church of Oriental Christian Harmony—well, you may feel you're experiencing not so much a movie plot as a series of traditional rituals. The method of the movie is to pour old wine into new bottles and to let you notice how the more things get up to date, the more they stay the same.

In fact, much of the film is pretty sharp. There are some very funny ceremonies involving Reverend Spike, and a fine consciousness-raising session built around the sexual experiences of Martha's black maid. The genuine nastiness behind everyone's proclaimed humanitarianism lies close enough to the surface to give the jokes a decently hard edge. Like most social satire, *Serial* is deeply conservative in its attitudes. And its implicit message—that sensible, hardworking, rather passive upper-middle-class businessmen suffer from the whims of their idle, aggressive wives (and the other men, the analyst, the poodle-groomer, etc., who cater to those wives)—merely illustrates the conservatism (and, incidentally, assures that all the best and most interesting roles will go to the women). If you can't think of another reason for seeing *Serial* (I can think of a few), you should at least rediscover the glorious Tuesday Weld—or Sally Kellerman, who is marvelous playing anything *but* the distraught neuroticism for which she's so frequently cast. Here, as the much-married Martha, whose latest afternoon marriage is not expected to last beyond 8:00 P.M., she is beautiful, articulate, and blithely absurd.

It will be performances more than anything else that recommend Henry Jaglom's ***Sitting Ducks***, an offbeat, small-scale, New York–to–Florida caper movie with a story line so simple that in comparison *Serial* looks like *War and Peace*. Two lucky amateurs (Michael Emil and Zack Norman) rob a major gambling racket of its daily take and then escape south in a rented car. Along the way they pick up a chauffeur (Richard Romanus) and a couple of willing girls (Patrice Townsend and Irene Forrest) who, unbeknown to anybody—especially us—happen to be hit women for the mob. Relationships develop, along with lots of talk, and if you think it will all end in bitter betrayal, think again—though there are enough small-scale surprises just to keep things moving while the characters are working out their personality problems, which are what really matters in *Sitting Ducks*.

Jaglom, whose serious-movie career up to now (*A Safe Place*, *Tracks*) inspires absolutely no confidence, shows a curious flair for this sort of yenta comedy, in which everyone has a life story to tell, a philosophy to sell, or at least a batch of symptoms to describe. Michael Emil, especially, as the vitamin-chewing, endlessly self-explanatory Simon, flourishes under Jaglom's treatment. A type you'll run into five times a day in New York City but almost never in the movies, he keeps making *Sitting Ducks* seem cleverer, more resourceful, than perhaps it is. But the movie's real find is Patrice Townsend (Mrs. Jaglom), who is very beautiful and at once cool, compassionate, potentially cruel, and almost always cheerful in expounding a happily amoral consistency that may excite you at the very moment it makes your blood run cold. In a highly individualistic way, she is the closest thing to an out-and-out temptress I've seen in recent movies. But her style is so forthright, so apparently artless, that it seems like no style at all. Given the dimensions of a movie that is artless enough on its own, she may rank with the better casting decisions of the decade.

Sitting Ducks *with Zack Norman, Patrice Townsend, and Michael Emil: recommended performances.*

Before Bertolt Hoffmann receives in his brain the unprovoked, perhaps even accidental, bullet fired from a cop's pistol, his only connection with politics is the radicalism of his estranged wife's lover. But after the wound, when the radicals want him as a handy martyr and the police as a prisoner, he must fight his way not only out of aphasia and partial paralysis but also out of all the phony designations the power struggle has prepared for him. His recovery, which certainly includes but goes beyond medical recuperation, is the story of Reinhard Hauff's stunning and quietly terri-

Bruno Ganz: third person.

fying ***Knife in the Head.***

Like virtually all the important new German cinema, *Knife in the Head* deals in contemporary politics, though its aims, as nearly as I can see, are not political at all. Instead, they seem antipolitical, asserting personality over politics and ending in a kind of private confrontation (an "open" ending that is shocking and, in retrospect, perhaps the weakest thing in the movie) exactly designed to cut through position taking along anybody's ideological lines.

After his wound, Hoffmann begins virtually without a personality. I don't recall that anybody uses his first name, not even Ann (Angela Winkler), the wife who may still love him. He refers to himself always in the third person—and that becomes part of an elaborate enterprise of turning his disability, aphasia, into an intellectual game in which forgotten words and phrases are replaced with repetitions, puns, inversions, that make his outward lapses a kind of inner victory. Before his wound, Hoffmann had been a research scientist and an amateur violinist. None of that finally is lost, though his relation to it changes; and what we witness during *Knife in the Head* is a rebirth, against all odds, into a cold and unloving world with which a man must struggle just to show he has the will to survive.

That institutionalized coldness seems a legacy of the history of German cinema, going back 60 years, and there are moments when *Knife in the Head,* with its cops and conspiracies, its echoing corridors and multiple surveillance systems, looks like an homage to the classic spy films of their greatest moviemaker, Fritz Lang. But where Lang exploited voyeuristic paranoia, Reinhard Hauff keeps his distance for the sake of distance, until his film becomes in part an exceptionally lucid essay in the art of seeing. Thus the exterior establishing shots, the rooms and interior vistas of the Munich hospital where so much of the action happens, create a logic in their own terms for the clinical, sometimes menacing, sometimes unexpectedly friendly universe out of which the potentials of a new being are formed. Hoffmann's return to life has all the fascination, much of the pathos, and some of the terror of a monster movie in the great tradition.

In this context, Bruno Ganz's Hoffmann grows in authority as his character grows in returning personality. The role is full of inviting pitfalls. But Ganz keeps humanizing the victim, so that what could have been a flashy tour de force becomes instead an understated characterization—the most natural sort of performance. Like so much else in the film, it offers an exemplary clarity and directness in some of the loveliest passages of absolute professionalism I've seen in years.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

SADISTIC SELL

Every year we do a summer book list. We call up the publishers and ask them to send us what they think will be their hottest offerings in the next few months. And they do. And every year it's more or less the same: heavy on the Harold Robbins imitators, a good showing of Chandler mimics, a decent representation of Stephen King copiers, outakes from Jacqueline Susann and Rona Jaffee, a couple of texts by WOMEN, and rarely, if ever, an imaginative expansive piece of writing that changes your perspective and makes you think. It's always disappointing. But this year it's frightening.

This year, detailed sadomasochistic violence is king. In past years the best-seller formula included a little S&M, a little adultery, a sixth-grade plot, one vicious rape, maybe some incest, an overlay of romance, probably a murder, and a trip through the American class structure. But this year intricate, merciless brutality is the centerpiece, the raison d'être, the Selling Point, and the twist is it's tied to the upper and middle classes. Art imitates "Dallas." This year the poor go scot-free.

Let me begin with this year's achetype, ***Caged*** (Crown, $9.95), by Terry Brykczynski. This is the heartwarming story of a savage, psychotic killer who slaughters helpless zoo animals and starves homeless kittens he finds on the street. In detail, folks. I think my favorite part is when the hippo eats the apple stuffed with razor blades, or maybe it's the seven poisoned sea lions . . . I don't know; it's so hard to choose. You want to hear about the love story that's woven into this? That's where the class comes in. This young Berkeley zoologist takes over the zoo for his sick father and falls in love with this sexy zoo guide, and together they try to catch our friend, the animal snuffer. But the love part really pales in comparison to the mammal torture, which is the centerpiece, the cynosure, the reason why somebody out there, though God

George Marzocchi

Brykczynski: animal snuffings.

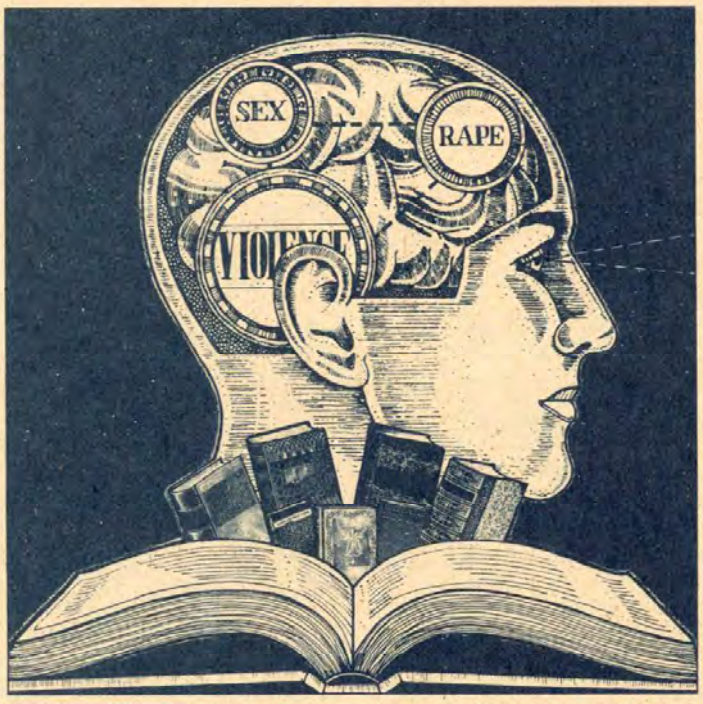
knows who, is going to buy this book.

Rear-View Mirror (Random House, $8.95), by Caroline B. Cooney, is a piece of trash. This is harsh criticism, I know, and it isn't that the writing is trashy—it's all right, clean and crisp, better than most. What is unconscionable, to me a real rip-off of the craft, is the smarmy sure-sell premise, the S&M lure upon which this book trades. Let me explain. Susan Seton, a young middle-class woman, surprises two mindless, brutal, beer-drinking yokels in the act of baby murder. They take her hostage and, bringing along the half-dead baby as an incentive, force her to drive them on a vicious spree across North Carolina. Now follows 190 pages of drunken, redneck degradation of this woman and this dying

baby, combined with a great many adjectives chronicling her fear. What this does is to put the reader in the position of waiting for her inevitable Rape, wondering where that Rape will take place and just how ugly it will be. Finally the reader is dying for the Rape just so he/she can get away from the degradation. The fabulous "feminist" twist at the end comes as the main yokel is about to Rape her: she hits him over the head with a chair and knocks him out. Just like that. "I saved myself," Susan says proudly, the liberated message. What is the purpose of this book? Certainly not the limp feminist reward on the last page, and by no means "a sure understanding of how ordinary people behave in desperate circumstances," as it states in the press release. No, I'm sorry to say, whether Ms. Cooney is aware of it or not, the purpose of this book is to use the S&M torture of an innocent woman and the ugly expectation of her inevitable Rape, along with brutality toward a dying baby, to make money.

On the flyleaf of ***The Lime Pit*** (Dodd, Mead, $8.95), a Raymond Chandler–type detective thriller by Jonathan Valin, it says, "The more you look into the girl's disappearance, the uglier the case becomes, until it turns into an unforgettable nightmare of sexual depravity and terrifying violence." Of course, I could hardly wait to get into it. What could be more satisfying than an unforgettable nightmare of sexual depravity? This one's about a teenager S&M porno and snuff ring. Young girls and young boys—no discrimination here. Very '80s. Actually, this is a well-written book. Mr. Valin's first novel, it says. And at least the detective, Harry Stoner, and the old man who hires him to find teenage hooker Cindy Ann are on the side of good and out to crush the forces of evil. Oh, that's where the class comes in: the young couple who run the porno ring are really well dressed—designer scarves, etc. But once again the sexual mutilation and torture of young children is the lure here, folks. It's the carrot. The snuff murder of an abused and homeless teenage girl. And the thing Mr. Valin has to live with is that the people who are going to buy his book are the very people he claims to abhor—people who are turned on by child abuse. And the fact that Stoner kills and humiliates the villains in the end is not enough, as any smart porno writer can tell you. Retribution is part of the Sell, what legitimizes it. When you use this sort of premise, you tread a very fine line. I think Mr. Valin fell over it.

Homosexual S&M is very big this year, I guess as a result of



Chris Spollen

Cruising. The concept of the threatening Rocker Fag is, even as I write, vying with that of Mr. Goodbar for the title of America's No. 1 Underground Menace. And, as with Mr. Goodbar, taking up with one of these Darthey Vaders is just asking for the force to be with you, just begging for sexual mutilation and torture. At least, that's what the new books would have one believe.

Midnight Movies (Delacorte, $9.95), by David A. Kaufelt, is for the most part a wonderful book. It chronicles beautifully, as books so rarely do anymore, the growth of a relationship between three really identifiable urban types: a repressed, straight preppie from the Lily Pulitzer set; the self-destructive, neurotic daughter of an even more neurotic Hollywood star; and a doomed-to-failure gay dress designer who is completely involving and fabulous fun. Reading this book was a pleasure. Everything was plausible. No loopholes of logic, no flat moral symbols posing as characters, no trumped-up True Confessions conflicts meant to teach—none of that. A real book, you know? And then came the end: the gay guy goes to a hustler bar, picks up two Darthey Vaders, and the next thing you know they get stoned, castrate him, and throw him off the roof. Just for the fun of it. "He killed himself," the Hollywood brat says, refusing to talk about it further. A dangerous kind of morality, if you ask me. Well, I thought about it for a long time: was it necessary to kill the gay guy in such a sadistic way? Necessary to the structure? To one's understanding of the meaning? To one's enjoyment of the text? Is our acceptance of murder so casual now that a simple stabbing wouldn't suffice? Is this just another case of cutting off your dick to spite your plot? You be the judge. Buy this book.

Dennis Brack

Weisman: breaking the rules.

Following this questionable morality that homosexuals are by nature self-destructive and in some way seek their own sadistic death is ***Evidence*** (Viking, $10.95), by John Weisman. This is the story of two paranoid newspaper reporters, Robert Mandel and Jack Fowler, their friendship, and their ultimate betrayal of each other. With the encouragement of Mandel, Fowler, an aristocrat and, unbeknownst to Mandel, a homosexual, undertakes the investigation of a teenage male-prostitution ring and ends up brutally stabbed to death. Mandel, charged with writing Fowler's obituary, discovers Fowler's secret homosexuality and feels betrayed. Mandel then writes about it in the obit and posthumously betrays Fowler. Mandel says Fowler died because he "broke the rules," the "rules" being (1) not to tell your best friend you're a closet queen, and (2) not to get personally involved in an investigation—Fowler fell in love with one of the teenage prostitutes. Okay, that makes sense. But as the story ends, we find out that Fowler died because he told the head pimp that he was a reporter, had made incriminating tapes, and was about to publish all in the local newspaper. So, of course, the pimp stabbed him. What a dumb thing for Fowler to do! Why did he do it? Because he was just a self-destructive, death-seeking homo, I

guess. No other good reason given, as far as I could see. Oh, did I mention that Mandel's ex-girl friend gets shot in the head for no apparent reason either except that "she broke the rules"? Well, she does. God, I hope I didn't "break the rules" by writing this review.

Unless your IQ is below 80, here's a book that will actually incite you to violence—make you cringe, swear, break things, want to kill. I am speaking, of course, of ***Man, Woman and Child*** (Harper & Row, $9.95), by Erich Segal. No characters, a soap opera plot, criminal use of the English language, no attention to word choice, dialogue rhythms, atmospheric color, or anything but the rape of sentiment, and you know it's going to make money. Why? Because an ape could read it, and an ape could have written it. Completely two-dimensional; no effort entailed. This is a crime, folks, and only you can stop it. If you keep buying this kind of trash, there won't be any good writing anymore. New writers won't put their hearts into it, and why the hell should they? Fine writing is hard work. As an art it should draw you in, make in your imagination a three-dimensional world, contribute to your mind, not anesthetize it. Every time you pay good money for hack writing, Sadistic-Sell, and pure hype, you encourage more hack writing, more Sadistic-Sell, and even greater hype. Watch television instead. *—Emily Prager*

Edouard Boulat

Segal: literature as crime.

SOUNDS

ROCK-'N'-ROLL WOMEN

Rock has always been a libidinous music, but until recently the freedom with which rock performers were able to express their sexuality depended on their sex. The impact of Elvis Presley in the fifties and the Rolling Stones in the sixties had a lot to do with their shattering of sexual stereotypes. He-men didn't wiggle their hips or play the guitar before Elvis, and they didn't prance and pout their lips before Jagger, but these performers' female fans knew they were Real Men, despite their apparently deviant behavior. Women in rock have tended to get trapped in a handful of preexisting sexual roles—the Wise Virgin, the Bitch Goddess, the Red Hot Mama—by their male associates and fans, and in most cases they've been stand-up singers whose musical direction and arrangements were shaped and controlled by men.

This situation is changing radically. Rock women are writing more personally and more explicitly about their sexuality, and they're making musical statements that are as individual and as carefully defined as the work of the best male rockers. ***Marianne Faithfull*** asks a lover, "Why'd ya let that trash/Get a hold of your cock and get stoned on my hash?" on her album *Broken English* (Island). ***Chrissie Hynde*** of the hot new English rock group, the Pretenders, describes a round of passionate sex and then remarks offhandedly, "It was run of the mill" (*Pretenders*, Sire). ***Linda Ronstadt*** sings songs written by men about women without reversing the genders on *Mad Love* (Elektra), implicitly exploding the convention that women should sing only about men. ***The Slits*** play avant-garde punk-reggae on their debut album *Cut* (Antilles). Their original lyrics touch on romance, but they cover a broad range of subjects, from the banality of FM radio to consumerism and shoplifting. ***Ann*** and ***Nancy Wilson,*** the two sisters who lead the hard-rocking group Heart, have assumed more control of the group's music since

Chris Walter, Retna

Linda Ronstadt on women.

the departure of lead guitarist Roger Fisher, and their best-selling album *Bebe le Strange* (Epic), a suite of songs portraying a woman rocker, sounds fresher as a result.

Women are taking a more and more active role in rock's experimental vanguard. ***Lene Lovich*** has fashioned an entrancing, original brand of music with the help of her guitarist and songwriting partner, Les Chappell. Her second album, *Flex* (Stiff/Epic), is more mannered than last year's stunning *Stateless*, but Lovich's recent American tour proved that she retains her flair. On first listening, her songs sound heavily influenced by Russian and Slavic classical composers, but closer inspection reveals borrowings from a staggering variety of sources—Memphis soul, punk rock, Jamaican ska, Broadway shows, electronic music, movie sound tracks. Lovich has managed to blend all these influences into an eccentric but coherent style that's her own. And she's an endearingly offbeat live performer, with her waist-length pigtails, windup-doll dancing, and occasional tenor saxophone solos.

Lydia Lunch is less eclectic and more extreme. Lunch first attracted attention in 1978 as the singer, songwriter, and guitarist with Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, a New York "No Wave" group that never performed a set longer than 15 minutes—their music was so deliberately abrasive, that was all audiences could take. Teenage Jesus was captured on the 1978 anthology album *No New York* (Antilles); the other New York bands featured on the disc all include women instrumentalists, another sign of the times. Now Lunch has made a solo album, *Queen of Siam* (Ze), that combines funk-oriented rock, manic-depressive lyrics, and (surprise!) orchestral arrangements by Billy Ver Planck, best known for creating the theme music heard on the television series "The Flintstones." The mixture of Ver Planck's frothy pop-jazz and the corrosive guitar solos of Rob-

Simon Fowler, Retna

Lovich: eccentric but coherent.

ert Quine defies categorization; other highlights include a version of Billie Holiday's terminally depressing "Gloomy Sunday" that's so bleak it's almost funny, and "Atomic Bongos," a sort of punk-beatnik dance number that's Lunch's closest approach to the commercial mainstream.

A number of the new rock women perform in a more traditional role, as singers fronting all-male bands. Nevertheless, they evidence a refreshing independence and spunk. ***Pearl E. Gates,*** the lead vocalist with Pearl Harbor and the Explosions (Warner Brothers), commands a stage as physically and effortlessly as do any of her male counterparts, and she collaborates with the three men in the band on writing their original material. The Explosions play tough, terse dance music that often fits dissonant guitar chording into a powerfully funky rhythmic groove. But the group's rich vocal harmonies and the craftsmanship of their songs place them a cut above most other new-wave dance bands, and Gates dances across a stage as fluently as she sings.

Pauline Black, lead singer for the English band The Selecter, finds herself in a particularly exposed position. With the exception of guitarist Neol Davies, the members of Selecter are black, but the reggae-rock they play has a huge white following in England, including a number of skinhead types who are notorious male chauvinists and are known for picking fights with blacks. Pauline Black, a subtle, confident singer who brings a fine edge of anger to the group's street-wise lyrics and brilliant fusion of black and white musical styles, seems more than equal to the challenge. "I'm getting off my knees," she asserts in her song "They Make Me Mad," "I'm gonna teach myself a brand-new philosophy." But she could be singing about asserting herself as a black or as a woman; either way, she's a riveting performer, and the Selecter's album *Too Much Pressure* (Chrysalis) is one of the most impressive debuts of the year.

Charlyn Zlotnik

Pearl E. Gates: refreshing independence and spunk.

The outspoken lyrics of a Marianne Faithfull and the musical creativity of a Lene Lovich seem typical of the present period, but some recent publications and reissue albums have indicated that a few rock-'n'-roll women were almost as original, and as explicit, back in the 1950s. In his book *Rockabilly Queens* (Ducktail Press), Ron Garbutt takes a fresh look at the role of women in early rock 'n' roll and concludes that there were plenty of talented, hard-rocking women trying for that lucky break. They were hindered mostly by male-dominated social conventions: "It had always been considered unfitting that women should sing so raw and primitive a music." A more scholarly study, *Rockabilly Women,* published in *The Journal of Country Music,* Vol. VIII, No. 1, notes that "the only white women to attempt rock 'n' roll in its early years came from country-music backgrounds." (Black women have been less hindered by social constraints and stereotyped roles; think of the expressively bawdy 1920s blues of Bessie Smith or the innovative musicianship of the 1930s jazz singer Billie Holiday.) The authors of *Rockabilly Women,* Robert K. Oermann and Mary A. Bufwack, go on to say that "rock 'n' roll was (and is) an assertive, loud, angry, suggestive, and sexual music—characteristics customarily attributed to men. But the rockabilly performed by country-music women demonstrates that the excitement and personal expression of rock 'n' roll as a form were interpreted as congenial to women performers as well as men."

Hot Boppin' Girls, an album on the Supersonic Sound label, collects singles by 14 early rock-'n'-roll women, including a few straight pop singers who tried their hand at the idiom. In general, the singing is as forceful, and the music rocks as hard, as that on contemporary discs by male performers; ***Barbara Pitman***'s "I Need a Man" and ***Laura Lee Perkins***'s "Kiss Me Baby" are particularly strong. ***Wanda Jackson***, singled out in Garbutt's book as "the greatest female rock-'n'-roll performer," made a number of gritty, wildly rocking singles during the late fifties and early sixties that were never huge hits but can now be heard on several European reissue albums, the best of which is *Rockin' with Wanda* (Belgian Capitol). "Fujiyama Mama" has silly lyrics, but Jackson transforms it into an intense declaration of women's love rights: "I'm a Fujiyama Mama and I'm just about to blow my top/And when I start eruptin', ain't nobody gonna make me stop." In "I Gotta Know" she pins behavioral roles to musical styles; when she's pleading, the music is weepy country-and-western, but when she's asserting her independence, the tempo picks up and her voice takes on a rasping edge. During the years when saccharine ballads by Connie Francis and novelty numbers by Brenda Lee dominated the market for pop music sung by women, performers like Wanda Jackson were providing a tough, passionate alternative. Now the promise of these pioneering rock-'n'-roll women is being fulfilled.

(*Note:* The Wanda Jackson and *Hot Boppin' Girls* albums and Bob Garbutt's book *Rockabilly Queens* are available from Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California. 94530. Credit card orders are accepted over the telephone: 415-525-1494.)—*Robert Palmer*

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US ARMY
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UNREADY AND WILLING

We have paid $2 trillion for defense since 1946 to keep our freedom. But our enemies know what our government has kept a secret: we have no real military strength.

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

As Jimmy Carter heats up the newest cold war with talk of "American military muscle" from Washington, and as he vows to back up our interests with military force in the Near East, the American public is being kept deliberately ignorant of one vitally important fact: our military is not prepared to fight.

To be sure, America is probably ready for an all-out nuclear war, thanks to our awesome arsenal of atomic missiles, bombers, and submarines. For this unlikely contingency our government has invested most of the $2 trillion spent on defense since World War II. But what about the most likely possibility—conventional warfare? What would happen if we had to move quickly into the Persian Gulf to protect our oil supply?

The government likes to claim that we can enter any kind of war and win it, but the sad fact is that our military machine, impressive on paper, is a Potemkin village. While the bulk of the defense budget was being spent on superweapons, the conventional forces were winding up short of personnel and equipment. That is why the hostages were seized in Iran with impunity, and that is why the Russians pretended that we didn't even exist when they invaded Afghanistan. Almost certainly the Russians—and perhaps even the Ayatollah Khomeini—knew the truth that has been concealed from American taxpayers:

• The American military is a mess. The air force is plagued by engine problems in its best jets and is critically short of spare parts. The navy is critically short of skilled sailors. The army's volunteer-army concept is an abysmal failure, producing paper divisions staffed with poorly motivated soldiers who can barely operate modern battlefield weapons. The Marine Corps's equipment is a disgrace.

• Less than one-half of the American military would be ready to fight if war came tomorrow, according to classified Pentagon readiness reports. And the other half has severe maintenance problems and shortages of spare parts and logistics. Only the elite units—the army's paratrooper and air-cavalry divisions and the marine brigades—are considered fully ready for combat. In contrast to these four divisions, at least ten Russian divisions are considered to be ready for combat.

• A NATO exercise last year showed that U. S. forces in Europe are unprepared for a major war there.

• Only about 13 percent of all U. S. combat fighter planes are in a state of readiness on any given day.

• The American lead in military technology, supposedly the cutting edge of U. S. superiority over the Russian military, has all but evaporated. To a large extent, that is because the Russians have been able to catch up by using equipment we sold to them.

These are just a few of the major deficiencies now plaguing the American military. Most of the truth has been known at the higher levels of the Pentagon for some time, but it took the Iran and Afghanistan crises to provoke even the first glimmer of concern elsewhere that all may not be right with the American military machine. Some of that concern finally reached the Carter White House, which was appalled when, after asking the Pentagon what we could do about a Soviet invasion of Iran, it learned there was nothing we could do about the attack—save launching nuclear missiles against the Soviet Union. The White House was also shocked to hear that because of deficiencies in logistics and transport, it would take this country at least 28 days to deploy even part of the army's Eighty-second Airborne Division to the Persian Gulf.

The White House concern is heartening, but it should be remembered that the White House shares a major portion of the blame for the problem in the first place—although,

Illustration by Gary Ruddell

we shall see, other agencies of the government also share blame.

"We are now reaping the whirlwind of our failure to adequately prepare for the national defense," says retired Gen. George Keegan, former head of Air Force Intelligence. "Clearly, the Soviets have seen our military unpreparedness not only as a sign of weakness but also as an open invitation to commit aggression. You cannot remain unprepared in the face of an adversary like the Soviet Union. The situation is very serious, and there is some doubt whether it's already too late."

Keegan—and a small circle of like-minded defense experts—have been making comments like that for years. Keegan and those who agree with him find the entire U. S. arsenal, including strategic weapons, inadequate. But Keegan and the others have been proven right by current events: the Russians are taking military gambles considered unthinkable only a decade ago. And they are taking those gambles because they are perfectly aware of the fact that there is nothing we can do about them. Not with the American military in its present disarray, certainly.

What exactly went wrong?

Part of the answer was found in something called Nifty Nugget. That was the code name of a worldwide military-readiness exercise, carried out in late 1978 to test precisely what would happen if the United States suddenly become involved in a major war. The exercise, much of it run by computer, basically found that while we were spending all those billions on fancy hardware, there was no money left over to spend on some of the basic ingredients for the military. Like what? Like medical care: there aren't enough doctors in the military (the services are 3,500 short), and according to the Nifty Nugget exercise, casualties by the thousands would die of wounds on European battlefields for lack of medical care. And there were other inadequacies that turned up: low stocks of ammunition, huge logistics shortages, and even a lack of enough food for all the combat troops. As for the combat troops themselves, Nifty Nugget found that 600,000 men would die in a European battle, and their replacements, snarled in red tape (the exercise found that mobilization-center computers broke down), wouldn't even have enough uniforms.

Nifty Nugget's discoveries were so shocking that the Senate Armed Services Committee called a series of closed-door hearings during which senators blistered the hides of Pentagon officials for allowing the military to go to pot. Pentagon officials accepted the tongue-lashing and promised several hundred "major reforms" to correct deficiencies.

But the failures and the inadequacies have not been remedied, as the Pentagon discovered recently when it tried to find out how fast it could ship troops into the Persian Gulf. One problem: there aren't enough planes for airlift (the air force has been spending its money for planes on fancy jet fighters). What's more, the Pentagon has designed new fancy tanks loaded with equipment that weighs around 40 tons. Even a big air transport will carry only two of the heavy tanks, which means that it would take forever to move even part of an armored division.

But how were the Russians able to move so many armored vehicles by air into Afghanistan? Simple: for their airborne divisions, they build light (14-ton) tanks that are not only easily air transportable but also transportable in fairly large numbers quickly—which is what counts in rapid deployment operations. On the other hand, the Pentagon has been building only big, heavy tanks, apparently having learned northing from the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, when Egyptian soldiers, firing missiles from old jeeps, blew lumbering American-made tanks to pieces.

"If the average citizen could sit in the Pentagon for any length of time," said an army officer, "there'd be a revolution in this country."

The Pentagon has no plans at the moment to build light tanks, although it now concedes that Iran and Afghanistan have underscored certain American failures. So the Pentagon will build the special logistics ships the navy has been asking for for years plus new airlift planes, although it will be five years at least before they come into service. In other areas, however, there seems to be a great deal of confusion. The Pentagon has still not decided exactly what kind of navy we ought to have. (Secretary of Defense Harold Brown has submitted four different navy shipbuilding plans in the last three years.) It has also not decided what kind of helicopter gunships the army should have—it canceled one major army helicopter program and then revived it after Congress saw all those news pictures of Soviet helicopter gunships in the skies over Afghanistan. (Those Soviet gunships bear an astonishing resemblance to the designs previously rejected by the Pentagon.)

Even a relatively simple problem like the cruise missile seems incapable of solution. The B-1 bomber was canceled three years ago, partially on the assurance by the Pentagon that the new cruise missiles would be just as good or better. But two-thirds of the cruise-missile arsenal is supposed to be launched by a new plane called the CMC (cruise-missile carrier); to date, however, there has been no proposal forthcoming from the Pentagon on what this plane is supposed to be, who will build it, how many will be built, and when it will be built. That means, of course, that most of the cruise-missile arsenal is so much useless machinery until the CMC gets off the ground. Seven years is the current estimate; one hopes there won't be a war in the interim.

Don't bet on it. And don't bet on more efficiency in the future, for the Pentagon in the past has not been noted for being able to put its own house in order. This is the same Pentagon, remember, that in the wake of the Vietnam War carried out something of a revolution, staffing its top positions with that new breed of military professional, the military manager.

The military manager, often sporting advanced degrees from such places as the Harvard Business School, is determined to run the military machine like a business corporation—which it plainly is not. There isn't a Pentagon briefing that is not replete with charts, graphs, management studies, and projections, and all the other paraphernalia of the corporate boardroom. Most often, the briefings have little to do with reality; witness the recent decision by the Pentagon that navy warships now operating in the Indian Ocean area would not need sophisticated air defenses, since Soviet medium-range bombers would not operate there. That's comforting, although any ship captain actually sailing in the Indian Ocean is aware that nobody really knows whether the Soviet bombers will attack, but that the ships ought to be armed for such an eventuality, just in case. But the Pentagon's upper echelons have decided that such precaution would be unnecessary; so the 21-ship American task force now patrolling in that volatile area steams on, unprotected.

The Marine Corps's amphibious-war experts ran into the same problem recently. As the marines were aware, close air support over the beaches is critical to the success of landing operations. For that reason the marines have a small force of vertical-takeoff-and-landing jet fighter-bombers they use from small carriers. The marines would like more of the planes, since land-based planes are increasingly susceptible to modern "smart bombs" and missiles. But when the marines asked for more planes, they were told that land-based aircraft are not as vulnerable as was previously thought and that because of that "fact" the marines would not be getting more planes. Which means that any big amphibious assault by the marines will be protected primarily by assurances. It is not comforting to the

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marines to hear those assurances spoken with the same confidence with which the French Defense Ministry told its army in 1940 that the Germans had no way to get through the Maginot Line.

This is only one of countless such incidents, drops in an ocean of frustrations felt by the military services' officer corps and senior enlisted men. All of them privately recount anecdotes of outright stupidity, of a vast waste of resources, interservice bickering at top levels, politics with weapons-systems buying, and a general inability to get organized.

"I was assigned to the Pentagon a year ago," says one army officer, "and I tell you, if the average citizen could sit in that place for any length of time, there'd be a revolution in this country. You come in from the field and try to tell those people that the thing isn't working, the situation in the real world—out on the ships, in the training camps, everyplace you look—is all fouled up. But nobody there wants to hear that. It's put your paperwork in, write the reports that say everything's okay, and cover your ass. So what do we get as a result? We get a military that has little or no capability, in my judgment, to do what it's paid to do: protect us in event of war. I'm saying we are not capable of fighting a war at this moment and for the foreseeable future. I don't care what their charts say—I'm saying we can't do it."

That conclusion is subject to debate, but what is not debatable is the fact that the question of whether the American military has the ability to wage war may be academic, since we may soon have nobody left in uniform to fight. It's only a slight exaggeration: at the moment the military services simply are not getting enough people. Earlier this year, for the first time, all the military services fell short of their quotas in recruiting—army by 17.4 percent, marines seven percent, navy six percent, air force four percent.

The shortfall is especially acute because the services not only are running out of people but also are running out of *skilled* people. The navy's pilot retention, for example, fell from 62 percent in 1977 to 28 percent this year. The navy needs to retain a minimum of 58 percent of its pilots each year (replacements make up the rest), but at a 28 percent rate, it's going nowhere fast. At the moment the navy is short 1,300 pilots, with no real hope of making up the shortfall. (Modern pilots need years of training.)

The air force has an even more serious problem: it is now short 2,400 pilots plus additional hundreds of skilled technicians. Increased military pay hasn't made much difference, since while the Pentagon boosted military salaries, it overlooked the fact that personnel in key skills—mechanics, radar operators, computer programmers—are highly desired by the civilian market. Thus, to keep its skilled people, the military would have to make its pay at least reasonably competitive. It did not and is now living with the result: skilled military personnel, usually those with 6 to 12 years' service, are leaving the military in droves. (All the services together are short 70,000 noncommissioned officers.) Reenlistment rates in all the services are down, and still the Pentagon has not yet come up with a pay plan to keep its most desired people in uniform.

"You don't need any fancy study to see the problem," says one air force pilot who says he's thinking of leaving the air force soon. "One day I saw my crew chief down at the commissary, packing groceries. He had a second job, and who can blame him? He gets a big nine thousand dollars a year for one of the most important jobs in the whole air force."

Such problems are unprecedented in both the air force and the navy, which for years relied on a steady stream of well-educated enlistments opting out of the army draft. But with the end of the draft came the beginning of a long list of personnel problems, to the point where VOLAR (the Pentagon acronym for the volunteer army) has become the focal point for all that's wrong with the modern military. ("We haven't got enough sailors to man the ships we have now," says one navy officer. "I don't know where we'd find the two thousand men we'd need for a new battleship.") To some extent, this is a fair judgment. Despite the rosy future projected for VOLAR in all those thick Pentagon studies only seven years ago, it is a disaster. The problem was that the Pentagon tried to combine the concept of a volunteer army with the manpower requirements of a large standing army, something that has never before been attempted. As several experts predicted to no avail even before VOLAR got started, there was no way it could succeed in meeting such heavy manpower requirements—not without shaving a few corners, anyway.

And that's precisely what happened. Without the incentive of a draft, there was no reason for large numbers of bright young men (and, later, women) to enlist in the military when that brightness was more in demand in the civilian market. That left the army, especially, to recruit among what was left, mostly poor youths in lower mental categories as measured by military IQ tests (only 50 percent of army enlistees are high-school graduates). In another time that would not have been too much of a problem, but this is a technological age in the military, as it is everyplace else. Whereas soldiers once had to worry only about learning how to fire their rifles and shine boots, today's soldier has to be taught mastery of increasingly sophisticated weapons and equipment.

On that score VOLAR has failed miserably despite the Pentagon's continuing insistence that it works. What the Pentagon doesn't discuss is a classified study by the army's manpower experts earlier this year that concluded exactly the op-

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posite. The two-year study found, after two years of analysis of exactly what the volunteer army was doing, that intelligence levels of many recruits were even lower than the records showed, since there was widespread cheating by recruiters under pressure to fill quotas. General intelligence levels were so low, the study found, that a high proportion of men in any given unit could not operate even relatively unsophisticated equipment. This despite the rewriting of training manuals to an eighth-grade or lower reading level, often in comic-book form. (Among the more incredible findings of the study was the discovery that 28 percent of army tank gunners didn't know how to aim the tank's main gun.)

Proof of the manpower/intelligence disaster can be found by looking at the army's newest tanks—all of which come equipped with a completely computerized main gun to eliminate training in aiming, plus special test equipment that automatically reads out diagnoses of disabled tanks without army mechanics' having to understand what's wrong. Much the same gimmickry is being instituted elsewhere in the military as a means of avoiding the problem.

VOLAR also has had a serious ripple effect throughout the entire American military structure. The reserves, for example, are short 350,000 men, and despite official Pentagon plans for the moribund Selective Service System to process 100,000 inductees within 60 days of war breaking out, the system now has only 100 employees. How it is supposed to come up with 100,000 men in 60 days remains a mystery.

Supposedly, one of the reasons why VOLAR was guaranteed to work was increased pay scales. True, pay did increase, but in the critical-skill areas the pay increases are hopelessly behind economic reality. A senior sergeant with three dependents now gets a housing allowance of $248 each month. Yet if he is assigned to San Diego, one of the more active military areas in the country, he finds that the average rent for a three-bedroom home there is $420 a month and going up all the time. And despite the increased pay scales, it is still true that an estimated 275,000 military families are eligible for welfare.

For those who do decide to stay in, it can be a frustrating life, marked by a continuing wonderment at the minds who could have designed some of the equipment they are supposed to operate, much of which is either useless or doesn't work. No helicopter pilot, apparently, was consulted about the cockpit design of the army's new helicopter gunships: inside one are 257 knobs and switches, 135 circuit breakers, 62 displays, and nearly 12 square feet of instruments and controls. How the pilot is supposed to operate all those switches, watch the displays, fly the helicopter, and carry out his missions all at the same time seems not to have occurred to anyone.

Or how about the main infantry rifle, the M-16, originally designed as a light weapon for the smaller-size infantrymen of America's Asian allies? The Pentagon got the bright idea of making that weapon also the main U. S. infantry rifle; so it threw out the M-14—one of the finest military rifles ever produced and nearly impervious to abuse—and replaced it with the M-16, which proved in Vietnam to be temperamental, prone to jamming, and subject to failure if not cleaned constantly. The result is that the U. S. military is now equipped with a rifle distinctly inferior to the Russian AK-47, a marvelous weapon of simple design that is easy to operate, very rugged, and a snap to maintain.

No one needs a West Point degree to wonder about the thinking behind such things, nor does anyone need to be a military strategist to wonder about other brainless wonders, such as the XM-1 tank. This new army tank, eventually to be known as the Abrams in honor of the late Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, must have the old tankman spinning in his grave. Abrams, who once said during a World War II action, "The Germans have us surrounded—the poor bastards," used to fight from something called the Sherman tank, a not very sophisticated tank that had the virtue of durable design, easy maintenance, and ruggedness. True, it wasn't so sophisticated as the German tanks, but it got the job done and eventually won the war.

> The Pentagon informed the White House that there was nothing we could do about a Soviet invasion of Iran—save launching nuclear missiles.

But the tank with Abrams's name would give him apoplexy. First, it is the first tank built with a gas-turbine engine, superior to normal tank diesel engines in performance but notoriously delicate—meaning that the XM-1 now needs two hours of maintenance for each hour in the field, hardly of much use in combat. Moreover, the tank has been plagued with development bugs, most of them due to the fact that the Pentagon has been rushing the project as an aid to the Chrysler Corporation, which builds it. Actually, the XM-1 was running into so many problems that the army's Pentagon office announced last year that it would appoint a special group to study what was going wrong. The army appointed four officers, all of whom just happened to be connected with the project. With their army careers at stake, the officers did the expected: they studied 615 reported "incidents" involving failures on the tank, threw out 521 of them as not worth worrying about, then juggled the figures on the remainder, and announced the tank suitable for combat. The XM-1 is nowhere near being ready for combat.

The XM-1 stands as a prototypical example of the kind of weapons systems that the Pentagon has been producing for years—weapons that are so overloaded with complex technology to handle every possible eventuality that they are both difficult to operate and cost too much. The examples are legion. There is the Trident submarine, big as an office building, costing over $1 billion each to carry a lot of nuclear missiles (why not several smaller and cheaper subs to carry the missiles?). Huge, billion-dollar aircraft carriers (thus reducing the amount of money available to buy other ships). An expensive fleet of special air force ground-support planes, while an equal amount of money is being spent on increasingly sophisticated army helicopter gunships, which do the same job. Overlapping computer and communications systems, many of which produce data faster than the operators can read them (the Pentagon's major communications system broke down during the *Mayaguez* crisis in 1975). An F-14 fighter, so expensive because of its complex requirements (it can track 13 targets simultaneously) that the navy will wind up getting just over half of its originally planned allotment and now lacks sufficient numbers of F-14s for fleet air defense.

And while all these billions are being spent, a good portion of them questionably, many of the less glamorous requirements are getting lost in the shuffle. What has been neglected amounts to the American military's Achilles heel: dangerously low ammunition stocks, poor logistics, inadequate numbers of navy merchant ships for sealift, neglected airlift capability, outmoded Marine Corps equipment, deficient stocks of spare parts, and a long list of items the military people usually call "beans."

While the Pentagon must take the major share of the blame for the presently poor state of America's defenses, the White House also shares a large part of the responsibility. It was the White House, after all, that years ago decided to centralize military expertise in its own offices—a task for which it is singularly unequipped, as Vietnam proved—and arrive at conclusions of military matters with little or no input from the uniformed services.

Basically, the White House through at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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USED CARS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Sometimes one great discovery leads to another, and Pet of the Year Cheryl Rixon is a curvaceous case in point. "I've had two terrific breaks," she says, beaming. "Bob Guccione made me a star in still pictures, and now Steven Spielberg and Robert Zemeckis are doing the same for me in *motion* pictures." Ironically, the luxurious Diamante sports car Cheryl received when she was crowned Pet of the Year played a crucial role in her winning the coveted part in *Used Cars*, a Columbia Pictures comedy being released soon. When the famous young director of *Close Encounters* and *1941* gruffly asked Cheryl why she thought she deserved the role, our salty starlet shot back, "Because I've got a gorgeous $84,000 convertible parked outside that's perfect for taking you, me, and the film's director to the premiere!" The bedazzled filmmaker signed her on the spot.

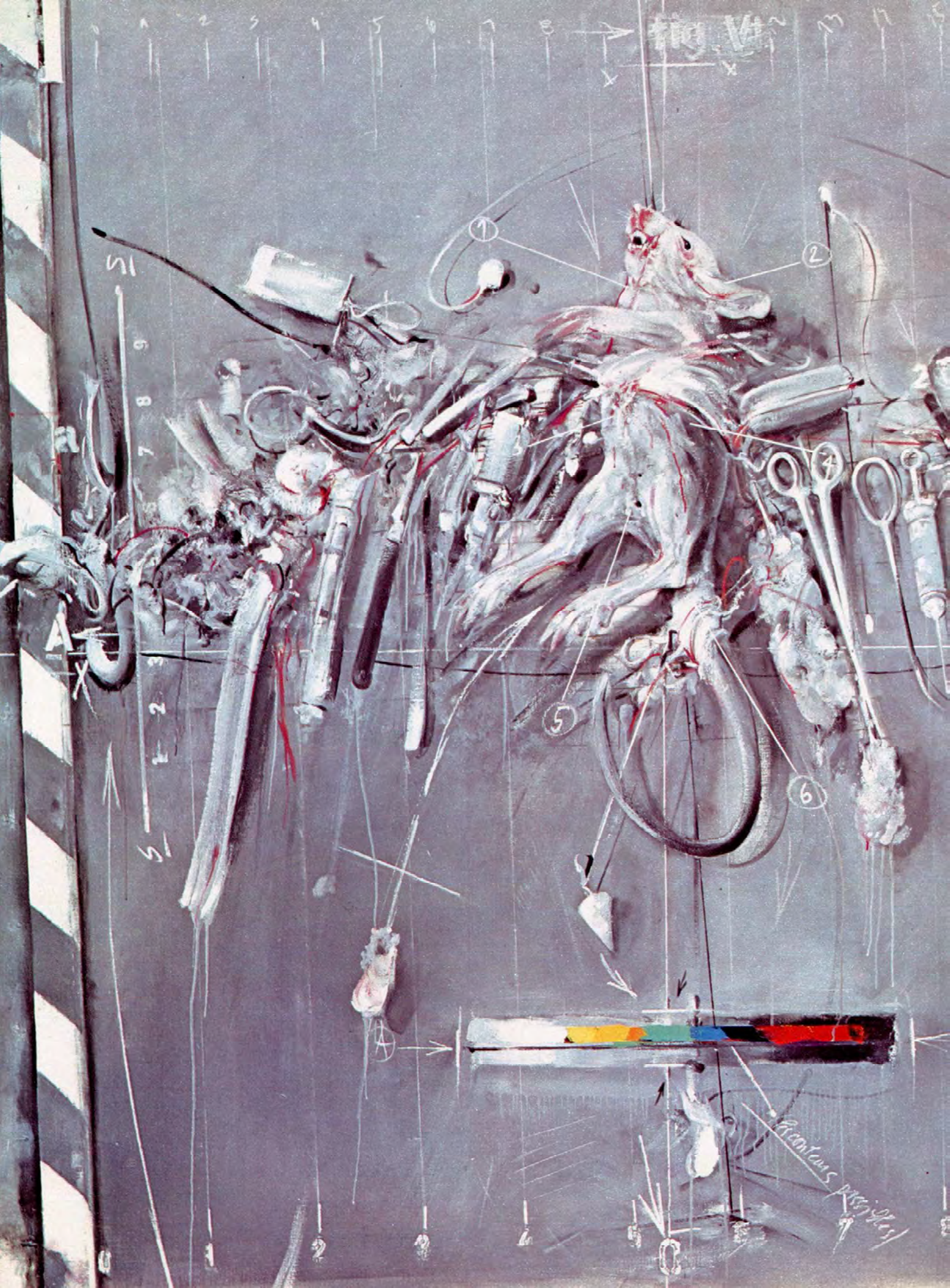
RCZA AREA

Cheryl is sexily sensational as a distraught young model in a used-car ad being illegally televised live from a football stadium parking lot. In the course of her delivering her sultry sales pitch, a chain reaction of catastrophes results in the accidental stripping off of her evening gown, leaving the mortified beauty "wearing nothing but long gloves, a blush, and a G-string!"

The specially posed pictures featured here were taken in and around the Tempe, Arizona, shooting set of *Used Cars*, where executive producers Spielberg and John Milius, producer Bob Gale, and director Robert Zemeckis assembled, with the cast and crew, to film the hilarious tribute to life in the fast lane—and love in the backseat. The comedy features Kurt Russell (star of *Elvis, the Movie*) as a hustler—selling lemons faster than a fruit vendor—and two-time Oscar nominee Jack Warden in a dual role as dueling brothers. Also featured are Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, and Deborah Harmon.

"The excitement didn't stop when the cameras did," Cheryl tells us. "Nearly everyone in the cast was musically inclined, so we'd get together every night, jamming and cutting up for hours... And being one of only two girls on the set added to the fun considerably!" Her only complaint concerns the freak storm that hit Arizona on the night her unintentional strip scene was filmed: "The freezing weather gave me incredible goose bumps!" she says, laughing. We have a pleasant feeling that watching Cheryl's bare and beautiful performance will do the same for us...

F O R D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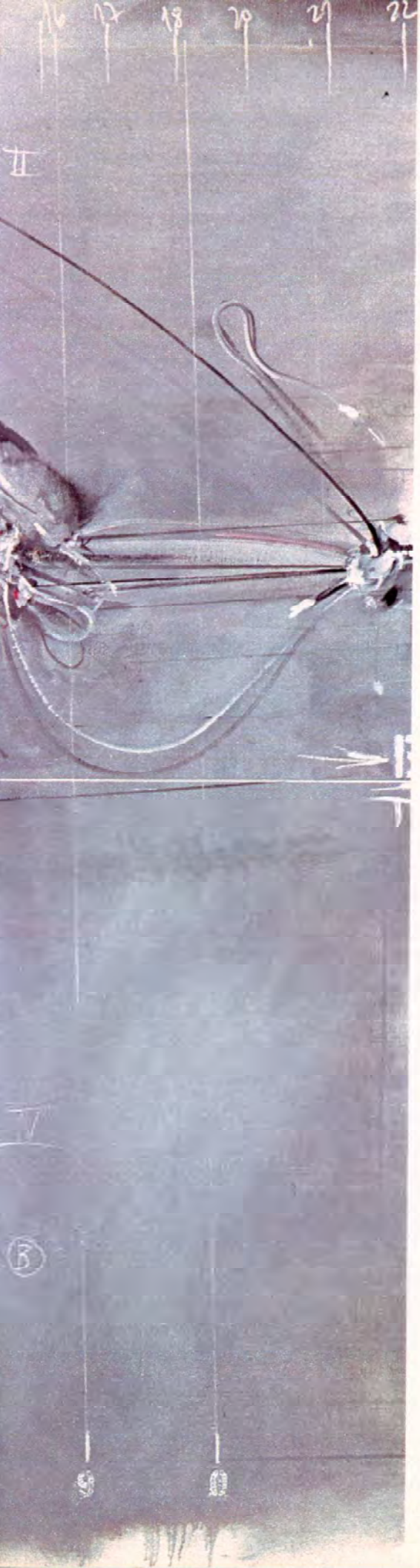

THE POLITICS OF CANCER

PART FIVE

A cancer researcher found an early-detection system for cancer, as well as a promising treatment, and was blacklisted by the cancer establishment.

SUPPRESSION OF NEW CANCER THERAPIES: DR. LAWRENCE BURTON

Early this spring the American Cancer Society decided to share some unusually somber news with the rest of the world. Most of the tests it had glowingly recommended for the early detection of cancer were not working as expected—and a few were not doing any good at all. Independent cancer specialists had found glaring inconsistencies when they evaluated the risks and costs of the tests against the alleged benefits. Hospitals and labs, it seems, were raking in enormous profits from millions of tests that were done unnecessarily on the basis of questionable ACS guidelines. Even more damaging evidence pointed to potential hazards from certain tests themselves. Thousands of women face the ugly prospect of getting breast cancer from a supposedly harmless test that they were led to believe would detect a mammary-gland malignancy before it turned into a palpable lump.

On the first day of spring, in a carefully worded news release issued from its national headquarters in New York City, the ACS admitted that it was scrapping all of its recommendations for tests to detect lung cancer and that it had made drastic changes in the guidelines it had once adamantly defended for detecting uterine, breast, and colon-rectal cancer. What had until that moment been sold to the public as a reliable early-detection system for cancer was revealed to be riddled with defects. It was an unprecedented admission of failure and, in the view of many cancer specialists, long overdue.

ACS's belated confession of having misled us for so many years would seem to put us back at square one. Except for the work of Dr. Lawrence Burton. Burton is an experimental scientist whose work has long been ridiculed and proscribed by the ACS on behalf of the cancer establishment. But his work now may provide us with one of the most accurate diagnostic tests ever discovered—for early detection of all forms of cancer as well as for monitoring the progress or ineffectuality of treatment, whatever its form or content.

BY GARY NULL and LEONARD STEINMAN
with special assistance by Terry Leder and Kalev Pehme

PAINTING BY VLADIMIR VELICKOVIC

Burton's work has been virtually driven from public view under the heavy, smiting hand of the cancer establishment, which is antagonistic to anything that might threaten its own conventional and expensive method of cancer treatment.

Burton's test is the result of a series of scientific discoveries made by him and his colleagues in the course of their experimental work during the sixties. This work showed that certain factors present in the blood are essential for the efficient functioning and cancer-destroying capabilities of the body's natural immunological system. When these factors are depleted or not in proper quantitative balance with each other, the body's own cancer-destroying capability is weakened. The result: proliferation of cannibalistic colonies of cancer cells that eventually overwhelm and destroy the body's immune-defense system. Burton and his colleagues showed how, by augmenting the depleted blood factors and restoring their balance, the body's immune-defense system can gradually be restored to annihilate the cancer colonies.

The vendetta against Dr. Burton is an example of how the cancer establishment employs its formidable power—to the detriment of all cancer victims—against legitimate scientific cancer researchers who will not knuckle under to ironfisted, monolithic control over the cancer field wielded by powerful vested interests. Because the establishment's leaders and hirelings have a stranglehold on most of the government and private research funding in the United States, they have incredible leverage not only to promote their own economic interests but also to minimize innovations and discoveries not of their own sponsorship.

In effect, scientists and doctors who do not conform to the cancer establishment's fire-worshipping ways of treatment, their thinking, and their use of prescribed methods face professional tarring and feathering and eventual consignment to professional oblivion by both government superagencies that fund and regulate cancer research and the nongovernmental cancer institutions.

IN THE BLOOD

In 1977 Dr. Lawrence Burton, a bearded, pipe-smoking Ph.D., moved his operations from Great Neck, N.Y., to Freeport in the Grand Bahamas in an effort to flee what he had come to regard as a concerted campaign to destroy his work and malign his character and scientific abilities. In the previous ten years, Burton had attempted to gain recognition for his discoveries from such major institutions as the National Cancer Institute (NCI), the American Cancer Society (ACS), the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, and Memorial Sloan-Kettering. These constitute the Pentagon of the cancer establishment in the United States. He also attempted to publish his findings in prominent journals and to gain access to the scientific community. However, he consistently found no support and, in fact, encountered open hostility from them.

Beginning in the early sixties, in association with several colleagues, Burton discovered a treatment that could shrink mouse tumors before one's eyes, often in the space of an hour. From the time of these first experiments on mice until his self-imposed exile, he developed, and continues to experiment with, a therapy based on four protein components found in the blood: (1) a tumor antibody capable of destroying certain kinds of cancer cells; (2) a tumor complement, needed to activate the tumor antibody; (3) a "blocking" protein, a substance that inhibits the tumor antibody; and (4) a "deblocking" protein, which keeps the blocking protein neutralized so that the attack of the antibody and complement on tumor cells may be facilitated.

The vendetta against Dr. Burton is an example of how the cancer establishment employs its power to the detriment of cancer victims.

These four blood fractions isolated by Burton are believed to be an essential part of the basic immune system operative against cancer in the body. Theoretically, when these elements are in balance, the cancer cells that normally reside in everyone's body are routinely destroyed by the combination of antibody and complement. If the blocking protein is in greater force than the antibody, then cancer cells are able to proliferate in the body. However, if the deblocking protein is adequately balanced against the blocking protein, then neutralization of blocking protein enables the tumor antibody and complement to annihilate cancer cells.

By daily injecting predetermined amounts of antibody, complement, and deblocking protein into cancer patients to achieve an augmented immunological response, Dr. Burton has been able to bring about remissions in various types of cancer tumors, sometimes even in the terminally ill. This "immuno-augmentative" process is nontoxic, because it uses the body's own mechanisms to fight cancer. He also has used his fourfold theory to develop a cancer test, a way to tell whether a patient has cancer or is likely to develop it. This test can be performed by examining a blood sample.

If Burton's theory and therapy are correct, the implications of his discoveries could have a sweeping effect on how we view cancer genesis and treatment. One of the major implications of Burton's work is that the body has its own means of warding off cancer. Some patients' immune systems, pathologically weakened by a quantitative lack of certain fractional blood factors, can be restimulated through Burton's immuno-augmentation so that the body's systems can again become effective in destroying cancer cells.

Burton's discoveries, therefore, could eventually overturn the present methods of treating cancer and render obsolete the deadly triad of radical surgery, chemotherapy, and radiology. Considering that these cornerstone therapies of cancer "treatment" are the economic support of the cancer industry, it is no wonder that the establishment views innovators with savage hostility.

From the establishment of Burton's Freeport clinic in late March 1977 to the end of January 1978, Burton was required to submit a status report to the chief medical officer of the Bahamian government. Burton's report on his IRC showed that in that period 275 patients were treated at the facility, 27 of whom were terminal cases. Over a five-month period, 44.5 percent of these patients, including six of the terminal cases, showed containment or regression of their cancer after treatment by Burton's methods; 36.5 percent, including 19 of the terminal cases, did not respond to the Burton treatment. The remainder and their progress could not be evaluated at that time.

OF MICE AND MEN

Burton's work is on the "Unproven Methods of Cancer Management" list kept by the American Cancer Society and distributed to foundations, hospitals, and research facilities to identify "unacceptable" cancer treatments. One of the interesting things our investigation uncovered was that not a single critic of Burton has attempted to test his therapy to see whether it works or not.

Burton's troubles with the establishment did not begin with Great Neck or Freeport. They originated in the early sixties, when he was part of a research team at the Hodgkin's Disease Research Laboratories of St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City. The team, headed by Dr. Antonio Rottino, an advisory board member of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, worked on carcinogenesis—attempting to find substances that promote tumor growth. The work was sponsored by major grants from Damon Runyon and the U. S. Public Health Service.

The trouble began after the team accidentally discovered a tumor inhibitor, which reduced or eliminated cancer in a special breed of leukemic mice. Excited

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

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THE OLYMPIC FUNERAL

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

The view popular in the West that "sport is outside politics" finds no support in the U.S.S.R.—Sergei Popov and Aleksei Srebnitsky, *Soviet Sport Questions and Answers.*

It is said that the Battle of Waterloo was decided on the playing fields of Eton. Whether World War III is fought may be decided on the playing fields of Moscow.

The contention that the purity of the Olympics has been sullied by politics does not accord with history. The purpose of the games of ancient Greece was to glorify those who excelled in the skills of war. The chariot race, the shot put, the hurling of the discus, the javelin throw, were combat exer-

cises. The French aristocrat who revived the games 86 years ago contended that as a result of his efforts, nations would compete in athletic contests rather than in battle.

So what we are seeing is not the intrusion of geopolitics into a sporting event. President Carter's boycott campaign is merely the latest manifestation of the fact that the Olympics are a purely political spectacle with which considerations of sport are not to be permitted to interfere.

Thus it was with a heavy heart, two cartons of Marlboros, six Sanyo calculators, a bar of Neutrogena, four dozen Almond Joys, and a jar of Skippy that your reporter traveled to the Soviet Union to reconnoiter the battlefield.

Come with me. Let me explain why the best present Carter could have given American sports fans would have been to forbid them to attend the Moscow Games. And if you should go, this is why you'll wish you had stayed home.

CHECKING INTO THE POST OFFICE

I get on the customs line at Sheremetyevo airport. There shouldn't be any problems. I don't have America's favorite family magazine with me. A friend told me that a copy of *Penthouse* was found in the luggage of the businessman ahead of him at customs. The man was required to sign a confession stating that he had attempted to smuggle porno-

graphic literature into the Soviet Union and was put on the next plane out. He didn't get his contraband back. They needed it as evidence. A copy of *Penthouse* is worth 25 rubles on the street in Moscow—very nearly what a customs inspector earns in a week. The only reading matter I have is a few copies of *Omni* to give to friends—highly prized in the U.S.S.R. because information about Western science is hard to come by—and *War and Peace*.

The customs agent has a pixie hairdo. She feels inside my bags and comes up with my book. She furrows her brow. She looks up. "What this is?"

"*War and Peace*," I say. "Tolstoy."

She is puzzled. She calls over a tall man with a mustache. He winces.

"Tol*stoy*!" he says.

"Ahhh," beams the woman. "Tol*stoy*." She waves me through.

A man takes my bags. I follow him outside to a Volga sedan. It looks like a clinically depressed Fiat. There are few cars on the road and not a single advertisement, unless you count billboards that say things like BRING TO LIFE THE DECISIONS OF THE XXVTH CONGRESS OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION.—L. BREZHNEV.

Topping the towers of the Kremlin are illuminated red pentagrams. I feel like an earthling incognito on a forbidden planet.

"Glass of stars made by Stalin with dust of rubies," says the driver.

"You speak English very well," I say.

"For Olympiad," he says. "All drivers learn. One, two, three. You are welcome. Thank you."

We pull into the driveway of the Rossiya. The north driveway. The upper-level north driveway. The Rossiya is approximately the size of downtown Tulsa, Okla. The world's largest hotel, it has 3,150 rooms, 21 restaurants, an indoor swimming pool, a movie theater, and a 4,000-seat auditorium. The print media will be wandering through its ten miles of corridors during the games.

The doorkeeper is wearing a red armband over his suit jacket and a hat I think I once saw on a Salvation Army trombone player on a street corner in Elkhart, Ind. The lobby looks like a WPA general post office circa 1936. The hotel was built in 1967. The driver tries to hand the envelope containing Intourist's file on my case to one of the clerks, who is absorbed in *Pravda*. She shoos him away without looking up. The next official, a large woman with a pile of bleached hair, takes it and assigns me a room. A stooped bellman, who looks like his first job was shining Rasputin's boots, dodders over. I give the driver a pack of Marlboros for his trouble.

"You are welcome," he says.

"Thank you," I say.

I follow the bellman upstairs. He rouses a matron sleeping on a couch. She somnambulates to her desk and gives him the key. They have given me a bedroom, a bathroom, and a wood-paneled sitting room with a black-and-white television and a refrigerator. The bed is narrow and hard. There are no magic fingers.

In the morning I step into the service bureau. It is jammed with businessmen from everywhere from Afghanistan to Zaire, waiting on a dozen lines to wave their arms at harried ladies sitting at desks. A year passes. My turn comes. The Intourist representative telephones the Moscow Olympic Organizing Committee and tells them I've arrived. I palm a pack of Marlboros and put in on the edge of her desk. She nods, opens her file drawer, and sweeps it in. At this rate, I'm going to have to wire Philip Morris to airfreight me a case.

THE SPORTS FAN TAKES A STROLL THROUGH RED SQUARE

Just a few steps from the Rossiya, and the sports fan is at the Cathedral of St. Basil the Blessed, which television correspondents stand in front of to prove they are not reporting on Moscow from Palm Springs. It is surrounded by scaffolding so that its onion-shaped domes can be repainted with swirls of multicolor in time for the games. A squad of hefty young women in hard hats and padded jackets, carrying the longest, widest, dirtiest board the sports fan has ever seen, pass him, giggling and winking. Behind the church is a row of parked cars, in which groups of men are stuffed, excitedly examining blue jeans and counting wads of rubles. Two hundred yards from where Lenin sleeps, capitalism lives. A pair of Levi's goes for 70 rubles, half the monthly income of the average Russian. When you see someone in a Levi's jacket and pants he may be a prominent dissident or a prominent KGB officer, but one thing is certain—he's a prominent something. "Speculating" in denims is theoretically a capital offense, but it is tolerated for the same reason the cocaine trade is not eliminated in Los Angeles: denim is the vice of the elite. The endemic Wrangleritis of Soviet society is the result of the perception that if I can't think what Robert Redford thinks, say what Robert Redford says, read what Robert Redford reads, hear what Robert Redford hears, eat what Robert Redford eats, go where Robert Redford goes, or see what Robert Redford sees, at least let me look like Robert Redford looks.

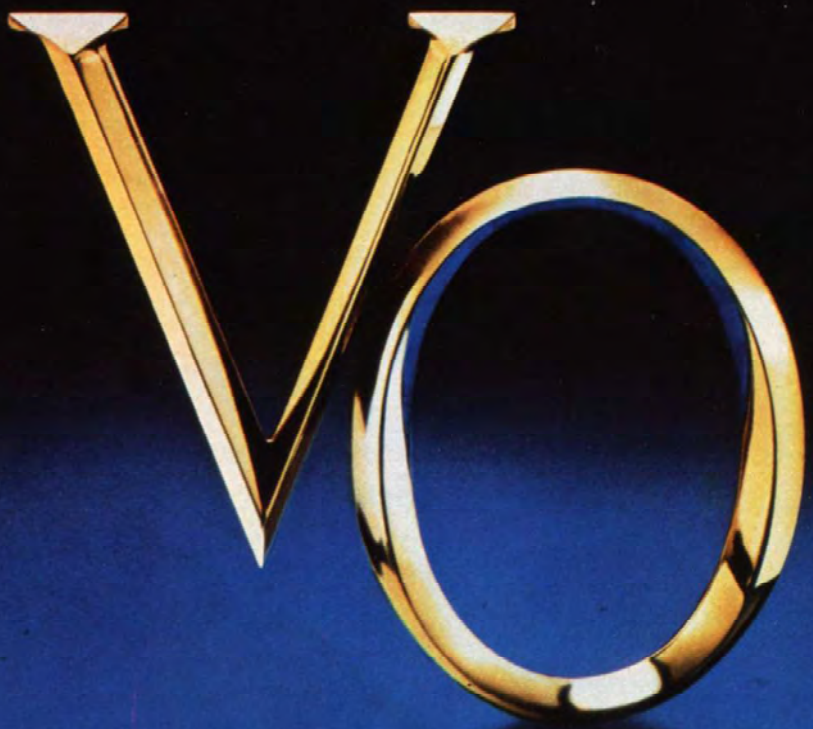
> Here is an issue to engage moral sensibilities everywhere: 130,000 sports fans trapped at one time in a city with a handful of bars.

The sports fan proceeds through the square, under the overpowering red-brick wall of the Kremlin, to GUM, the Soviet Union's biggest department store. He is swept inside along with a shuffling platoon of KGB troops in gray double-breasted coats with blue epaulettes, well-pimpled youths flushed with anticipation of being marched to the head of shopping lines on which squat ladies in babushkas crush forward, 5 across and 500 deep, to buy panty hose. The sports fan claws his way to a counter where two sizes of Misha the Bear are being sold. Both seem to be stuffed with rocks and are covered with plush the consistency of a Scrunge pot scrubber. The sports fan would like to have something to remember the shoddiness of Russian goods by, but he recalls the testimony of Nikolai Sharegin, recently released from ten years of imprisonment in the Soviet Union: "In eight camps of the Vladimir region, criminals manufacture souvenirs and emblems for the Olympic games. . . . In the Kalinin region inmates are preparing Misha, the Olympic mascot." The sports fan decides that teddy bears made by forced labor leave something to be desired in the way of cuteness. He sprays on a sample of Olympiiski cologne and elbows his way out.

On the sports fan's complimentary bus tour of the city, the Intourist guide, a smiling fellow named Boris in faded jeans, says that reports that Soviet people must wait for hours on line each day to shop are a myth. The reason why the lines in GUM are so long, Boris explains, is that people who come to Moscow from all over the country want to say they have shopped in that famous store, and that all you have to do is cross the street and the identical merchandise is available in shops with no lines inside them. The sports fan crosses the street. Unfortunately, the lines outside the shops are so long that he can't get close enough to confirm that there are no lines inside them. But the sports fan is inclined to take Boris's word for it, because he has observed that much of what the Western press says about Moscow is indeed mythical. He has read stories, for instance, in which it is claimed that the Russians are putting a fresh coat of paint on buildings all over the city to impress the Olympic visitors. On his bus tour, however, he sees only one structure being painted—the building directly across from the newly built press center, where the foreign reporters covering the games are to have their offices.

He decides to go over to the National Hotel, where Lenin slept during the revolution. Tucked away on its second floor is

On Father's Day, live up to Dad's expectations.



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something rare and marvelous: a bar. There have been many arguments advanced why the Olympics should not be held in Moscow—e.g., the Russian emigré journal *Kontinent* reprinting a *New York Times* headline of August 16, 1936: "Visitors to Olympics Carrying Away Highly Favorable Impression of Reich." But standing with his foot on the rail, tingling from a snort of *gorilke*, the national kickapoo juice of the Ukraine, the sports fan reflects that there is one point nobody has made—one so telling that if the word got out, those of his fellows who were still due to attend the games would cancel out forthwith. The Soviet authorities do not want their comrades sitting in public places talking to each other. As a result, this tiny lounge is one of perhaps 15 locations in the entire municipality where liquor is served across a bar. It is all well and good to go on about Kovalev, Sharansky, Shelkov, Osipov, and Orlov. But here is an issue that could directly engage the moral sensibilities of men of goodwill everywhere: *130,000 foreign sports fans trapped at one time in a city with a mere handful of bars*. The Soviet regime, not content to deny the human rights of Jews and Baptists, is about to strike at the basic human right of every Olympic spectator: the right to bend the old elbow. "Sports Fans Storm Kremlin, Demand Piña Coladas." The Russkies will have to bring out the tanks. And it'll be Prague 1968 all over again, live by satellite!

The sports fan returns to Red Square. Its focal point is a structure of sleek red-and-black stone, its bronze doors flanked by two motionless soldiers. A crowd of thousands, from the furthest reaches of the Soviet Union—Central Asians in embroidered skullcaps, Yakut eskimos in parkas, high-cheekboned Latvian blondes— and from scores of foreign countries, is waiting to file through Lenin's tomb. The sports fan joins the queue. Four hours is not a short wait to be herded past a little yellow mummy in a glass box. But though the sports fan has done most of the world's better tombs, including George Washington at Mount Vernon, Napoleon at the Hôtel des Invalides, Pope John XXIII in St. Peter's crypt, Dante in Ravenna, Edward the Confessor in Westminster Cathedral, W.C. Fields at Forest Lawn, the final resting place of the world's most increasingly influential corpse gets the gold.

PAPERING OVER THE CRACKS

I go out to the Rossiya's driveway and look for a taxi. It's about as easy to get a cab in Moscow as it is to get one in New York in a sleet storm if you're wearing a safari hat with an ostrich plume and brandishing a sword cane. Often it is necessary to flag down one of the private motorists who are willing to brave the 50-ruble fine for carrying passengers for a fee. But a government-owned Volga with a *T* on the side pulls up full of Vietnamese, and I get in before they get out. I tell the driver to take me to the Olympic Village. He turns along the Moskva, which is lead-colored and sluggish, a bureaucratic river. On the opposite bank are the crumbling palaces of the nobility, now committees of this, ministries of that, painted, at some point in their history, turquoise, yellow, pink, and pale blue.

We have not gone far when I notice the meter isn't running. It's good to see that 63 years of building socialism hasn't extinguished the spirit of private enterprise.

"Hey, comrade, I want that flag down," I say.

"*Nyi gavaryu pa-Anglyiski*," he grunts.

"The meter."

"No, meter! Meter, no!"

"All right, how much without it?"

"*Dvatzat rubli*."

"Twenty rubles? Take me back to the inn, Ivan. For thirty-one dollars I can fly to Minsk. *Na Gastyinitsa Rossiya!*"

"No, Rossiya," the driver insists. *Olimpiiskaya Derevnya*."

> If I didn't know that the Moscow Olympic Village had just been built, I would think it was 20 years old.

But I'm prepared. I take out one of the calculators I've brought with me—last year's leftovers, five dollars each in lots of a dozen. Back in the real world we use them once and throw them away, but here they think a microprocessor is a very short clerk, and anything with an LED is worth its weight in caviar. I show it to my captor. His eyes widen. He makes a grab for it.

"Not so fast, Ivan. Take me to the Olympic Village, then we go to Lenin Stadium, then back to the Rossiya. Then you get to play with the buttons."

"*Nichivaw*," he says. "*Nichivaw. Derevnya, Stadion, Rossiya*. Good. Okay."

We drive past vistas of high-rise apartments under an overcast sky and turn onto a road lined with tumbledown log houses with gingerbread trim. "After the Games," I'd read in *Soviet Life*, "the Olympic Village complex, which is located in a quiet, green area of the capital only minutes from the city's center, will be remodeled and become a new residential district housing 14,000 Muscovites." The area is quiet enough, but the only green I see is the olive-drab jackets on soldiers planting skinny trees in the desolate flatland surrounding the complex. A policeman stops us. The driver says something to him on the order of, "Beat it, flatfoot. I'm working this rube for a calculator." The cop salutes, and we pass on.

The statistics are formidable—18 16-story buildings, a shopping center with four cafeterias seating a total of 4,000, a Russian tea room, an ice cream parlor, a department store, repair shops, a cultural center with 1,200-seat concert hall, two movie theaters, game rooms, a library, and a discotheque, plus a seven-story clinic, an exchange for 20,000 telephones, a soccer field, a running track, volleyball and basketball courts, three gyms, and three indoor swimming pools. The structures are not so impressive as the numbers. The buildings are sheathed with prefab concrete panels that don't quite mesh, finished with what appears to be half a coat of white paint.

I go into one being used as construction headquarters. It is full of fresh-faced young workers standing around, making small talk. I blend in and explore. There are cracks in the plaster along the hallways and stairwells. The window frames and door jambs are crudely fashioned. If I didn't know the place had just been built, I would think it was 20 years old.

I fall in with a group of travel agents from Japan touring the accommodations for the athletes. The model apartments are rather elegant, with dark-green-flowered wall-covering papering over the cracks, two beds to a room finished in wood-grained laminate with wardrobes to match, and spacious kitchens with dinette tables set for tea, with electric samovars in the center.

The agents' Intourist guide comes over to me. For some reason she has picked me out as a kindred spirit. "Are you enjoying your stay in Moscow?" she says.

"I'm finding it very interesting," I say.

"I can't stand it here," she says. "I'm from Sochi, on the Black Sea. I was asked to come here to help with the games. But now I dread having to cope with all the visitors, each one with his demands. In my city we have mountains, fruit trees, lakes, flowers. Every little corner has been fixed up just so. But here . . . so bleak . . . so harsh. . . nobody cares. Too many people. Don't you agree?"

"I take it like I find it," I say.

"How I wish I could," she says.

I go out to the taxi. The driver takes me to the wooded Lenin Hills, past the walled villas in which the government puts up visiting diplomats, heads of state, and insurgents, to a lookout, which affords a view of the riverside complex where the main Olympic events will be held. Its centerpiece, the 101,339-seat Central Lenin Stadium, was built in 1956, but its graceless concrete bulk evokes the great days of totalitarian architecture two decades before. Four new lighting pylons

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

tower over the walls. The construction and the renovation of the 99 Olympic facilities is the most demanding building project the Soviet Union has ever undertaken. According to reports in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and *Trud*, there have been delays caused by late delivery of materials. Young Communist League members, demobilized servicemen, workers from nearby factories, and members of student construction detachments have been employed to complete the work. Those who believe that the Kremlin has but to command and masses of slaves obey have not read the accounts in *Sovietsky Sport* of the opposition of the Ministry of Light Industry of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic to giving up a section of the October clothing factory in Kiev to accommodate the Olympic medical service during the soccer preliminaries, or the interdepartmental squabbling that took place in Leningrad over the need to vacate Kirov Stadium so that it could be reconstructed.

I am taken back to the Rossiya. I give the driver his toy. He is thrilled. No longer will he have to figure his overcharges in his head. He reaches under his seat, opens a box, grabs a tiny, wiggling thing and thrusts it at me with a grin. He wants me to have a small lobster to remember him by. I decline, attempting to make him understand that I am too busy to take proper care of a pet.

THE MAN WHO LET THE WHOLE WORLD WATCH

My Intourist car pulls into the driveway of a $175 million monument to the inability of the Russians to build a luxury hotel. The International Olympic Committee will be headquartered at the Kosmos during the games, as will the broadcast media. A guard at the door of the hotel excludes Soviet citizens who cannot produce a little red plastic passbook but admits anyone who speaks Russian badly enough. I see a sign that says BOWLING ALLEY and can't refrain from seeing whether this is just Commie propaganda. Downstairs are, count them, eight genuine AMF pinspotters in a room with emerald carpet running up the walls and an American-style bar with uniformed publicans shaking screwdrivers. This last point may not sound like much, but believe me when I tell you that it is easier to find a copy of *The Gulag Archipelago* in Moscow than a can of orange juice. The room is filled with Russians wearing Levi's, Cardin shirts, Adidas running shoes, Citizen triple-alarm digital watches, and razor-cut hair. They look like the staff of the Fifth Chief Directorate of the KGB, unwinding after a hard day of harassing dissidents for espousing bourgeois values.

I go upstairs and ask where the house phones are. The house phones aren't anywhere. I am directed to an icily beautiful blonde female sitting in a booth at the end of the counter, painting her nails the rust color of the lobby's walls.

"Can you tell me what room Mr. John Frishette is in?" I ask.

"When did he arrive?"

"When did he *arrive*?" I say.

"Yes," she says, looking at me as if I am very obtuse. "You know, when did he come here?"

"Don't you have an alphabetical list of your guests?" I ask.

"No hotel in our country maintains such a list," she sniffs.

"Well, they'd better start maintaining them pronto, sister, or you're going to have three hundred thousand sport fans wild in the streets for two weeks this summer," I say.

No, I don't. I say nothing of the sort. I don't dare. She probably has a foot switch connected to a buzzer downstairs that summons the entire KGB bowling team whenever another out-of-towner gets irate about the fact that a hotel with 1,777 rooms can't tell him which one somebody's staying in. What's the matter, sugar, this guy giving you trouble?

> It is easier to find a copy of *The Gulag Archipelago* in Moscow than a can of orange juice.

"Ah, I see," I say. "But I'm afraid I have no idea when he arrived."

"Well," she says, "when is he going to leave?"

"To *leave*?" I say.

"Yes," she says. "You know, until when will he be staying?"

"He'll be here until the end of August."

"*August*?"

"Right."

"It is not possible," she says.

"Mr. Frishette is the chief maintenance engineer of the National Broadcasting Company in Burbank, California," I say, throwing caution to the winds. Let her buzz. I'll do the time. "He is here to prepare for the television presentation of the Olympic Games to the American public, on which his company is committed to spend more than one hundred million dollars. I rather expect that he will stay here until the games are over. I know that he is in this hotel, and I would be very grateful if you could find out what room he is staying in, since I have come all the way from the United States to see him."

She sets her lips, heaves a breath, shoves the brush into the bottle of nail polish, and disappears. Several minutes later she returns. "Mr. Frishette is in 9-723," she announces.

"Very good," I say. "Can you telephone him and let him know I'm here?"

"The telephones in the rooms are out of order," she says.

"That's strange," I say. "When I called the hotel, trying to reach Mr. Frishette, I was told there were no telephones in the rooms."

"Whoever told you that was mistaken," she replies and starts on her right hand.

I take the elevator to nine. Through the sound system in the suavely upholstered, imported hallway, Donna Summer informs me that she would love to love me. I find 723. A tall, tanned man with sandy hair and mustache running to gray, wearing a checked Western shirt open two buttons and a gold Libra pendant, opens the door.

"Dr. Frishette, I presume," I say.

"Hell, yes," he growls. He ushers me into the sitting room of his suite and gets me started on a Lowenbrau.

"I'm not even going to try to tell you what I went through trying to find you." I say.

"I been there and back, pal," he says. "This is my fourteenth trip to this burg since February '77."

Frishette takes a long pull on his beer. "Buddy, I've been with NBC for thirty years. I wired the 1960 conventions. In '68 I did the Conrad Hilton Hotel during the riots. 'The whole world is watching! The whole world is watching!' They were watching through *my wires*, baby. But it was nothing, absolutely nothing compared to this job. I call it 'The Grand Remote.' This is going to be the most expensive, longest, most-watched television program ever. Eighty-seven million dollars to the Reds for the rights and technical services, forty mil to put the show on. That's 127 big ones on the barrelhead before the peacock spreads his tail."

The telephone rings.

"Darn that thing," he says, gets up, and grabs it. "Nyet! Nyet Hotel Kosmos! N-B-C! N-B-C!" Bam.

"May I ask you a personal question?" I say. "Why do you answer the phone that way?"

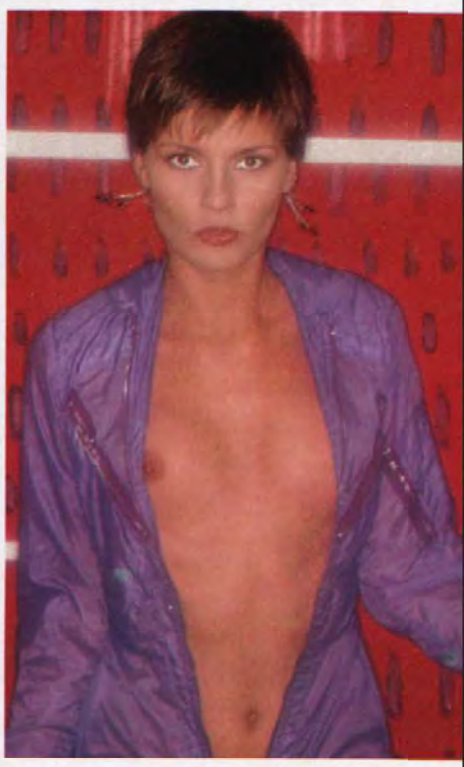
"I'm going to tell you a short story. When I checked in here, there was a bed in this room. And there was a telephone—362-2105. Now, I've got thirteen technicians with me. They're going to be in this metropolis till August. So I call down and tell them to take the bed out of this room so the boys can use it as a lounge.

"They come and move the bed into the hallway. Then, as they're about to leave, they unplug the phone and start to walk out with it. 'Hey, hold your horses,' I say. 'I need that.'

" 'Telephone goes with bed,' they say.

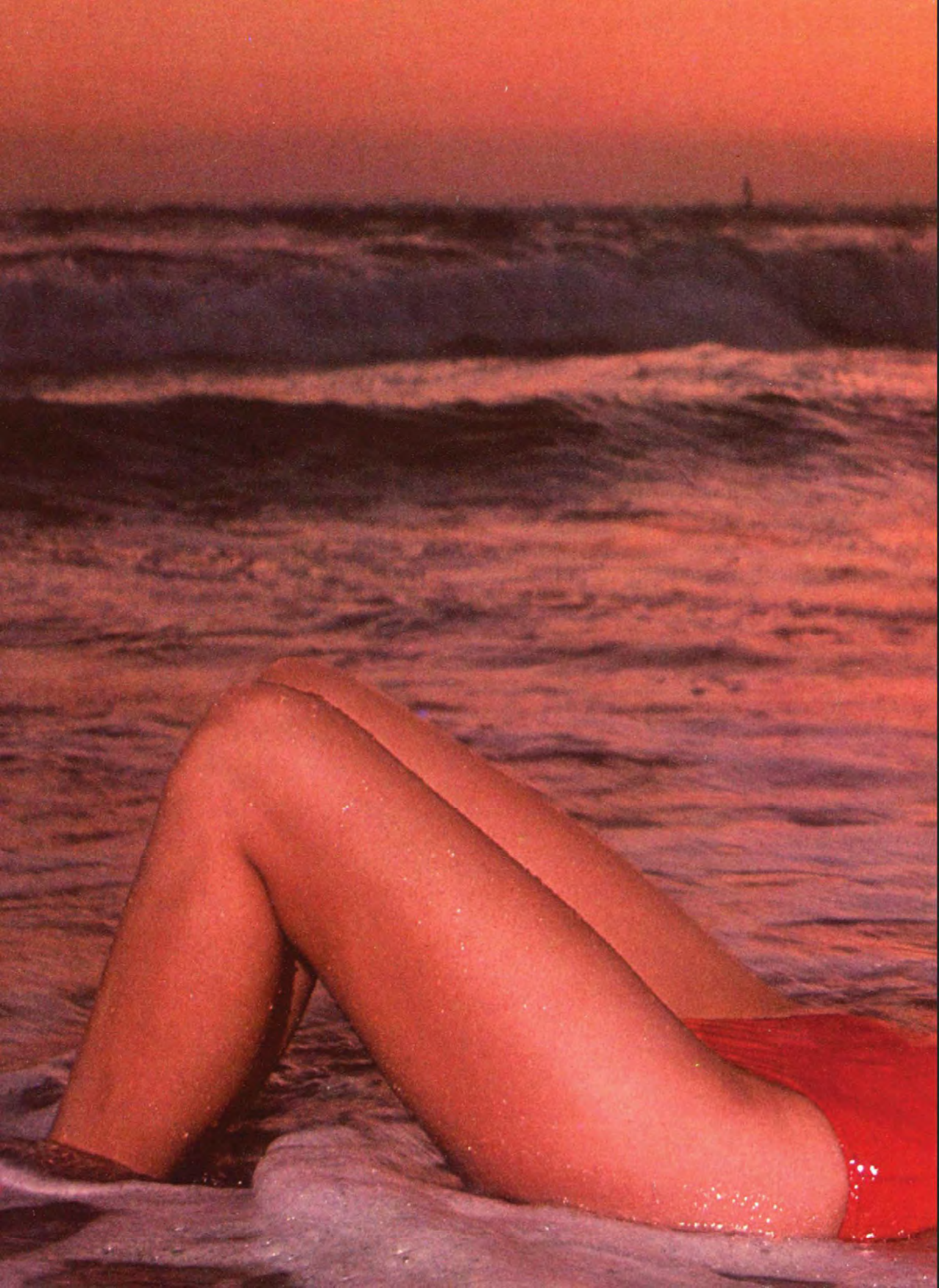
" 'The hell it does,' I say. 'Take the bed

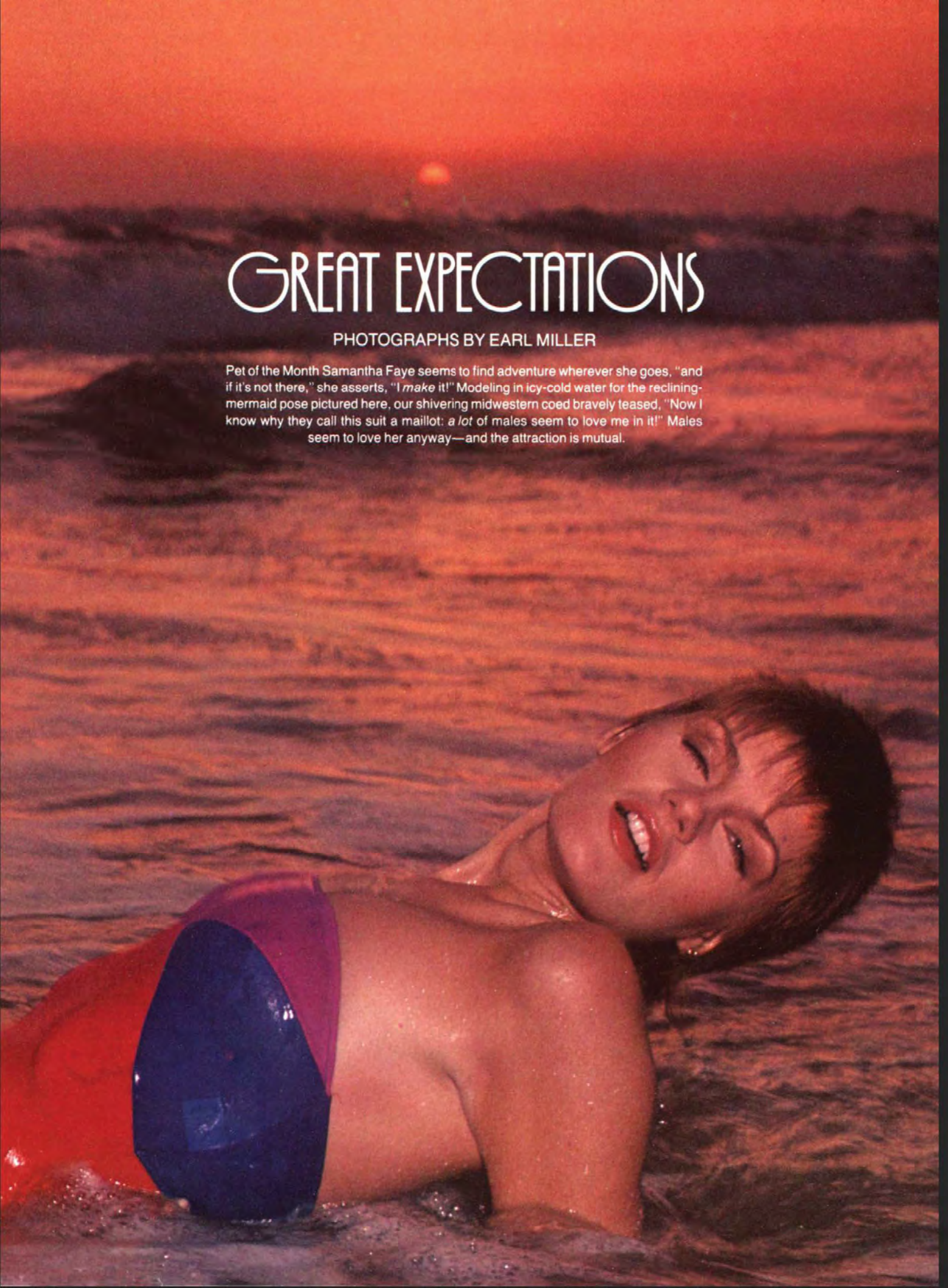
CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



SAMANTHA

"I'm too young to limit myself to one of anything—whether it's a career, a life-style, or a lover."





GREAT EXPECTATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Pet of the Month Samantha Faye seems to find adventure wherever she goes, "and if it's not there," she asserts, "I *make* it!" Modeling in icy-cold water for the reclining-mermaid pose pictured here, our shivering midwestern coed bravely teased, "Now I know why they call this suit a maillot: *a lot* of males seem to love me in it!" Males seem to love her anyway—and the attraction is mutual.

Jumpsuit pants and bathing suit courtesy of North Beach Leather, L.A., Calif.; Antique Chinese bed setting courtesy of Akasha, Santa Monica, Calif.; Earrings courtesy of Pleasure Dome, L.A., Calif.

"I have one boyfriend I'm crazy about who insisted that I be faithful. But after several months of attempted monogamy, I just couldn't keep it *up*. I'm too young to limit myself to one of anything—whether it's a career, a life-style, or a lover." This strong-willed self-assurance permeates our proud Pet's every move. She measures out at exactly six feet of commanding beauty, elegance, and sexual promise.

"Even when I try something new—like an intimate threesome—I trust my instincts..."

Samantha knows precisely where she's going and doesn't intend to miss anything along the way. "At the college I'm attending, I'm majoring in Chinese and minoring in art. I'm also taking dancing lessons, playing on a softball team, and doing occasional acting for some independent filmmakers on campus. But my favorite passion is writing poetry and jotting down brief thoughts. My biggest idol is the writer Susan Sontag," she sighs admiringly. "I'd trade my body for her brains any day!"

'In bed with a man, I know that if I'm relaxed and natural, he will be, too...'

The reason for her forays into so many different fields is a matter of foresight. "I don't want to be like so many people, who are frightened and lead half-baked lives. I don't want to be forty and look back and say, 'Gee,I wish I'd tried that...' Even *failure* has elements of success, providing you do your level best trying."

I LIKE
IKE

Samantha was testing herself in just this way when she decided to pose for *Penthouse*. "I worried I might be shy or inhibited, but just the opposite happened. Though I'm not all that flirtatious with men, for the *camera* I became very passionate and theatrical. I found myself luxuriating in my height for the first time." Being so tall is still an occasional problem, though. "It's hard to get angry with a man who struggles to objectify me sexually when his eyes and my breasts are on exactly the same level."

Samantha's ease with men is a natural extension of her general feeling of self-confidence. "I came from a really great, close-knit family that made me feel loved and secure. When I'm in bed with a man, I don't feel I have to pretend anything or fake orgasms...I know that if I'm relaxed, he will be too...Even when I try something new—like an intimate threesome—I simply trust my instincts. So far, they've never let me down."

Working her way through college at a nearby children's clinic has made Samantha even more optimistic about life. "When I see how brave many handicapped people are, I realize how shallow our own values have become."

"But the sky's the limit for me—and not just because I'm so tall! As my mother used to say to me, 'Samantha, you're your own best positive influence,' and I really think I am!" Samantha, we positively agree... O+

MISS SAMANTHA FAYE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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FILTERS
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BY VLADIMIR SAKHAROV

The author served as a Soviet diplomat in the Middle East while also working as a secret American agent. He now lives under a new identity in the U. S. His book *High Treason*, written with Umberto Tosi, has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RUSSIA'S PLAN FOR TAKING OVER THE MIDDLE EAST

When President Carter warned the Soviet Union to stay out of the Persian Gulf, I suppose I should have felt vindicated. But his sudden awakening gave me little satisfaction, because it came too late and fell far short of a full awareness of the real danger and pervasiveness of the Soviet threat.

It's been many years since, as a young Russian who hated the Soviet system and admired American ways, I became a U. S. agent. Until I had to escape, I passed information to the Americans while working as a Soviet diplomat in the Middle East. I assumed that I wasn't the only source of information and that the Americans were aware that the Soviet leadership was moving forward with a long-term, sophisticated, multifaceted campaign to pull Mideastern nations one by one into the Soviet camp and thereby gain a stranglehold on Western oil supplies.

But I have watched with pain and dismay as Washington, apparently believing in détente instead of in its own intelligence data, has pursued a complacent, confusing, naive, inconsistent, and suicidal Middle Eastern policy while the American public has remained largely ignorant of the gains the Soviets have continued to make. Even today I hear so-called experts naively trying to explain away things like the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "defensive" or wishfully theorizing about Islam as a barrier to communism.

I can vouch for the effectiveness of this Soviet campaign because I was intimately involved in carrying it out. I attended Moscow's prestigious Institute of International Relations, which trains cadres for the Soviet diplomatic corps and other intelligence and foreign-policy organizations, during the early 1960s, when the Central Committee of the Communist party of the Soviet Union had already formulated what was to become Soviet strategy in the Mideast. Under the CC's directive the institute concentrated on training Arabists and other Middle East specialists to form an elite corps. I was in one of the first graduating classes of Arabists, who now number more than 2,200, all fluent in local languages, conversant with Islamic laws, history, customs, and sensibilities and regional economics and politics, and trained in military tactics, intelligence gathering, propaganda techniques, and recruitment.

The Middle Eastern policies to which I was introduced at the Moscow institute gave the region top priority, emphasizing it as the means to break the back of Western imperialism. The Soviet Mideast experts with whom I studied were already looking forward to the time when the Persian Gulf states would be able to raise prices of their petroleum, upon which the West would be increasingly dependent.

Pyotr V. Milogradov, a high-ranking Soviet authority, gave me an overview of Soviet strategy for the seventies and eighties: "First we'll raise the Arabs' awareness about imperialist evils," he told me. "Then we'll get OPEC on our side. Then they'll see how they've been robbed blind by the oil companies and retaliate by raising prices." That, he went on to say, was only an interim goal. The ultimate aim was and is to put the Middle East under Soviet domination. With the Soviets in

> I have watched with pain and dismay as Washington, apparently believing in détente instead of intelligence data, has pursued a complacent, confusing, naive, inconsistent, and suicidal Middle Eastern policy.

control of their oil, Western Europe and Japan would be neutralized and the United States isolated. The resulting economic pressures would stimulate social and political changes that would bring about the fall of imperialism by peaceful means, according to Soviet projections.

This is to be accomplished through coordinated political, ideological, economic, and military operations, overt and covert. A key aspect has been to take advantage of Arab-Israeli conflict and gain Arab sympathy by backing the Palestinians. The Soviet Union also cultivates Arab friends by depicting itself as a country where Islam and communism go hand-in-hand in building a "new society." (The Soviet Moslem population soon will number more than 100 million, and many Soviet Moslems are assigned to Middle Eastern posts.)

The Soviets assiduously recruit agents, allies, and friends in every important military, government, student, and religious organization in the region. I was given intensive training in this art, and, once I was stationed in the Middle East, one of my major duties was to spot potential recruits. Many young, ambitious, and idealistic students end up in Moscow or at Soviet guerrilla training centers. The Soviets go to great lengths to recruit local government officials, military and political officers, religious leaders, teachers, union leaders, and businessmen—anyone with influence. The means include ideological salesmanship; taking advantage of local rivalries; secret help with one's career; providing liquor, women, and compromising favors; and, as in the case of an Egyptian naval officer whom I knew, outright bribery and blackmail. Soviet women are even recruited by the KGB to marry Arabs and become local Mata Haris.

The tactics employed in the region are tailored to each country's political realities. In those countries that are reluctant to establish a direct partnership with Moscow—for example Saudi Arabia, the Arab Emirates of the Persian Gulf, or (before it was overthrown) the shah's regime in Iran—the Soviet government pursues friendly relations openly while secretly backing revolutionary groups against them. These revolutionaries need not be Marxist; they can be Islamic or nationalist so long as they are strongly anti-American and, above all, show promise of being winners.

While stationed in Yemen, for example, I acted as Arabic translator at meetings between KGB men and top operatives of insurgent groups operating on the Arabian peninsula and in the Persian Gulf emirates. Their followers were made up of nationalist groups in the rugged countryside complemented by cadres of oil field workers, clerks, students, and so on. I also helped arrange for Soviet spy flights over Saudi Arabia to map secret infiltration and supply routes for insurgents sponsored by the Soviets out of North Yemen and, later, South Yemen.

Once an anti-American nationalist government is established, the next phase of Soviet tactics goes into effect. The Soviets move in with economic and military aid and blandishments about brotherhood, solidarity, and mutuality of goals. The new regime is encouraged to pattern its political institutions, government, military, and internal-security organizations after those in the Soviet Union. KGB and East German advisers often are moved in.

The final goal is to purge so-called reactionary elements from the revolution and turn the new regime from a nationalist to a Sovietized one, as now has happened in South Yemen, Syria, and Iraq. These pro-Soviet regimes, in turn, discourage neighboring states, especially Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Oman, from leaning too far toward the United States, and, in the case of OPEC members Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, and Algeria, they push for the most crippling possible hikes in oil prices. Political tactics are coordinated with economic programs, which give the KGB the opportunity to bring in agents.

Soviet military power is the backbone of this political strategy. Since the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962, the Soviet Union has accelerated development of both nuclear and conventional arms. By 1970 the U.S.S.R. had already begun to surpass the U. S. in most military areas.

This extensive military-political-ideological-economic warfare is not entrusted to any one Soviet department—not even the KGB. A secret elite cadre of powerful operatives reporting directly to the Central Committee was fielded to direct and coordinate operations, most of which require inter-organizational, military, intelligence, and diplomatic teamwork. In Cairo I worked directly under one such CC operative, who ostensibly was only a counselor to the embassy but in reality held extraordinary powers that cut across lines of command.

There is every indication that Soviet strategy continues unchanged and is moving forward with great success. For example, the fanatics who were involved in the seizure of the Grand Mosque in Mecca were among those I had heard mentioned as part of the Soviet-sponsored People's Front of the Arabian Peninsula. This bloody attack, blamed on the United States through calumny spread rapidly throughout the Moslem world in typically efficient Soviet fashion, was a warning to the Saudis to refrain from favoring Washington.

There have been occasional setbacks, but the long-term, consistent nature of Soviet policy compensates for them. Some reversals even have been turned to advantage—for example, Egyptian president Anwar Sadat's shift toward the United States and peace agreements with Israel, which the Soviets have used to rally the rest of the Arab countries.

In Afghanistan the Soviets realize that, because little love is lost between non-Arab and Arab Moslems, the invasion only will serve as added intimidation for surrounding states and get the Soviets closer to an Arabian Sea naval base from which they can command the Persian Gulf—a goal mentioned to me often by Soviet naval officers.

By far the greatest advantage the Soviets have enjoyed in the Middle East has been the ineffectual policies of the United States. When I was stationed in Kuwait, the Soviet ambassador there ordered me to write a detailed report of what the Americans were doing in this area. My report said that they weren't doing much of anything. I wished then, as I do now, that my information had been false.

Photograph by Dean Chamberlain. Andy Warhol's jacket by Giorgio Armani.

Macho men are made, not born; with a few lessons you, too, can be a beer-swilling, bullet-biting, tough-talking son of a bitch.

MACHO

PRODUCED BY JOHN LOMBARDI

TOUGH GUISE (opposite) Oh, Woody! Who would have thought, back when *What's New, Pussycat?* was playing the boonies, that by 1979 women would consider you sexier than Schwarzenegger? But now it's 1980, and men are *guys* again, not sensitive persons who worry about what women want. Butch is back. Tough is *chic*. Ask Andy. For a full report, read on.

ART DAGO (below) All this macho stuff started in Milan a few years ago, when designers Giorgio Armani, Nino Cerruti, and Gianni Versace decided to recycle Italian-American *Mean Streets* styles from the early sixties. That's pegged pants, skinny lapels, little collars, grease, and wrinkled, shiny material that looks cheap (but costs plenty). High Fashion Punk. Now, to complete the picture, talk tough. Use words like *wank, crank, wreck, terminal, blitz,* and *smash*. Curse more. Cultivate being rude. Smoke Luckies. Don't sleep much. Don't shave. Drink beer. Belch. Call women "broads." Be a *man*.

Photograph by Mick Rock; men's suits by Cerruti, at Madonna.

OFF-THE-RACK FASCISM (opposite) Two years ago, as a joke, fashion maven Giorgio Armani redesigned uniforms for the Italian army, and the bite was so big he began retailing to civilians in the States. What was going on? Military clothing had been "in" since World War II, but always in a liberal sense: sensitive ex-soldiers, like Kerouac, studying Eng. Lit. on the G.I. Bill; honest abstract expressionists, working as moving men, wearing old flak jackets because they're warm and cheap; long-haired war protesters dressed in the enemies' clothing the better to mock it . . . but also, let's face it, to feel . . . *powerful.* A uniform makes you potent; it's *tough.* You're not just a wimp *protesting;* you're—a man! And recently, as liberalism recedes, as the population lines up for gas like Englishmen queuing up for the dole, as supermart prices and rents shoot as high as Exxon profits—military gear reverts! It does what it was meant to do—dress the gun boys! Armani's designs are for Supermen: huge shoulders, turned-up collars, iron-boy pants with roomy crotches. Armani's clothes are so tough they foster dreams of revenge, national and personal . . . "I'm mad as hell," etc. America turns Right! Even *Newsweek* has noticed!

A SPAGHETTI EASTERN (below) Americans are in love with the myth of The Loner, the western man of action who, singlehanded, faces down the Bad Guys—John Wayne-ism. And now that the wimpy liberal dreams of the sixties and seventies have given way to fantasies of Ayatollah-nuking, Cowboy Macho is bigger than ever. Every burg big enough to boast a department store bursts with Hopalong chaps, teeterheel boots, Wild Bunch slickers, Sierra Madre undershirts, Tombstone hats . . . Everywhere you look, rolling gaits, clinking spurs. Acme sold $3 million in cowboy boots last year; Ralph Lauren's Polo Western line (see below) grossed $7 million. But Cowboy Macho isn't that easy to bring off. Lorenzo, a Wall Street apprentice who likes to play cowpoke on weekends, invites a couple of friends to go horseback riding in Central Park to show off their new duds. They get to Bethesda Fountain, the water hole of mid-Manhattan. They ride in on their white horses, and whoof! A falafel hits Lorenzo in the mush! Boof! Something soggy spoils Jenny's Michele and Anouchka dress! And then, pouring down the steps and out of the bushes, hollering, brandishing their Subway Master Big Boy Transistors, unicycles, and roller skates—urban Apaches! Chanting Latino curses! Mongo Santamaria! Eddie ("Pachuko") Ramirez! *Arroz con pollo! Mira,* man, turf is turf, and the Third World has claimed Central Park! And they ain't buying cowboy movies! John Wayne is off the set!

Photograph by Peter Nevard; accessories by Nick Philolus.

Photographed by Mick Rock at the West Side Rifle and Pistol Range; women's clothes by Claude Montana, at Barney's; Boots by Vittorio Ricci.

DO-IT-YOURSELF MACHO

HOW TO LOOK: In Puerto Rico, where fashion illustrator Antonio Lopez (wearing the towel) grew up, men were *macho*. So when we needed someone to do a make-over, turn a pretty boy into a tough guy, Antonio was it: (1) Lopez is appalled. Charles looks like the young Truman Capote. (2) First, get rid of the smirk; it ain't so cute. Next, lose that chichi red sweater and get some cuts and bruises going. (Lancome's Smoked Grape pencil is great for making scars and welts.) (3) Better. Keep those legs apart, like you're so big you can't close 'em. And *snarl!* (4) Finished!

HOW TO STAND: (1) Are you kidding? (2) Pay attention, *Chucky*. Your feet are *far* apart; that's right. Now hook your thumbs over your belt and lean back; cock your head to the side, like De Niro sneering at Keitel in *Mean Streets*. (3) Okay, stick your tie in your shirt; *never* tie it right; shove your hands in your pockets; turn your head, like you can't stand looking at all the creeps in the world . . . Not bad, kid, you're learning. (4) Wet your hair a little; it ain't greasy enough. Pull your chin in; flatten your nose; look sleepy—all these weak jerks bore you. Great! Bob Mitchum!

HOW TO WALK: (1) Bite your lip, honky; this ain't no runway! (2) Now try to get some *bounce* in your walk, *juice, comprende?* Like James Brown, the godfather of soul! Or Muhammad Ali before the ice cream got to him! (3) Maybe this leather jacket will help. *Bounce*, push down with your left foot and *slide* with your right; hold your whole left side kind of stiff, uh! Got it? Now ease with the right. Like you're slippin' up on your chick with a *fine* surprise. (4) Hands in pockets, squint, step, step . . . . *now* you gettin' it, mutha! Walk like you got nine inches of steel and it's *all* for real!

Photographs by Dean Chamberlain

ENDICOTT/80 ©

Illustration by James Endicott/Letterforms by Tom Carnase

The scandal of the century! How unbelievable that we, the abused, deceived, disgusted, but basically happy American public, could be taken in by yet another slimy rip-off politician. This shocking exposé will stop you from voting for our leading presidential candidate.

PART TWO

Roots

The saga of one white man's twisted roots

Yes, Kirk White is the presidential favorite of the year. The opposing party, left with no alternative but to use the new weapon of Media Exposé, created a foundation to research the amazingly heretofore unknown family history of the Whites. The subsequent certified findings revealed an ancestry of generation after generation of total trash! Yes, the man we all love and respect as the modern, brilliant, rich, and handsome political man of our times is revealed to be the American descendant of 18 generations of decadent, sleazy, and rotten TRASH!

As you remember, in the year 1476, Kirk's forefather BOBBB WHITEWASP (who dropped the "Wasp" when he came to America) was born off the coast of Norway in the world's first pure-white country named *Waspia*, in the village of *Beige*. The first male child of *Henryyy* and *Bendelll*, he grew in the customs of his village and at the tender age of 14 opened the world's first Wasp whorehouse and made his 13-year-old sister, Deirdre, the first madam.

Then, upon his capture in 1492 by the dreaded *Bloomingdobs* (in reality, the Spaniards and Arabs and Blacks), who hunted and devoured Waspians, he was sold as a slave to the organizer of Columbus's expedition to the Orient. Little did anyone know then, particularly Bobbb WhiteWasp, that they would all be the first to discover America—not to mention the Virgin Is-

By the noted and hostile historian Stuart Paul Hale
as told to TOM EYEN

lands and Bermuda and his all-time favorite weekend getaway, San Juan, Puerto Rico!

But now our scandalous story resumes, as the dreaded Bloomingdobs force Bobbb, spread-eagled on the mast of the *Santa Maria*, to watch his own sister, Deirdre, get gang-fucked by the lusty crews of all 12 decks! (No one ever saw Columbus himself, as he was always in his cabin, saying novenas.)

The Atlantic raged, and Bobbb vowed VENGEANCE ON ALL THE DIRTY DARK RACES OF THE WORLD! *And then*, after 16 hours of raping Deirdre, the Twelfth Deck crew grew a little tired as wild Deirdre screamed, "DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! I'M JUST GETTING TURNED ON!" It was then Bobbb realized that Deirdre was, like himself, made out of the same cloth—"cheap" (but not inexpensive)—and that all slimy Bloomingdobs would pay heavily for it!

And then he was untied and thrown back into the disgusting hold, which held the other Waspian captives and which smelled like a mass menstrual attack in an underprivileged country! Vomit, urine, shit, and—worse than all—the smell of enchiladas drifting down from the deck kitchen, and all the while THEY KEPT PLAYING THOSE FUCKIN' CONGAS! How could Bobbb keep his sanity? How much longer could he take it? What had he done to deserve such a fate? At least the sexual screams of Deirdre had been silent for a while. WAS SHE DEAD? WAS *HE* DEAD? WAS THE WORLD DEAD? Yes, there was no question about it—Bobbb needed an "up"!

The man rowing next to him offered Bobbb a line of coke—yes, also discovered by Waspians for sinus trouble—and Bobbb sniffed deeply, remembering happier times in Waspia with his devoted family: laughing, singing, playing tennis. Oh, how were his younger twin brothers, Brooks I and II?

And how was his youngest brother, Just Plain Bill? But, more important, how was his dear sister, Deirdre? *Was she dead? Was she alive?* And, more important, *was she happy?* HAPPY? *HAPPY?! Who was happy in the unstable age of 1492?*

Suddenly the hatch opened, and the first stream of light in 16 days nearly blinded the captive rowers. Bobbb's eyes could not help tearing from the sting of the sun—not to mention the sting on his back from the kiss of a thousand burning lashes! And then the sight that he saw at the top of the stairs made his vengeful heart leap from violent shock. It was none other than Deirdre, his sister Deirdre, still alive after being gang-fucked by all decks! "I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES! IT IS DEIRDRE! AND YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER THAN EVER!" Deirdre was dressed in the finest silks and a feathered hat! She then pointed at her open-mouthed brother with her gold lorgnette and instructed the hold guards, "BRING HIM TO MY CABIN!"

Bobbb was freed from the heavy chains. "AHH YUMMM," his wrists screamed the sigh of relief as he was dragged on deck and into Deirdre's sumptuous cabin.

BOBBB: How did thou doeth it?
DEIRDRE: The second lieutenant, Hernando, is in love with me.
BOBBB: Love? What does that mean? Is it a Spanish word?
DEIRDRE: He wanteth me to be his wife.
BOBBB: Doth he know that over a thousand *daggerstads* now have seen thy *pusspuss?*
DEIRDRE: He thinketh me a virgin. As thou canst tell, he hath a very large fantasy life.
BOBBB: Why doth he need to imagine thee a virgin?
DEIRDRE: That is the way of his world. A woman doth not give *pusspuss* till she doth marry!

Nancy White never trusted small things. She liked Bigness! Her philosophy was "If It's Bigger, It's Got To Be Better!" Yes, Nancy was the first "real" American.

Bobbb shot up! It was as though Deirdre had reinvented a new wheel! "IF SPANISH WOMEN CANNOT FUCK TILL THEY ARE MARRIED, THERE MUST BE A LOT OF HORNY SPICS AROUND!" Within hours Bobbb was back in the whorehouse business, now with Deirdre working the floor, who, with 24 completely different changes of clothing, convinced the ship's crew that she was 24 different women. That they never wondered where 24 women came from on the rather small *Santa Maria* is a credit to Bobbb's fast-talking business acumen, to Deirdre's excellent knowledge of make-up, and to one indomitable truth: *when a man is horny, he doesn't give a fuck who it is or where it comes from!*

Of course, all this was hard on Deirdre's boyfriend, Hernando, who shot himself. But, fortunately, Bobbb and Deirdre lived and acquired a small fortune on the journey. Unfortunately, however, they were considered traitors by their fellow captives and were called the Waspian name for traitor, *monorka*—which, roughly translated into modern-day English, means "cocksucker."

And then, finally, after many sea-logged days, Bobbb saw the captain, Christopher Columbus. It was the thirty-third day at sea, and the crew—depressed, homesick, and constipated—wanted to turn back before they ran out of the necessary supplies of life: food, oil, clean sheets, rubbers, fresh flowers, luncheon dates, etc.

"DEIRDRE, LOOK!" Columbus appeared all in black, silhouetted against an almost full moon. He was an incredibly handsome man, with the carriage of a prince and the voice of a princess. (Years later John Gilbert would make a film about Columbus called *The High and the Mightless*, which, of course, would never be released.) Bobbb and Deirdre went into semishock. Was this the great Columbus that history would so eulogize?

"WE'RE TURNING BACK!" came the atonal, unisonal cry. The crew was close to mutiny, the Waspian slaves were close to revolution, and Deirdre was horny as a hooker on her day off! THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, with the uncanny ease of a magician, Columbus turned their panic into courage with a stunning monologue in two octaves about faith and survival, and like contented overfed sheep, all forgot about their panic and discontent. Then Columbus winked at Deirdre. Yes, he may have had a highly suspicious voice, but he was not now, or ever had been, a practicing homosexual. Well, Deirdre was so impressed by Columbus that she developed an immediate crush and expressed her great admiration by giving him a quick but dripless blowjob!

"WHY DOTH THIS WENCH MUNCH MY MEAT?" Columbus asked, pushing Deirdre's fine, heart-shaped lips off his large but sensitive *piña-bolonia*. Yes, Columbus was interested in greater things than cheap sex and cheap thrills. He was interested in discovery, humanity, and the way to find a quick route to the fast cash of the Orient. He had not hustled his ass to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, journeyed halfway across the heretofore unknown waters of outer space, and then said 33 days of nonstop novenas to discover FAILURE! No, he knew that destiny had written that Christopher Columbus would be famous among men—and no fast blowjob, dripless or otherwise, was getting in his way!

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, Columbus sat down for lunch. This was the very chance Bobbb was waiting for! If only he could converse with the great captain for one brief moment! Thanks to his beautiful sister, he was allowed to work on deck. If only Bobbb could perhaps get to Columbus to "make a deal." "YES, I'LL MAKE A DEAL!" Bobbb plotted in his conniving mind. "THAT'S HOW ONE SURVIVES IN THIS DEGRADING LOWLIFE WORLD!"

"LET'S MAKE A DEAL, CAPTAIN," Bobbb found himself saying to Columbus in Waspinese, as he served the Great

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

Summer. Seven Style

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(back row, left to right) The FISHER MT 6360 ($349.95) is a programmable turntable, with fully automatic operation and infrared remote control, that enables you to select only those tracks you wish to hear. PIONEER's PL 600 turntable ($399) features full, all-electronic automation with repeat. It also has front-panel control for all functions. The YAMAHA PX-2 ($1,000) is a fully automatic turntable with linear tracking, an innovation that virtually eliminates tracking distortion, as the tone arm moves in a straight line across the record. The SONY PSX 45 ($200) is a moderately priced turntable with a straight tone arm for more accurate tracking and less wear on records. (front row, left to right) LUXMAN's PD 277 ($395) is an electronic, fully automatic direct-drive turntable. The ONKYO CP 1280 ($450) features quartz-locked direct drive to minimize wow and flutter and speed drift. TECHNICS's SLQ2 ($190) offers the ease of front-panel control as well as quartz-phase-locked accuracy. It features high sensitivity, low mass, and tone arm with automatic return. (All prices suggested retail.)

The revolutionary news in hi-fi is the imminent entry of digital audio discs played by laser beams, but there are a host of futuristic turntables available now that do everything but play both sides at once.

JUST FOR THE RECORD

BY IVAN BERGER/PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED KAUFMAN

The records of tomorrow may be scanned with lasers, but today they are still scanned by a moving stylus, just as they were a hundred years ago, when Edison came up with the idea. In the past century, however, there have been remarkable refinements to the process of reproducing sound. The turntable and the disc were the first and most important such refinements—phonographs played cylinders until the disc was invented in 1887, a refinement that will probably outlast today's phonograph system. The pure-digital discs of the future, whether scanned by styli, lasers, or electronic sensors, will still be discs and will still revolve.

(back row, left to right) The BSR Quanta III Pro 300 ($279.95) contains a microprocessor that controls turntable speed and a digital display that shows speed, elapsed time, and total stylus lifetime. SANYO's Plus Q50 ($299.95) is a direct-drive automatic turntable with quartz-locked speed control and independent tone-arm motor. The OPTONICA RP9705 ($950) is a microprocessor-controlled unit with remote control. HITACHI's HT 466 ($239) is a fully automatic quartz-locked turntable with photo-sensor system, independent motor for automatic functions, and front-panel controls. The H.H. SCOTT PS 18 ($129.95) is a low-priced turntable that features a thin, straight tone arm. (front row, left to right) KENWOOD's KD 3100 ($199) features direct drive and automatic tone-arm return after play. The SANSUI XR-Q9 ($500) is a computerized full-automatic direct-drive quartz-servo turntable with a high-stability tone arm. The JVC QL-A5 ($219.95) features pitch control with LED display, auto-return/shutoff, and a low-mass, high-sensitivity tone arm.

Meanwhile, the standard phonograph disc and turntable are still with us, growing and evolving—as they'll be for at least a decade or two to come. (It will take that long for new recordings to replace the old—not just in record-company production but also in people's home collections.) So we play the same, old-fashioned records in the same, old-fashioned way.

Or do we? Today's discs are more accurate than ever before. And today's turntables have responded beautifully, incorporating everything from space-age materials to built-in computers.

For just one example of the precision that's involved, take a good, close look at the stylus of your present cartridge. Squint a bit (or use a magnifier), and you can see the tiny diamond splinter that tracks the record groove. What you can't see with the naked eye is the delicately shaped tip of the diamond, whose carefully crafted curves (often with radii of two ten-thousandths of an inch) and precisely angled facets must follow the equally tiny undulations of the record groove.

At the same time, the turntable must rotate with even, accurate speed and without vibration—even vibrations as minuscule as the individual wrinkles of the record groove will be picked up as interference. And the tone arm must be balanced, free to move without drag when tugged gently by the fragile stylus and precisely matched to the requirements of the cartridge and stylus it carries.

When you play a record, the tone arm's mass and the minute "compliance" (springiness) of the stylus interact to resonate at certain frequencies. If the frequency is too high, the arm and cartridge "ring" when they track low-bass frequencies on the record; too low, and they jump when jarred by footfalls on your floor or moved up and down by record warps. The higher the cartridge's compliance, the lower the arm mass must be for proper matching. Since high-compliance cartridges track records more accurately, with less wear, cartridge compliances get higher every year.

That's one reason why the old S- or J-shaped arm is disappearing. Look at the turntables on these pages (or in your dealer's showroom), and you'll see more and more of them with straight, thin arms, even low-priced models, such as the Scott PS 18, as well as medium-priced models, such as the Sony PSX 45. A straight line's the shortest distance between arm pivot and stylus; a straight arm, being shorter, weighs less.

The old arm style still has its points: easy lateral balance and cartridge interchangeability. Most of these arms use the same, standard head-shell; so you can take the shell and cartridge from the Fisher MT-6360's arm and mount it on the Hitachi HT-466, put the Hitachi's cartridge on the JVC QL-A5, the JVC's on the Kenwood KD-3100, and the Kenwood's on the Pioneer PL-6600. If you own more than one cartridge, that's a boon.

There may be a similar, interchangeable-head standard coming for the straight arms—Onkyo's CP-1280F, and Sherwood's turntables, among others, have adopted the shell developed for ADC's straight tone arm.

Not that all arms have interchangeable shells in the first place. The top B.I.C. models have interchangeable arm stubs, whose sockets are several inches from the cartridge, near the arm pivots. This moves the socket's weight back to where the cartridge has more leverage to move it—just as a seesaw is easier for a light person to move if the heavier person sits nearer the pivot point.

Dual and Luxman do it still differently: on several models that cartridge is held in by screws, with the arm's wires plugged directly into it. This turns cartridge changing into a tedious, five-minute job, but it keeps the arm as light as possible. Dual's arms have a total effective mass of only eight grams—they are among the very lightest to be found.

All this precision and refinement means you don't have to worry about dropping the arm and bouncing it across the record, thereby ruining the disc. A more reasonable worry is that you'll crunch a $25-to-$75 stylus that way. The arm's no longer a swiveling shillelagh that you can wrap a massive paw around in order to set it in the vicinity of the lead-in groove. Today's arms and turntables have cuing control—a lever you use to raise the arm, without actually touching it, and to lower it again once you've moved the arm to its new position, over the groove you want to play. On all but the least-expensive models, the cuing control will be oil-damped to eliminate any possibility of arm bounce. On more and more turntables, you'll find that cue control on the front panel so that you can reach it without any risk of jarring the arm by raising the dustcover.

Because more turntables today are automatic, there will often be controls to set the arm down automatically on the record's lead-in groove, to raise and return it at the record's end, and, sometimes, to repeat it several times. Most of the tables that aren't fully automatic are semiautomatic (like the JVC QL-A5, the Scott PS 18, and the Technics SLQ2 shown here); you start them by hand, but arm return and shutoff happen automatically. This prevents the endless, annoying *swoosh . . . swoosh . . . swoosh . . .* of an untended manual player.

> Today's discs are more accurate than ever before. And today's turntables incorporate everything from space-age materials to built-in computers.

Manuals are still available, too, of course, either complete with arm or with a blank space where you can mount the arm of your choice. (Luxman even makes a turntable with quickly interchangeable arm mounts—and another with interchangeable mounts for two arms at once.) The armless models are for those who covet some of the many fine arms (Dynavector, SME, Ultracraft . . .) that are only available separately.

Once upon a time, only a manual could offer you a freely moving arm, unrestricted by the drag of automatic mechanisms. Today automatics are no longer anathema to audiophiles. Modern automatic mechanisms relinquish all contact with the arm while it's playing. Many automatics (such as the Hitachi, Onkyo, Pioneer, Sansui, and Yamaha models shown here) even use a beam of light for determining when the arm has reached the end of the record and should be raised and returned—so there's nothing to touch the arm or compromise its motions.

On many turntables, the arm even has its own, independent motor; so its motions won't affect the record's rotation—and vice versa. You'll find this refinement on the Hitachi, Kenwood, Onkyo, Pioneer, Sansui, and Sanyo models shown here. You'll also find this feature on virtually all *linear-tracking* turntables, which have arms that move on rails across the record, rather than swiveling; the Yamaha turntable shown is a good example. By moving in a straight line across the record, the arm and cartridge match more precisely the straight path that the cutting head followed when it cut the master disc. This eliminates tracking distortion, caused when a standard arm's curved path across the record turns the stylus slightly away from the angle that would match that of the cutter. It also eliminates the slight sideways pull called "skating force," which results from the angle between the cartridge's axis and that of the arm—an angle put there to minimize tracking distortion. Linear-tracking arms are more complex and expensive, but there are many who find the sonic difference worth the price.

With the arm separately controlled, there's enough flexibility to justify a complex, sophisticated controller—if it's cheap. Modern microprocessors fill that bill nicely. So you'll find microprocessors built into the BSR, Sansui, and Yamaha turntables shown here.

What do these small computers do? On BSR's new Quanta III Pro series, they control turntable speed, arm motion, and a digital display that shows speed, elapsed time, total stylus lifetime—and even which turntable foot needs to be adjusted to level the outfit. The top B.I.C. models can tell you digitally the precise speed or how long the record has been playing, in case you want to time it before making a taped copy for your car. Optonica's model RP-9705 scans the record optically to find and play whichever cut you want to hear. Sony will soon have a turntable whose computer also keeps the motions, tracking force, and antiskating of its Biotracer arm constant.

Want still more automation? Let's start with the automated original, the record changer—er, "automatic, multiple-play turntable," now that it's gone high-class. Today's best record-stackers—from companies like B.I.C, BSR, and Technics—baby your records as lovingly as the best single-play models do.

The myth that changers eat your records is just that. Like all myths, it dates back to an era when there was some truth to it, because the drag of the automatic mechanism on the arm was at fault. Nowadays a multiple-play need be no

rougher on your records than a single-play model. As to the awful grind of record upon record when one falls down from the stack, that grinding occurs only at the rims and labels.

If you want still further automation, look for a turntable with remote control. The Fisher MT-6360 shown here has it, as does BSR's new Pro 300. So do various models from Optonica, Sony, and Dual (which shares one remote control with a companion cassette deck) as well as the turntables designed for use with remote-control systems from JVC, Kenwood, and Technics. Surprisingly, only BSR makes a model combining multiple play with remote control. You'd think lazy folks who want one would want the other.

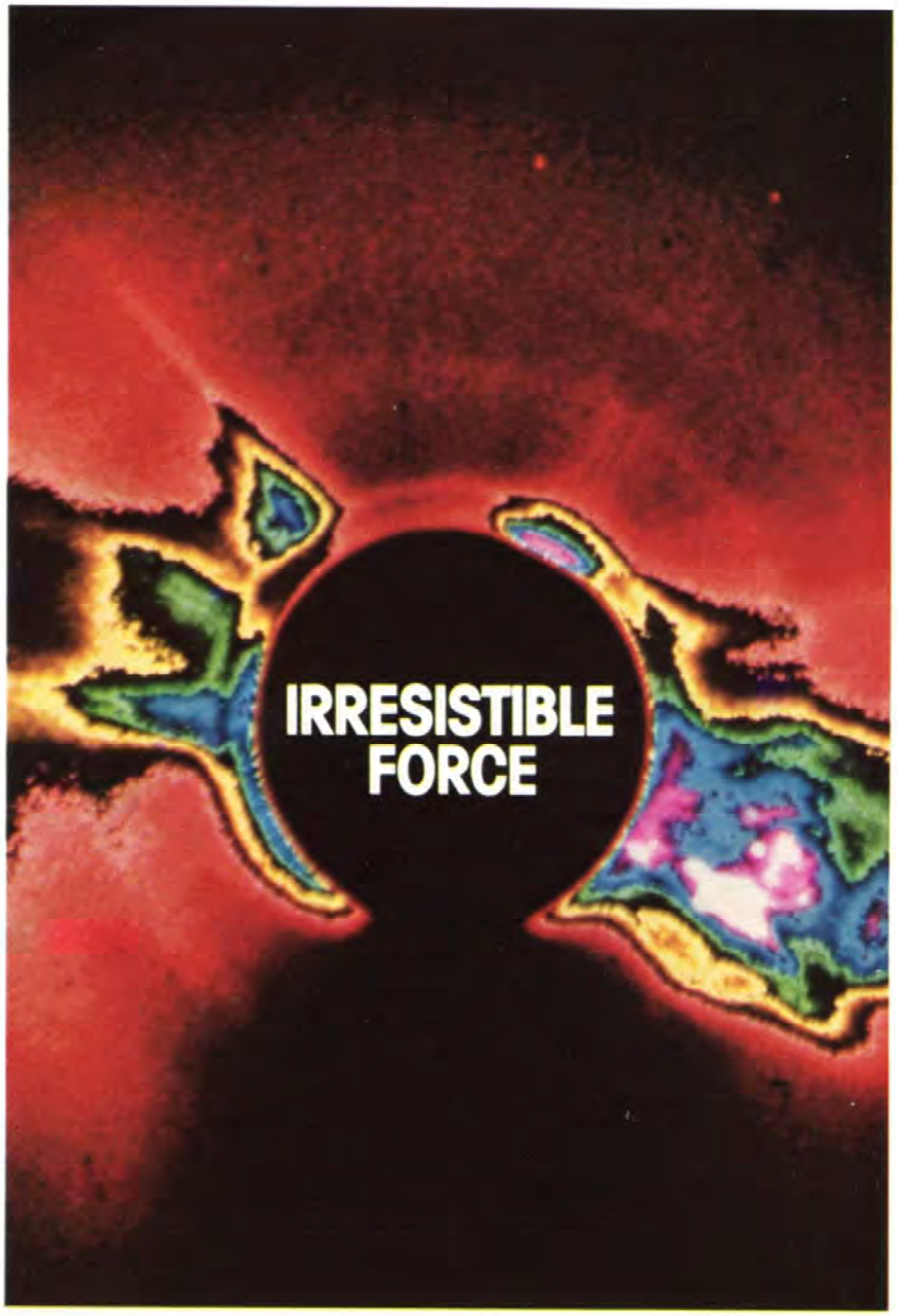
With all this talk about arms (that's where the action is these days), we shouldn't neglect the bigger portion of the turntable: the motor and the platter.

There's been a revolution here, too—less visible, because most of it is under the platter, out of sight. A few years back the main drive systems used were multiple rubber "idler" wheels or belts. Today it's belts or direct drive. Direct-drive motors turn at the same speed that the platter does, to which they are directly linked. Belt-drive systems use faster-turning motors, "geared down" by rubber belts to correct turntable speed. Some companies make only one type; others make both. Where a company makes both, it's likely to have belts on its least expensive models—not just because belt drive costs less to make but also because it costs less to make *well*. Belts don't just reduce speed; they also isolate the motor and its vibration from the platter. When the motor and platter are directly coupled, as in direct drive, then vibration-free motor construction becomes much more critical—and more expensive.

Why bother, then, with direct drive? In part because the system is simpler (effectively, there's just one moving part), which means more long-term reliability; and in part because the motor turns more slowly (33⅓ or 45 rpm instead of 1,800), which puts its vibrations at inaudibly low frequencies.

Both direct drive and belt drive depend on various forms of electronic speed control, using feedback to actually sense motor or turntable speed and correct it as soon as it begins to err. This is especially necessary with direct drive, since the motor's speed is insufficient to smooth itself out by "flywheel effect." For even greater precision, many turntables use quartz clock oscillators as rock-steady references. Examples shown here include the Hitachi, JVC, BSR, Onkyo, Sanyo, Sony, and Technics, but you'll find quartz in the top models of every line of stereophonic equipment.

Electronic feedback speed control? Digital readouts? Computer-controlled arms? Mr. Edison would never recognize his century-old baby. But you can bet he'd like it fine.



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PO780

President Baxter was certain of reelection, but the Arabs had a plan to put their own candidate in the White House.

GREEN MONDAY

FICTION BY MICHAEL M. THOMAS

Like a giant mechanical egret, the Concorde skimmed over the marshy pine flats on the perimeter of the airfield and settled on the runway, its white surface taking on some of the rose of early twilight. Through the open cockpit door, the Minister could overhear the crackle of the tower's instructions. The jetliner turned off on an arterial taxiway and made its majestic way to a spot on the distant edge of the air base where two Sikorsky helicopters and a small group of men waited.

The engines whined down, and the oval door in the Concorde's fuselage opened. The Minister came down the ladder. Sharp as a tack, thought Buster Ferdimend; tailored within an inch of his life in a dark gray suit. There was no honor guard on hand, which the Minister took as confirmation that President Baxter really did have something important to discuss, substantive enough to keep their meeting entirely off the record.

He shook hands with the President. "How are you, sir?"

"It's real good of you to come, Mr. Minister. I think you'll find the trip to have been worthwhile. May I introduce my associates? This is Mr. Ferdimend—I don't believe you've met; Mr. Ferdimend's my special assistant and counselor. And of course this is former Senator Dunstable, who has agreed to work on the matter I contacted you about. It's big enough that we feel a bipartisan approach is justified."

Dunstable was a larger man than he remembered. The Minister thought he looked twice as "presidential" as Fulger Baxter. He was tough and unprincipled, the Minister knew; he found the prospect of having to deal with Dunstable on any protracted basis very unsettling. Hopefully, he might be there simply as an observer. Somehow the Minister doubted it.

He followed the President to the lead helicopter, along with Ferdimend and Dunstable. His aides and baggage were dispersed in the second.

"Beautiful evenin' for flyin'," the President said. He had to strain to make himself heard over the popping of the rotors.

The Minister nodded. Below them the hills were wreathed in haze; the dying sun had changed the colors of the landscape to smears of blue and purple.

"I thought we could have our meetin's at Camp David," the President said. "I don't believe you've visited there. I think you'll find it comfortable."

The Minister smiled. He felt Dunsta-

Illustration by Dickran Palulian

From *Green Monday* by Michael M. Thomas, to be published by Wyndham Books, a division of Simon and Schuster

ble eyeing him with an intensity he found threatening. He tried to keep his expression bland and confident. It wasn't easy.

The rest of the short flight was nothing but small talk. Shortly after seven, they set down at the helipad. The President led the Minister along the path which led to Pinecone Lodge; Dunstable and his aides had vacated it earlier in the day.

"This is where Sadat stayed," the President remarked, deliberately untactful. "I trust you'll find it comfortable. We're used to gettin' a lot done up here, as you know. I hope you'll find our time together to be as productive as we believe it'll be."

He showed the Minister around Pinecone. It was a mirror masterpiece of rustic bad taste. "You'll surely want to rest; so I thought we'd have just a little early dinner. It's almost tomorrow mornin' for you now, anyway."

"I'm not really tired, Mr. President," he said. "Your invitation to come here stressed the immediacy of the matter. Shouldn't we get to the business at hand?"

"It's not somethin' that can't wait dinner," the President answered. "Why don't you just freshen up and then stroll on down the path, first right, to my lodge? Your people'll be looked after. For dinner, it's just you'n me. I've asked Senator Dunstable to look in afterward.

"Dinner'll be at eight sharp," the President concluded. He left the Minister alone.

The Minister was edgy. He was out of his depth among older men like Baxter and Dunstable: exigent, political beings with enormous experience. By comparison, his own world was limited. No matter how it appeared, the OPEC pricing decisions, with which he was so closely and famously identified, were still money decisions made in hotel ballrooms. Decisions which the indulgent polity of Western commercial ethics had permitted so far to stand. But these men waged war and coped with recession and insurrection as a matter of course and sensed and shaped the will of 100 million voters.

In this isolated camp high in these strange hills, the Minister felt himself to be a prisoner. He would have to proceed very carefully and make his escape as quickly and gracefully as possible. Intimidated, he began to wonder if the leverage *was* still on his side of the table.

Over a presupper bourbon in Laurel Lodge, Baxter looked at Dunstable.

"This boy ain't very old to be such a big shot, Herndon."

"Forty-six, Mr. President."

"That young? Well, that might be helpful to us, though. Depends how tough he is. Think you can scare the piss out of him?"

"Mr. President, I am sure as shootin' goin' to try."

The Minister and President Baxter dined *à deux*. Baxter made careful, unproductive small talk which sorely tried the younger man's patience. Not one word did he utter which suggested to the Minister anything of the crisis-proportioned emergency which had led the President of the United States to make a personal call to Qu'nesh. It was very irritating.

During dessert a uniformed attaché entered the dining room and handed a slip of paper to Baxter. He looked at it and signaled to the Minister.

"Call for you, sir. Jones here'll show you the phone."

It was his chief pilot calling from Andrews. A routine maintenance check had turned up some trouble in one of the outboard engines. It was very curious. In any event, a team was on its way from Toulouse, but there would be no way to depart Andrews for at least thirty-six hours. The Minister's spirits dropped as he hung up.

Returning to the dining room, he found that they had been joined by ex-Senator Dunstable. Coffee had been brought.

> The image on the screen bucked and jerked like a bad home movie. . . . His insides seizing up in growing horror, the Minister became aware of what he was watching.

"Well, sir," began President Baxter, "there seem to be some things goin' on that as far as we can make out have a whole lot to do with the security and stability of both our great nations. Now we all know how beneficial for just about everybody your rational decision about the oil price has been. And we are in your debt for it. And we'd like to be *everlastin'ly* in your debt. And hope we can be. If things'll work out.

"But, Mr. Minister, you folks got us right confused. Way back in April, when you announced the price cut, you talked about some kind of deal you'd made over here. Well, I got to admit you had me foozled. Anyway, I figured that sooner or later y'all'd come round to hand us your want list, and we'd work somethin' out. I figured you'd want to see things settle, get your edge and let it harden, and then let us see your shoppin' list. Tarnation, I've had the DOD work out an arms-and-assistance package which'd keep you people invulnerable for another hundred years. Just wanted to have it on the shelf waitin' in case you asked. And at a real good sweetheart price, too. Less than six billion dollars over four years.

"So we got all these good feelin's and big plans and good vibrations, but nobody comes visitin' from your side. Which is mighty odd. 'Course, everybody gets busy, with the election and all, and generally jumpin' for joy; so exactly how odd it is don't get noticed until maybe later than it should have been. And meantime, just through an accident, Senator Dunstable learned about somethin' which he follows up on and then, bein' a great American, comes to see me personally about. And that's why we asked you to take the time to visit with us."

As the President spoke, the Minister had been doing some fast thinking. This wasn't like facing down some unlettered Nigerian general about an extra ten cents a barrel. Rustic he might be, thought the Minister, but Baxter *is* the President of the United States.

When Baxter finished, he had his answer ready.

"Obviously, Mr. President, I can't follow all your allusions. I can say this. I am strictly my country's chief appointed official for matters of energy and external finance. This may be the first time that I have been involved or have involved myself in the larger matters of our nation's external relations. These are properly the sphere of activity of the King and the Prime Minister. With whom they parley and to what informal agreements they may come is something of which I am not informed, at least not in the process and frequently not after the fact. I am here because you, sir, intimated great urgency on a matter concerning the security of the Kingdom, and our ruler and his principal minister are unavailable. For reasons which you, Mr. President, as a deeply religious man, must respect."

The President looked over at Dunstable and then back at the Minister. Lord, he thought, it sure is tough to negotiate when everybody's lying. This boy's got a regular Santa's bag of hypocrisy.

"Mr. Minister, I obviously can't quarrel with your description of the way you people run your show. I will say that ain't exactly how it's been described to us by folks who're s'posed to know."

"Funny thing is, though," said Baxter, "I got this won't-go-away feelin' that I just might not get to the Capitol steps to make that inaugural address. Which just ain't exactly the right thing to have happen, Mr. Minister.

"Look at it this way," the President said. There was not an atom of pleading in his voice or his face. Fulger Baxter was a tablet carrier; he viewed his opinions, received or personal, as the truth, and that was that. "Now I know you folks don't like me. And for the last few years, you Arabs ain't exactly curried much favor with the votin' public, until last Easter, that is. 'Course, the way things are now, *you* could run for President, Minister, and you'd get elected. Assumin' you'd want to. Which I guess you don't.

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"But I *do!* We got to get the good old values back. Get ahold of our traditional virtues. Thrift. Honor. Minister, it's critical to elect an administration that can lead the country in the path of righteousness.

"But we're suspicionin' now that maybe you folks don't share our enthusiasm. And you can do everything about it and, unless we see eye to eye, I can't do diddleysquat, if you'll excuse an old southern expression. If you was to do anythin' in Vienna next week that might upset the voters, and we—I mean me—was to get blamed for it, I don't think I'd get fifty votes in the whole country. "We ain't exactly sure what you got in mind, but we're sure you got *somethin'* planned. Old hounds like Herndon and me; hell, we can smell a coon in a willow tree clear across the Mississippi Delta! So we'd like to see if maybe we can get you to change your mind."

The Minister smiled with intentional condescension.

"I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong tree, sir, if you'll forgive an extension of your metaphor. Whatever may happen at the OPEC sessions next week will only be normal for such a meeting at such a time. I anticipate nothing dramatic. As for your other suspicions, it is hardly my place to comment on them."

Why you little brown-assed pissant, thought the President. But he stayed calm. The Minister continued.

"What I fail to perceive, sir, with all respect, is any specific military threat to the Kingdom. That is what, frankly, has brought me here at a time which was otherwise most inconvenient. Unless, of course, the threat comes from you. I seem to recall a proposal to that effect from Senator Dunstable a few years ago." The Minister smiled snidely. He was in control, feeling his oats.

"Well, Mr. Minister, that obviously isn't true. We don't go around threatenin' folks. 'Sides, we got a Constitution. No matter what, the President can't on his lonesome just up and start a nice little war. The last one that tried that is sellin' used cars in Los Angeles. No, sir, you can rest your mind on that." The President looked at his watch and stood up.

"I got to be gettin' back to the White House. It's gettin' real late for you, Mr. Minister; so why don't you visit with ex-Senator Dunstable in the mornin'? It'll give you a chance to look carefully at what he's turned up. Anyway, you ain't goin' anywhere until those Frenchmen fix that airplane of yours."

He shook hands with the Minister and Dunstable. As he left the room, the Minister agreed to meet Dunstable in the morning. Walking back to Pinecone, he wondered at his earlier apprehensions. There was nothing to worry about so long as he hung tough.

"What's this? Your senior class picked you as the girl most likely to get knocked up?"

Overnight it turned very cold. The Minister dressed and ate a full and hearty breakfast. He liked English and American breakfasts. The mess sergeant who waited on him placed a note at his elbow. Would he join Senator Dunstable for a briefing over at Aspen Lodge at ten o'clock? Confident and refreshed with sleep, the Minister sent along his compliments and his acceptance.

When he presented himself at Aspen, Dunstable was waiting on the steps of the lodge. Dunstable ushered the Minister into the living room. There were two young men sitting on one of the sofas, who rose as the Minister entered; Dunstable introduced them as his assistants.

"Both of these fine young men are very familiar with your part of the world," said Dunstable. "Ted here has a Ph.D. from Columbia in Arabic Studies. Joe Bob was with Anglo in the Persian Gulf until three years ago, when he joined my permanent staff." He looked at the assistants, then back to the Minister. "Well, gentlemen, shall we get started?"

"Your Excellency," said Dunstable, "as the President indicated last night, a few weeks ago a banker close to me brought to my attention the likelihood that a large sum of overseas dollars had cycled through our capital system over the last year. We believe it may have been as much as five billion dollars goin' in."

"Going in?" The Minister radiated a healthy, open curiosity.

"Well, yes, sir, because it seems to have come out as a whole lot more, thanks to the stock market. We estimate quite possibly as much as nine billion dollars!"

"My word," said the Minister mildly, "that's a great deal of money."

"That's the really interestin' thing, Your Excellency—it *is* a lot, but then it isn't really."

"What do you mean by that, Senator Dunstable?"

"Well, sir, it's all a matter of scale. It's not a large enough sum to suggest a major shiftin' of dollar balances by a state or major corporation. So it's almost certainly individual money, which limits the number of possibilities. Anyway, it's not the amount that's got us concerned. It's the timin'."

"The timing?" Again the bland, innocent response.

"Yes, sir, whoever's runnin' this money was just letter-perfect. At least on the buyin' end. Might even say he must have known somethin'. All this money kept pourin' into the market right up to the week before you made your announcement in Honolulu. That was about a thousand points ago on the Dow Jones Industrial Average, you'll recall. But even that doesn't bother us very much. After all, we welcome investors to our markets. And a five-billion-dollar profit is a resoundin' testimonial for our great American system."

He eyed the Minister, who said nothing.

"What bothers us is that for some time now these accounts have been sellin' out. Investors take profits when they get 'em, but this just doesn't make sense. All our smart people tell me that this is the first stage of the biggest fat bull market in all of recorded history. The banks that run my blind trust have been tellin' me to raise all the cash I can to buy stocks. I been sellin' my cattle, my oil royalty, my real estate, everythin' 'cept my ranch.

"So we have to ask ourselves why would some big investor, the biggest anyone here has ever seen in one gulp, who knows enough to buy the whole market just at the right time, start gettin' out now? Does he know somethin' maybe we should know? That's the question the President and his people and I have been askin' ourselves. And we've pretty much concluded that the answer is yes. And we've also kind of decided that one of the people who can probably give us the right answer has just got to be you, Mr. Minister."

Dunstable's tone remained level. His eyes, bright-blue questioning poignards, fixed themselves on the other man's face.

The Minister had some difficulty in holding his own voice even while he sorted out his options. What recourse did these people have? he wondered.

In as contemptuous a tone as he could muster, he said to Dunstable, "That is an amazing statement, Senator. I really don't understand your drift. If you can perhaps be a little more clear with me, perhaps I might be helpful to you, although as it sounds, I very much doubt it. I might also add, sir, without intending to complicate matters, that there are implications in your position which I, personally, find offensive."

Dunstable smiled. The first discernible rise. No more than a slight wrinkling of the surface, but to the experienced fisherman evidence enough of the presence of a very big trout. Dunstable had been measuring men and exploiting their weaknesses for forty years. His instincts were honed. He sensed conclusively that the Minister knew what he was talking about. Of course, bringing the fish to the fly might be another matter.

"Well, sir, let me be as explicit as I possibly can. There aren't but a very few investors in the world that can lay hands on four or five billion cash to put in the stock market. Not at least as far as our Treasury people and the fifty biggest banks and Central Intelligence Agency know. There're two Chinamen, a Brazilian, a couple of Italian fellows down south. And then there's your King. A very rich man, the King. Our fellows guess he's worth eight, nine billion, includin' real estate. And most of it in cash. The King's a pretty religious fellow, they tell me. Kind of like President Baxter. Reads Holy Writ a lot, like the President does; 'course the books're different. Sticks to the Gospel. What the Koran says, the King does. A very devout man."

Dunstable's drift seemed ominous, thought the Minister. Like the first tickling particles of a sudden sandstorm. The ex-senator went on.

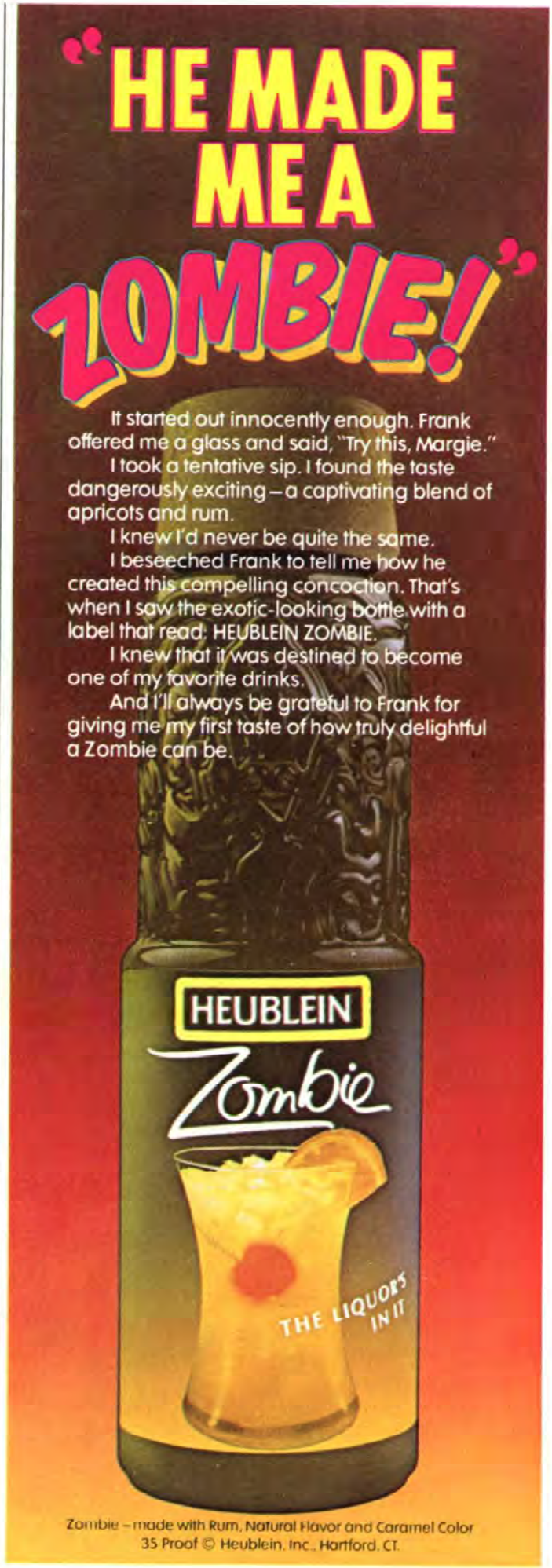
"The way we see it now, somebody got the King to sink most of his personal capital in the stock market, knowin' that there would surely be the biggest rally you ever saw come the announcement that you people were reducin' your wellhead price. Except that also doesn't make complete sense."

"Senator, I really can't follow you at all now. This is all too absurd!"

"Just hear me out, sir." Dunstable raised an impatient hand. "Our folks tell me the King doesn't much care what happens to his money, or his oil for that matter, just as long as he piles enough up to buy everythin' he wants for that fancy church of his. We know he's got no real interest in politics and not much in money, and yet it would appear that he's personally playing the biggest politics and the biggest money these gray hairs have ever heard of. And that includes forty years in Texas! So it all just don't track."

"Mr. Dunstable—"The Minister forced himself to suppress his discomfort. "I have come a very long way at the request of your President—on what I am now certain has been a false premise. On my arrival I was informed that I was to deal with you, sir, a man who no earlier than five years ago was advocating military action against my country. Normally, I would have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170


"HE MADE ME A ZOMBIE!"
It started out innocently enough. Frank offered me a glass and said, "Try this, Margie."
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I knew I'd never be quite the same.
I beseeched Frank to tell me how he created this compelling concoction. That's when I saw the exotic-looking bottle with a label that read: HEUBLEIN ZOMBIE.
I knew that it was destined to become one of my favorite drinks.
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Zombie – made with Rum, Natural Flavor and Caramel Color
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John Muth

Nigel Ballard

Pat Hill

Nigel Ballard

(clockwise from top left) Cheryl at a book-signing party with artist Andy Warhol; Bob Guccione, surrounded by Penthouse Pets Dominique Mauré, Corinne Alphen, Lori Wagner, Anneka di Lorenzo, Cheryl, and Vicki Johnson at Cheryl's $50,000 Pet of the Year party at New York's posh Plaza Hotel; Cheryl with noted singer Teddy Pendergrass at his birthday party, held at Magique in New York; our Pet of Pets showing off her own brand of figure skating at a roller disco; dining with jet-setter Egon von Furstenburg.

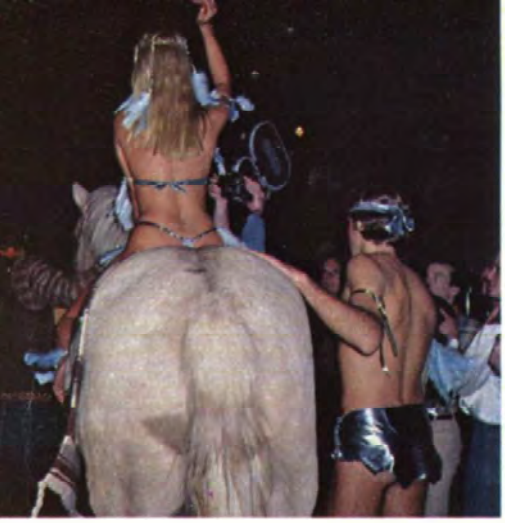
PET OF THE YEAR

Bob Guccione

PLAY-OFF

Time once again for our readers to help decide which comely contender will win the richest prize in beauty: The Penthouse Pet of the Year Award

Like all good things, Cheryl Rixon's triumphant reign as our resplendent Pet of Pets is regrettably drawing to an end. In the course of the past year, Cheryl has helped to launch new, foreign editions of *Penthouse* in Germany and in her native Australia; she has appeared as a leading lady in a major motion picture; she has been heard on countless radio and television talk shows, beautifully articulating the *Penthouse* philosophy. In short, Cheryl has emerged as the kind of effortlessly popular goodwill ambassadress most beleaguered governments would gladly give their right *wing* for. But you'll discover, on the pages following these highlights of Cheryl's reign, beguiling glimpses of the future—our selection of comely contenders for the upcoming Pet of the Year contest. As always, you will share in the crucial decision as to which of these breathtaking beauties will become the next winner of the world's most lucrative beauty contest. Send your ballot to the New York or London office, and may the best and the brightest girl win!



Marietta Cirtello

Nigel Ballard

Ron Galella

Ron Galella

Nigel Ballard

Nigel Ballard

(clockwise from top left) Cheryl outshining Lady Godiva at New York's Magique disco; enjoying the New York nightlife with a tuxedoed mystery man, who poses here as a literal basket case; dancing to the Fiorucci beat for a segment of the NBC documentary television show "Real People" (Cheryl has also appeared on "Midday Live," "AM New York," and "The Joe Franklin Show"); Cheryl, teaming up with singer Ruth Copeland, belts out a sultry song, backed by her singing group, Ruthless, at the Tramps cabaret in New York City; playing big sister to Sarah Jessica Parker, the young star of the Broadway hit Annie.

Nigel Ballard

Nigel Ballard

(clockwise from top) Displaying some of her now famous form, our Pet of the Year is seen dancing with superstar Elton John at Xenon's discotheque in New York (Cheryl's own fame is skyrocketing—boosted by her role in the Steven Spielberg film Used Cars, *which is previewed in a pictorial on page 64 of this issue); happily holding the prizewinning backhand of tennis star John McEnroe—like her handsome escort, Cheryl is actively involved in sports, especially gymnastics, squash, and, of course, tennis; swapping trade secrets with actress Brenda Vaccaro, whose work Cheryl has always admired.*

KATE SIMMONS
September 1978

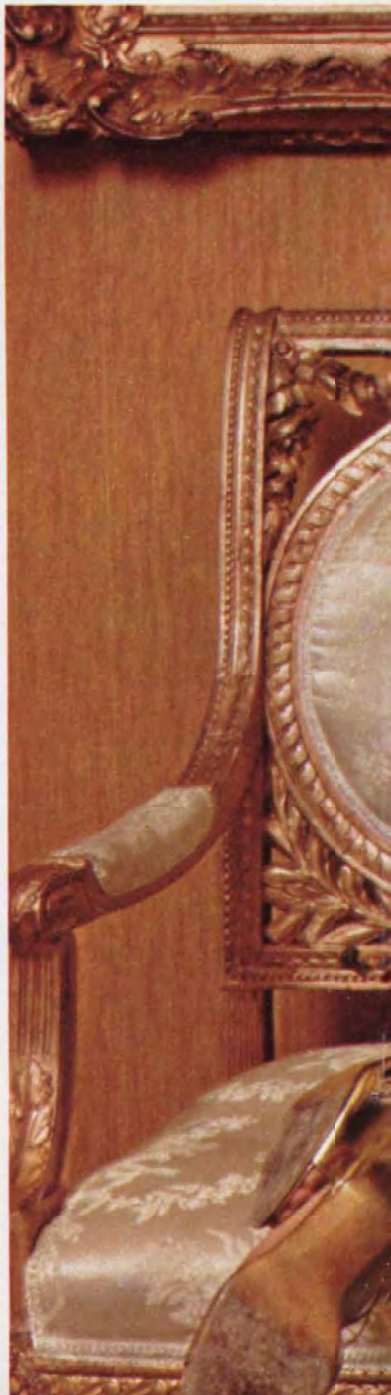
"American feminists are a joke," proclaims our outspoken British rock singer and poet. "They're overliberated, overfed, and overweight." Kate, whose real (nontheatrical) name is Felicity Buirski, is merely overwhelming—and not just because of her 35-23-35 configuration and sea green eyes. Aside from her singing career (at press time, she's the hottest thing in Europe), Kate is in great demand as a television and fashion model. But, despite her ostensible independence, Kate readily admits to always needing a man in her life, because "I'm basically a *very* passionate person." The only problem with being so beautiful, brainy, and blunt, she concedes, is that "many men will try to put me down when they first meet me, because they're intimidated." Not us: we're merely enthralled!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

DUSTY JACKSON
January 1979

"I learned two things at a very early age," claims Texas-born Dusty Jackson. "One, that I can sing like an angel; two, that I can flirt like the devil!" This lucky combination of talents has given our sultry songbird a restlessness that makes her seem like the original honky-tonk angel. "No man," she warns with authority, "will ever fence me in, though I can occasionally be corralled for a night or two!" Dusty's greatest ambition is to be a lead singer in a country-western band, a feat that will enable her to exercise her talented vocal cords and show off her saucy 36-23-36 figure at the same time. She also likes being made love to, she allows, "but only by very aggressive, supermasculine men. That country-western tune, 'Rode Hard and Put Up Wet,' "she says with a laugh, "just about says it all!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



CONCETTA ARDIGO
April 1979

"I like to be playful in bed," our long-stemmed, Roman-born beauty explains, "letting my imagination have its free rein. Sometimes I follow my lover's lead; sometimes he follows mine!" With an enlightened attitude like that, comely Concetta could probably launch a second Italian Renaissance all by herself. Though she finds American men "refreshing and funny," her greatest *amori* so far have been with her fellow countrymen. "I prefer the cuisine of Northern Italy," she reveals, "but the men of Southern Italy. It's true that Sicilians can be hot-tempered, but they can also be hot-blooded!" Though Concetta is obviously a strong woman, she admits to a weakness for wine...especially when "shared with a handsome man and followed by an afternoon in bed—a Roman holiday for two!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT BRICCO

LYNDA CLARK
June 1979

"I want men to admire me," declares our thoroughly admirable Lynda, "but I don't want them to *idolize* me. That makes me feel more like a pinup girl than a real woman." With her fresh nymphet's face and astonishing 37-23-36 form, Lynda might seem utterly self-assured. But she confesses that "on my first night with a new lover, I still get butterflies in my stomach..." Our Florida sunrise could easily let her face be her fortune, but she's deeply involved in a promising career as a costume designer and is happily starting out as a wardrobe mistress for a Palm Beach theater company. "I'm very handy with a needle and thread," boasts our beauteous Pet, "but for some reason most men seem to prefer me without a single stitch on!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

UNREADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

least the past three administrations has decided that the bulk of the military budget should be spent on the two least likely threats to our security: a surprise strategic attack on the United States by the Soviet Union and a massive invasion of Europe. At the same time, especially since the end of the Vietnam War, the White House has decided that these two contingencies must be taken care of while the rest of the military maintains the *status quo*. At the same time the White House ordered that military budgets could grow only slightly, barely to keep pace with inflation.

The practical effect of this has been the pouring of billions into costly strategic weapons systems, with a few crumbs left for the rest of the military forces. The predictable happened: we have all those fancy missiles, aircraft carriers, and computers, but the money for them came at the expense of the rest of the military structure. No one seriously questions this country's capacity to deter nuclear attack, but any contingency short of nuclear war seems beyond our capabilities.

This fact could not have escaped the White House's attention. Take the example of the current administration. When then–Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld left office in 1977, he warned of what he called "adverse trends," meaning that the Russians were embarked on a major military buildup, especially in their conventional forces. Our own conventional forces, Rumsfeld warned, had been badly neglected, and in order to forestall Soviet military moves the American military would have to be built back up to snuff.

But after Jimmy Carter took office, he ordered a five-month-long study to see if Rumsfeld was right. The study, by Carter's own people, was one of those fascinating little exercises in telling the boss what he wanted to hear. As Carter's people already knew, he had run on a campaign promise of cutting the military budget. With stunning predictability, the study concluded that Rumsfeld was wrong: the Soviet buildup had "stabilized" and Carter could safely ignore Rumsfeld's warning. Carter then ordered the Pentagon budget held to a 3 percent annual increase—actually a decrease, considering inflation. As if in answer, the Russians subsequently flew airborne troops into Yemen and Ethiopia, unleashed the Cubans in Africa, then topped that by invading Afghanistan.

All that was bad enough, but the miscalculation has been compounded by another gaffe: the White House–approved sale of critical technology to the Soviet Union under the aegis of détente. The sales, first approved by the Nixon White House, have turned out to be a series of disasters: oil-drilling equipment, used to make sophisticated antitank shells. Computers, supposedly for "weather forecasting," eventually used to design bombers. And the topper: an $800 million truck plant, built with American help, that was supposedly turning out trucks for Soviet industry. But only several months ago the CIA reported that in fact the plant was producing axles and engines for military vehicles: some of the new Soviet military trucks that rolled into Kabul were produced at that plant, all with American help.

Carter has stopped the transfer of sophisticated American technology to the Russians, but to a great extent he was reacting to pressure from Congress, which has now started to assert itself again on the military. But it still shoulders much of the blame for what has happened. With the exception of a handful of congressional defense experts, it was Congress that not only has been chopping military budgets the past decade but also has been chopping them without much analysis of how the budgets were being spent. In particular, Congress did not bother to dig very deeply into whether the military was even capable of doing its job.

> Only about 13 percent of all U.S. combat fighter planes are in a state of readiness on any given day.

To be sure, Congress is now talking about straightening things out. There are hearings, Pentagon witnesses are getting their feet held to the fire, and there is a general air of emergency about getting the military back on track. Unfortunately, though, old habits die hard: Congress still thinks of solving the problem of America's military the same way it likes to solve every other problem: throw a lot of money at it. So the defense budget will increase nearly 20 percent in the next fiscal year, with all kinds of new hardware and other programs.

But the problem with the military goes far deeper than that. Consider the problem of money: at this point, the U.S. Treasury is holding about $85 billion in already authorized but unspent defense money. The reason why it has not been spent is that while so much else about defense has been neglected, so has the industrial base that is supposed to support that defense.

The defense industry is hard-pressed to produce what it is supposed to produce now, much less anything extra. The reason is a constriction of the industry following the Vietnam War, combined with critical shortages of important materials. The shortages don't get much public attention, but they are causing nightmares for the defense industry, especially in aerospace. Titanium, the lightweight metallic element used in all modern military jets, is increasingly scarce because of a major building program for commercial aircraft. Right now manufacturers have a three-year wait for titanium forgings and a two-year wait for certain products made of aluminum, another critically short material.

The situation is even more critical in the semiconductor industry, which cannot keep up with the twin demands of military electronics and the exploding civilian market. As a result, manufacturers of microprocessors say that they expect a 40 percent growth in the market this year but will not be able to handle all the demand. The bottom line is that the military manufacturers will have to wait even longer for their raw materials, drastically slowing most programs. Worse, the industry is also experiencing a shortage of skilled workers, especially in the electronics area, causing even more production snags.

The snags cover all ends of the spectrum, from the precision nuts and bolts used in jets (there's a 20-month wait for titanium parts) to tanks. While the Russians are turning out 2,600 new tanks each year, America is producing about 350. The problem is not inferior American productivity; right now, there is not enough foundry capacity in this country to turn out hulls and turrets for more than 350 tanks annually.

It is hoped, of course, that while America is turning out only 350 tanks a year, a major war with the Soviet Union does not occur. If nothing else, there would be a problem right off the bat with outnumbered American tanks (the ones that worked, at any rate). By the same token, there would be a problem with troops that may be too stupid to fight, computers that don't work, airplanes too sophisticated for their own good, not enough ammunition to go around, maybe even not enough food, Pentagon officials too busy managing to learn how to fight, and equipment that doesn't work. Deficiencies have a habit of coming back to haunt the people who do nothing about them.

Indeed, no one relishes the possibility of war under any circumstances, least of all when there is a grave question of whether we are even prepared to fight it. Still, the question comes down to this: if we had to fight a war today, do we have any hope of winning it? The question was directed at a senior army officer, a veteran of three wars.

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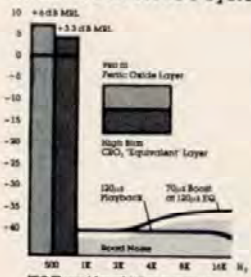

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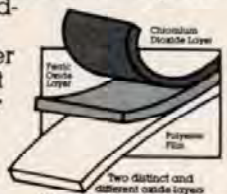

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WEEDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

One during the fancy staff luncheon to decide the deck games for the day. Bobbb went on, "I'LL SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY WITH YOU ON A WHOREHOUSE FRANCHISE." Columbus, who was a man of few words—because of his unexpectedly high voice—put down his egg roll and gazed at Bobbb with the eyes of a philosopher and answered, in his own Italian, "IT IS MY SINCERE FEELING THAT THIS EGG ROLL HAS SHIT IN IT!" As one can clearly see, there was little communication aboard the *Santa Maria*, but then such was the world before Berlitz!

Yes, Bobbb was helpless in trying to talk to Columbus. Deirdre, on the other hand, needed no language as she threw herself, pink primordial tits first, at the dining captain. Columbus, a fine Catholic loyal and faithful to his sixth wife, Constance, shoved the now sex-starved Deirdre away and had her removed to the ship's hold, where she was immediately gang-fucked by the raging Waspian prisoners. And yet, with all the abuse and degradation, she became even more beautiful and luscious than before! (Years later Dolores Costello would make a classic film about the life of Deirdre WhiteWasp, entitled *My Face for the World to Sit On*. It, too, strangely, was never released!)

Bobbb, alas, was also thrown back into the pit at the termination of his sister's position as "Party Girl of Deck Seven," and again he schemed and plotted as the great, heartless waves of the Atlantic smashed against the sides of the hold, causing his brain to explode and the demon in his soul to rage for vengeance! All seemed hopeless, THEN SUDDENLY, around 2:00 A.M.—"Why is everyone screaming on deck?"—the vessel shook with excitement. Even Deirdre, taking a beauty treatment by sitting on the semiconscious *daggerstads* of her captive cousins Lord and Taylor, looked up. There was much merriment aboard. *And why shouldn't there be?* Columbus saw LAND!

The captive Waspians were brought on deck to revel in the land, the land where they would be used and abused as slaves! *And then*, "WE'RE SURROUNDED!" Bobbb was the first to see *them*: small canoes full of little old ladies, wearing hides of silver fur, with blue-tinted hair and shiny gold-painted ornaments. Their canoes began to surround the ship. Bobbb was *shocked* at their garish taste and constantly wagging tongues and quickly convinced the terrified Columbus that they were horrible witches and that he should head for safer waters, though, in truth, the old ladies in furs of silver and hair of blue were the remnant of an Indian civilization whose weak men had all died in the Great Pink Flamingo Plague of the year 1485.

Columbus, trusting the instincts of the Waspian slave who had a perfect nose and bore the strange and mighty name of Bobbb, aimed his three ships north and landed at the place we now call "Palm Beach," and that is how Bobbb WhiteWasp stopped Columbus from first landing at the tawdry and gaudy Miami Beach! Yes, Bobbb WhiteWasp may have been cheap, but he had style!

On the site of Palm Beach lived a peaceful Indian tribe known as the Marrararra (with a silent *r*), who wore no clothing. There were three debated reasons for this: (1) they were naked because of their religious beliefs; (2) they were allergic to woven fibers; or (3) they were the loosest Indians around!

For eight days and eight nights, Columbus stayed aboard ship in his cabin, saying a novena, while his Spanish crew went ashore and raped and ravaged the naked Indians. Meanwhile, below decks, the angry and starving and unguarded

The crew of the *Santa Maria* was close to mutiny, the Waspian slaves were close to revolution, and Deirdre was horny as a hooker on her day off.

Waspian captives were breaking free of the Bloomingdob chains! This was the moment! "COME ON, MEN! NOW! REVOLUTION! KICK 'EM IN THE NUTS!" The Waspian captives (including Bobbb and Deirdre), not aware that Columbus was still on the ship, jumped overboard and swam to shore with clubs in their perfectly shaped white teeth—teeth that, years hence, would cost people thousands to duplicate at the orthodontist! They swam with the speed of anger toward shore to kill the captors who had soiled them with their Spic and Spanish fingers.

In the Indian village, called Amagansett, the Spanish crew—now stuffed with the excesses of rape, gluttony, and Florida Key Lime pie—were all asleep in various positions of defenselessness, such as unconsciousness, drunkenness, and death. The Waspians entered the village and began screaming the ancestral war chant of their forefathers: DORAMBUS AMEBA CUNTA CUMODAK ASSOPISS! (The vulgarity of this phrase is not printable even here, but years later, Cecil B. De Mille would make a $20 million inspirational war epic of this historic event entitled *Kill a Spic for Jesus*. This, too, was never . . .)

The Waspians massacred the unconscious and dead Spanish, and Columbus, hearing his men's screams, stopped his latest novena for a minute and quickly bade the only two men on board—a helmsman who was married to his older sister, Rose, and a priest by the name of Francis who was partial to dressing in see-through female clothing of the Dark Ages—to set sail for warmer waters. And that is why Columbus headed south to the islands of the Bahamas, where, according to recorded history, he discovered the island of San Salvador on October 12, 1492, at 2:00 A.M., never mentioning his Palm Beach caper because of the shame and humiliation at his being beaten by a WhiteWasp.

But all was not palm trees and coconuts for Bobbb and Deirdre in the New World, except that Deirdre did find a half-dead Indian chief whom she sat on for a few days. *It was impossible!* They couldn't take the heat! They couldn't take the food! They couldn't take the friends! They couldn't take the poverty! They couldn't take the laid-back life-style of the semitropics, and it wasn't long before the Waspians became victims of drugs, alcohol, and too many gallery openings. Yes, the last stop in the decaying terminal was on the overheated horizon, and only three Waspians besides Bobbb and Deirdre had survived. And then there were only two: Bobbb and Deirdre blowing air into each other's face to stay alive. They were dying, for no true Waspian can stand too much warmth!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, Bobbb felt a sharp pain in his heart. It was the great pain of loss, like the last moment of a ballet you never want to end—or a great fuck that ends too soon! Slowly Deirdre faded into the hot blur of the boiling Florida sun! "OH, DEIRDRE, DEIRDRE, MY CHEAP BUT SENSITIVE SISTER, IS DEAD!" cried the last Waspian in the midst of an empty Indian village thousands of miles from the security of his cold, safe home among the glaciers, where people never died from diseases of the heart.

Like a wounded wild Arctic animal thrown into a foreign jungle of boiling sand and postcard views, Bobbb WhiteWasp screamed to the Gods of Ice and Order, who turned away their ears for the next 200 years until the English would come to the Whites' aid. The screams of the first male child of Henryyy and Bendelll were, however, answered by a lovely Indian maiden, who had recently killed both her parents for not buying her an Indian blanket. She had hidden these long hot days in the nearby forests, dining on deer testicles.

The lovely maiden's name was Parana. And, *more* important than being Bobbb's first teacher in the sex ways of this new hot land (including how to 69 and dog-fuck), and *more* important than helping

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him open his first tobacco shop (later sold to the American Tobacco Company for highway robbery)—yes, *more* important than all of this filth, she would give him his first child, a daughter destined to become the most beautiful and powerful woman of the New World, carrying on the glorious and mighty name of the WhiteWasp Family! Yes, into the great mountains Bobbb wrote her historic name, and the glorious name was—*NANCY!*

Nancy White—she was the first to drop the "Wasp"—was born early on the clear morning of January 6, 1501. By this time Bobbb was cheating on his killer wife, Parana, with a Spanish wench named Joy Picasso (no relation to the painter) and still plotting how to wreak revenge on his former captors, the Bloomingdobs, who were now colonizing the New World. Yes, Bobbb lived for two things—pussy and revenge!

Shy and sensitive Nancy grew up in this tranquil environment. Bobbb taught her how to fish, and her mother, Parana, taught her how to skin Spaniards, and together they formed a happy nuclear family of the early 1500s. It wasn't until virgin Nancy was 14 that the demon blood of the Whites began to show in her! One night she was alone in the fields close to their mansion near Raleigh—Bobbb was doing extremely well with his tobacco shops—when she saw her first pure American animal, *the buffalo!* Oh, how beautiful it looked! The power of the animal radiated over the plain! Oh, how Nancy wanted a buffalo of her own! Dogs were so vicious! Nancy never trusted small things. She liked BIGNESS! Large people were always more secure. She wanted the largest, the biggest of everything! Her philosophy was "IF IT'S BIGGER, IT'S GOT TO BE BETTER!" Yes, Nancy was the first "real" American!

She ran home breathlessly. "MAMA, I JUST SAW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL IN THE WORLD! HE STARED AT ME, AND I COULD SEE HIS SOUL. HE LOOKS PART HUMAN, PART HORSE, AND PART GOD!" Parana looked at her delicate and poetic daughter, "NANCY, LET'S CUT THE SHIT! DID YOU GO DOWN ON A BUFFALO?" Nancy began to cry, not knowing then what evil and trashy ways would eventually consume her. "NO, MAMA, NO! I WAS JUST LOOKING!"

At that moment Bobbb began to speak in broken Waspian English, sounding very much like Liv Ullman on a Quaalude, "NANCY, FORGET ABOUT BUFFALO AND CHILDISH WAYS. YOU ARE NOW 14, AND IT TIME TO GET MARRIED. I HAVE FOUND YOU HUSBAND, AND HE IS GOOD. YOU MUST HAVE MANY CHILDREN, WHO WILL IN TURN HAVE MANY CHILDREN, WHO IN TURN WILL TURN AND TURN AND TURN SO THAT THEY MAY TURN ON THE DARK, INFERIOR BLOOMINGDOBS AND AVENGE OUR GREAT NAME—AND YOUR AUNT DEIRDRE'S TWAT! YOUR HUSBAND'S NAME IS CHIEF BEAR AZTEC, AND HE IS WAITING OUTSIDE TO TAKE YOU AWAY. *NOW GET OUT, BITCH!* I HAVE SPOKEN!"

Nancy White could not believe her ears. What was she, to be traded off like a piece of Danish? But, like all true Waspians, Nancy did not argue and went, and the great Sioux Chief Bear Aztec opened her legs with the peace pipe of lust, and like her "fucked-too-much-too-soon" Aunt Deirdre, Nancy grew even more beautiful with every heavy bang. Together Bear and Nan built a strong Indian empire that fought the hated Bloomingdobs of her father, and she was made an Indian Queen and learned the Sioux dance to the sun, and she loved her husband, and she was loved by him, and the Indians called her the good, kind, and honorable Queen Nancy—and all the while, down secretly in the *center* of her soul, all she wanted to do was *fuck that buffalo!* (Years later Marian Davies would portray Nancy in the touching film *Spread between Two Lovers*, but *it would never be released*! Actually, the film was burned!)

> If Spanish women cannot screw till they are married, there must be a lot of horny Spics around, Bobbb reasoned. And within hours he was back in the whorehouse business.

And then, as with all Whites before and after her, the slight interest mushroomed into full-blown and degrading lust, and quietly Nancy sneaked out of her teepee and ran for the plains where she had first seen the animals. *And there*, under the majestic splendor of the full moon on the American prairie, was *her* buffalo. No words were spoken as she went to him in a silent dance of desire. Here at last she had found the consummate love—a friend, a lover, and, last but not least, a pet! Yes, Nancy was in love, and the buffalo, smelling the age-old juice of decadent desire, began to throw her the wildest animal fuck this side of a buffalo stampede!

Nancy moaned, "OH, RUSTY, I ALWAYS KNEW IT WAS YOU! CHIEF BEAR AZTEC ONLY MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY AND MY CONNECTIONS. THIS IS REAL—REAL—REAL! I TELL YOU IT'S REAL! NOW FUCK ME, BUFFY, FUCK ME HARDER! I'M COMING!"

AND THEN, Nancy passed out from the sheer thrill of anonymous, cheap sex! When she awoke, the sun was just rising in the east. She wondered if it had been a dream till she looked down and saw the proof this had all been real. *"Look, there is a monster cockprint in my cunt!"* She sneaked home quietly in the shadow of the new day, with a song in her heart and buffalo come in her twat, and quickly rubbed lizard cream tightener on her stretched "lips" for fear her dear husband would get lost. But, as in all true Waspian women, Nancy's cunt soon returned to its "uptight" size, and no one was the wiser, and each night when the village slept, Nancy—who, like any true White, could not control her "animal" urges—crept out to her waiting buffalo, and over and over and over again the sleazy demon in her body screamed for MORE, MORE, *MORE BUFFALO MEAT!*

Now, fucking a buffalo was not what made Nancy White evil and sleazy. NO! Fucking a buffalo was common sport in the sixteenth century. What made Nancy White evil and sleazy, in the tradition of the White family, was that after she finished fucking one buffalo, she dropped him and fucked another. Yes, once she had one, she wanted another. Sex to her was like eating Chinese food! Ten minutes later she was still hungry for MORE, MORE, *MORE BUFFALO MEAT!* And this wasn't a movie but *real life!*

Then, in the fall of 1529—the year after Bobbb and Parana died in the Spanish-Jewish War of Collins Avenue—the shame of Nancy White was exposed by the one buffalo that refused to be used by a White bitch. Yes, Nancy met her match, the king of the herd (known in tight bison circles as Rocko). She sensed something amiss as she flirted with the huge bison, which saw her in the half-full moon. The fatal feeling came over her like a shroud. Yes, Nancy may have been cheap, but she was very sensitive. The Gods of the New Frontier seemed to whisper to her on the prairie wind, "DO NOT FUCK WITH THIS NUMBER, HONEY!"

But, like any dogmatic disciple of decadence, Nancy White threw herself at the huge buffalo. "OH, HONEY, TAKE IT! TAKE IT! HEY, TAKE IT EASY!" Nancy pleaded in her language, as the buffalo pleaded in his: "YOU CAN TAKE IT, BABY! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR WEEKS, AND I LIKE YOUR STYLE! TAKE IT! TAKE IT!"

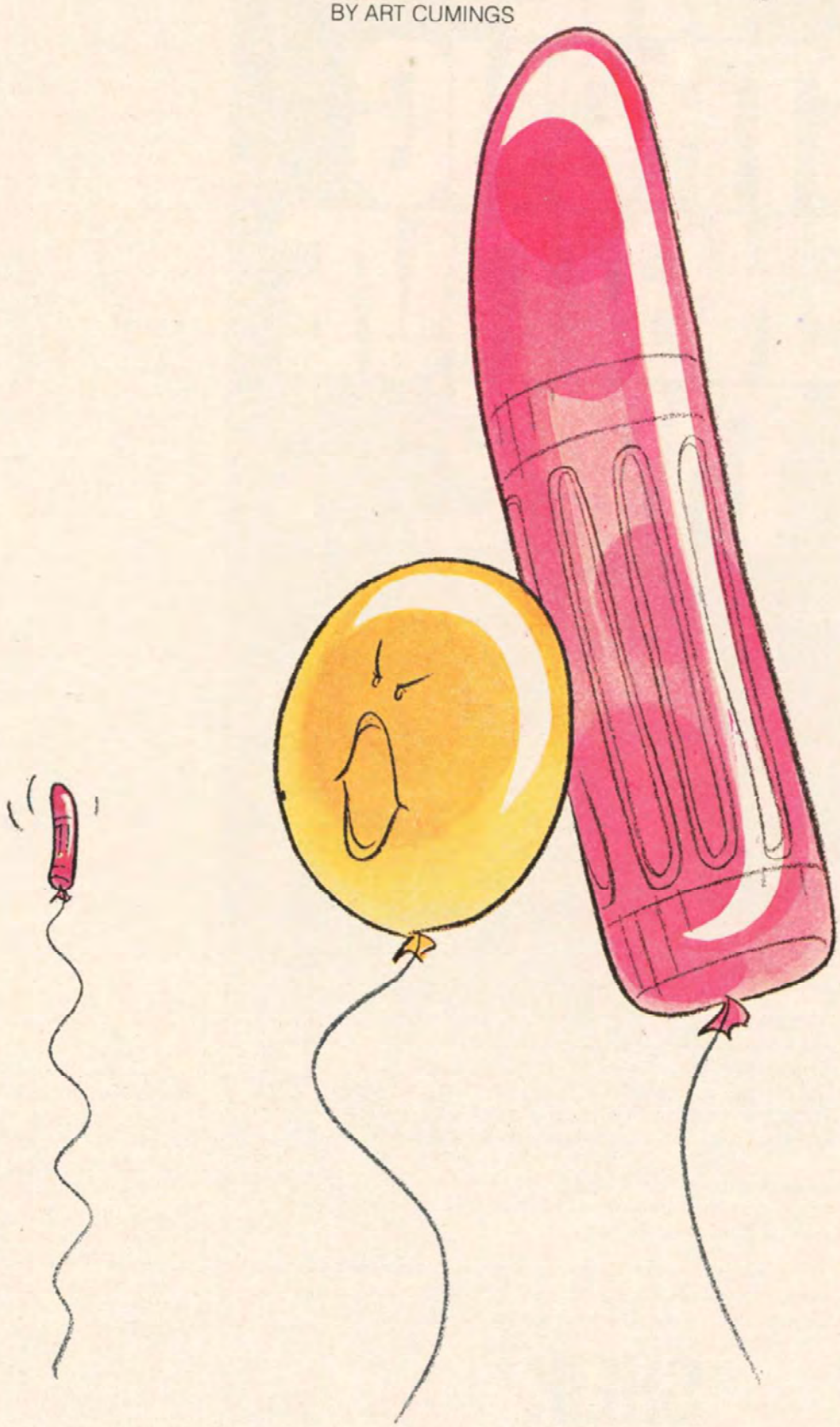
Nancy had met her match! This was no ordinary buffalo! He never stopped orgasming: *once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven . . .*

"LISTEN," Nancy said, "THIS HAS BEEN THE HIGH POINT OF MY AFTERNOON, BUT I HAVE TO RUN!" The buffalo, not understanding the language of fast good-byes, kept banging her! . . . *8, 9, 10, 11, 12 . . .*

"LOOK, BABY, I SAID I WAS FINISHED," Nancy pleaded, to no avail—*13,*

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



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14, 15, 16 . . . The buffalo was not stopping. He was in love, like a boy of *17* . . . *18, 19, 20 orgasms*! YES, the buffalo was IN LOVE!

"LOVE? LOVE? THAT DISEASE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!" Nancy thought as she slugged the buffalo with a metal pipe she carried for muggers and crawled home barely alive, vowing to resume a more respectable life with earlier hours. And she stopped her buffalo ways and became pregnant with child and was in her eighth month WHEN . . .

The Indian village felt the tremulous tension of terror! "I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES!" Nancy thought. Surrounding the village on all sides was the largest herd of wild buffalo ever seen! "MUST I ALWAYS BE PUNISHED FOR MY SINS?" Yes, the king had come for Nancy! Buffalo love was not to be SCORNED! Seeing the angry herd, Nancy went into shock, causing labor pains to shoot through her unclean body. "OH, NO, I'M ABOUT TO DELIVER MY CHILD!" The wild buffalo stamped in place like bulls, the beat of their hoofs creating a Morse code spelling out the words *NANCY! NANCY! WE WANT THE HEAD OF NANCY!*

Nancy's husband tried to plead with them, but it was no use. The buffalo grunts echoed across the still-unsettled country, "YOU CAN'T FUCK A BUFFALO AND RUN!" The herd retreated to position itself for a full attack on the village. "NO! NO! WE'LL ALL DIE! WE'LL ALL DIE—BECAUSE OF THAT WHORE NANCY!" screamed the Sioux village. Nancy's body began to shake with the creation of another White monster. The anger of the buffalo "lynch mob" began to erupt as Nancy's body began to erupt with the new demon! The buffalo herd began its attack. "WAIT! WAIT!" Nancy's child began to slide out of her body! "NO! NO! LOOK! THE NEW WHITE CHILD HAS A LARGE HEAD, A SMALL GOATEE, A VERY HAIRY ASS, AND LIKES EATING GRASS!"

"HERE THEY COME!" The insane herd, led by their heartbroken king, was almost about to devour the village. The Sioux people turned to their sinful queen for salvation. Nancy was the only one to stop them! "QUICK, NANCY, ONLY YOU CAN DO IT!" With the child in her arms—whom she cleverly named BUFFALO JOE—she ran out to stop the savage king and his stampeding bison. "GO BACK, ROCKO! GO BACK!" She kept running into her impending slaughter!

"NO, NANCY, NO!" cried her cheated-upon husband. "COME BACK! COME BACK! THEY'LL KILL YOU! STAY HERE! I WANT TO KILL YOU MYSELF!"

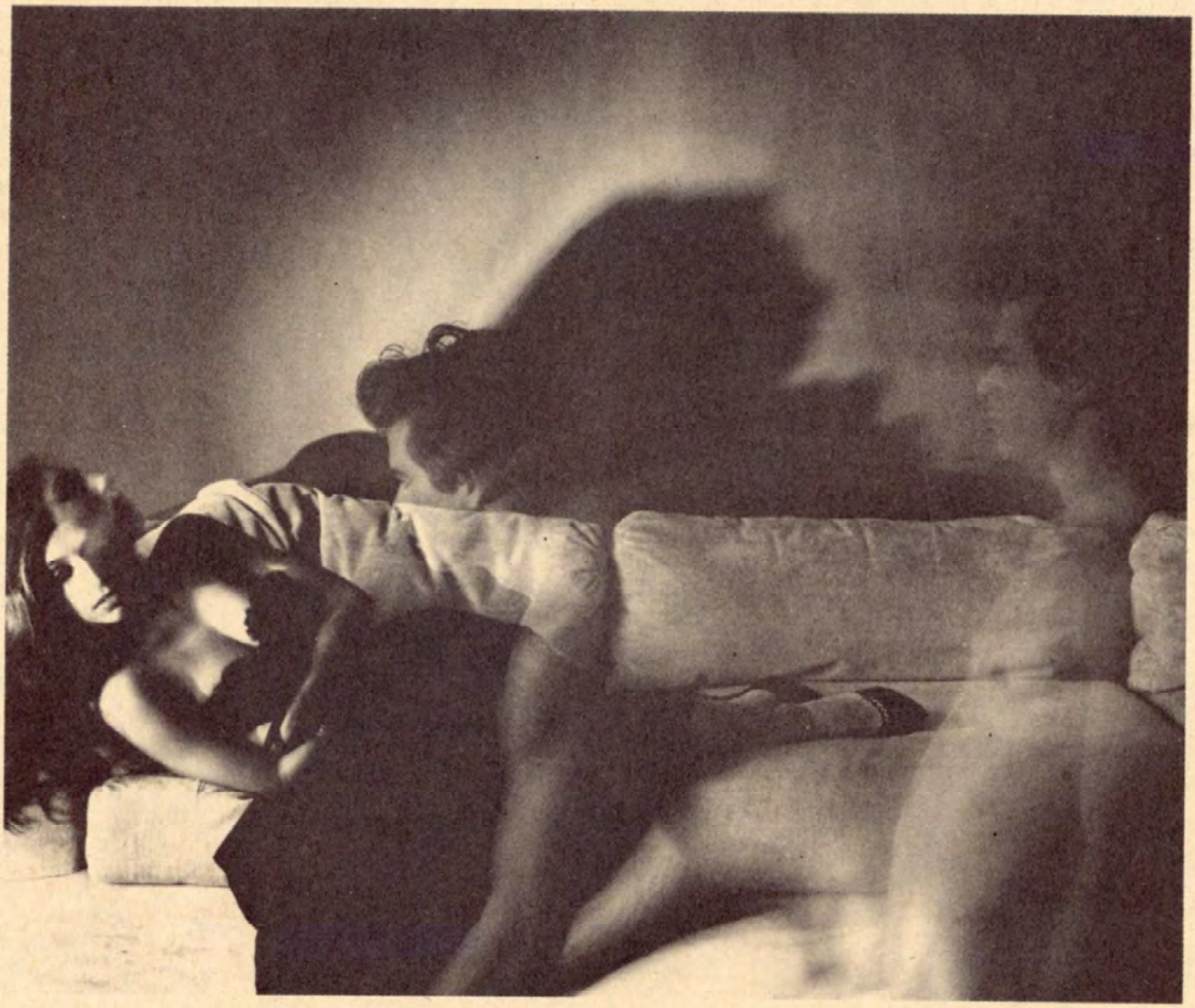
Yes, Nancy White, our presidential candidate's great, sleazy foremother, with babe in arms, fearfully faces a world of animals and the inexorable question: *WOULD SHE LIVE TO FUCK ANOTHER BUFFALO?*

(to be continued)

A new kind of love? Sex fiends who practice transcendental stimulation have discovered a unique form of sensual telepathy, guaranteed to produce extrasensory conceptions.

THE LONG-DISTANCE ORGASM

HUMOR BY GEORGE ROBERT STEELE



Photographs by Marc Tauss

Scientists have told us many times that "we use only 10 percent of our brain," and the poets forever remind us that "sex is all in the mind." For some these two thoughts are more than interesting speculation. Certain unique men and women are long past wondering about the ins and outs of love and the secrets of their psyches. They're busy loving with their minds.

Around the world people are "reaching out and touching someone" in a way that Ma Bell could never hope to compete with. Regardless of distance or circumstance, these lovers titillate, tease, excite, and fulfill their partner's strongest desires. They lick, they caress, they fuck—but never touch. They have unleashed and mastered the deepest sexual powers of the mind. Each, on his own or with the guidance of another, has learned to please or be pleased through the use of "sensual telepathy." They've proved that distance not only makes the heart grow fonder but also can make the sex get hotter. By using the long-distance orgasm, they have broken down barriers that most lovers don't even attempt to scale. With their minds they can reach down into the darkest recesses of a partner's emotions to stimulate and arouse secret sexual needs.

A surprising number of long-distance lovers began their heavenly hobby without a clear understanding of what they were doing. Strong sexual needs coupled with powerful

imaginations plunged them deep into a world of erotic fantasy and forces. Gradually, as time passed, these explorers discovered pathways to a world of ecstasy far beyond that reached by familiar roads. Their adventures into this sexual frontier make flirting and carnal daydreaming seem like X-rated coloring books. One such aroused adventurer is Yvonne.

"This all began for me about two years ago," this 23-year-old revealed. "At first, I thought I was just superhorny. I figured a man was extrasensitive if he picked up on my excitement when I imagined making love to him. The usual flush on his face and bulge in his pants made it clear he was feeling something. I simply had no idea what I was doing until one day last summer.

"It was a lovely day in July. Central Park was cool, the sky was sunny, and the grass was covered with Sunday lovers. Here and there amongst the couples were lonely would-be lovers like me. I was lying on my stomach, reading a D. H. Lawrence novel, working my juices up into a lather. I was wearing only my light silk shorts and halter top. The grass tickled and aroused my skin. I kept pushing my soft mound against the hard mound of earth beneath me. My pulse throbbed. The sun seemed to get hotter, when my eye peeked over my arm. The park looked cloudy, like a view under water or in a dream. Directly before me lay a young and handsome man. He was sleeping only a few yards away. Nothing but loose and brief shorts covered his tanned and muscular frame. Thick sun-bleached hair covered his body like a gentle down longing to be stroked.

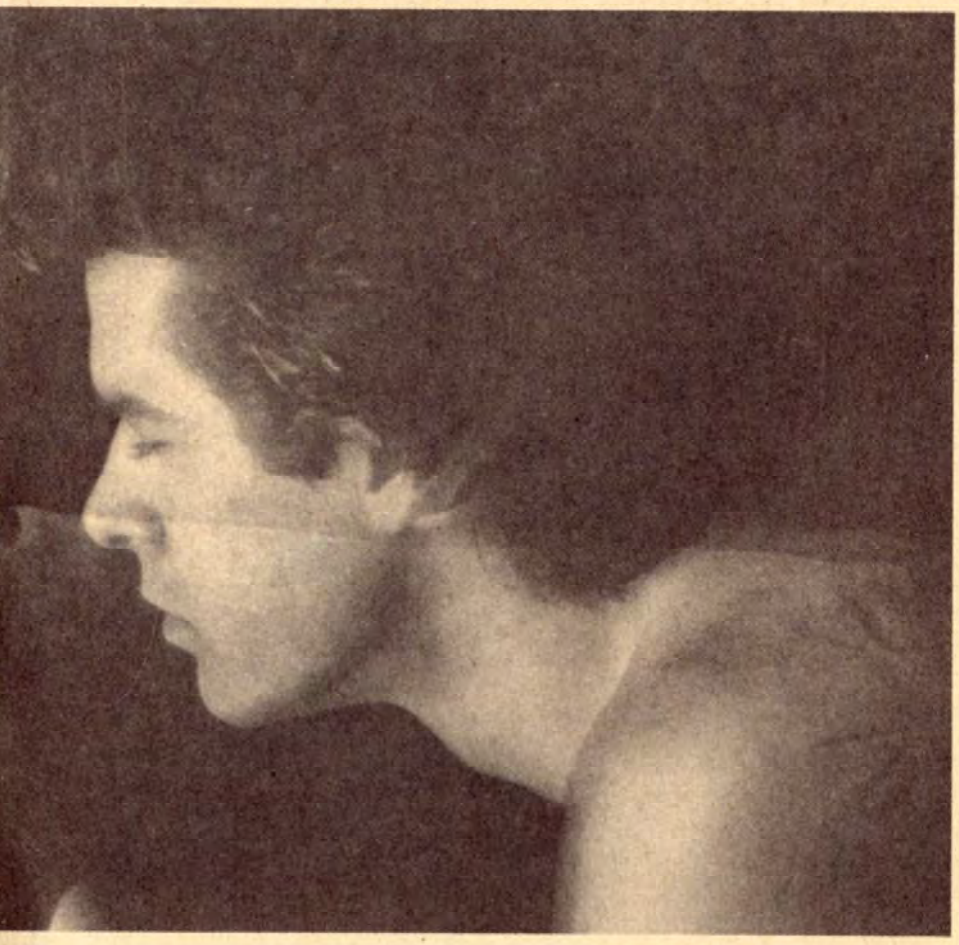
"As I imagined running my fingers over his chest and up his thighs, his skin shivered. His body shook. Enticed, I envisioned my fingers brushing over his shorts, slowly opening his fly, then pulling his pants down and off. His hips rose as the image passed through my mind. I actually began to feel his skin under my touch. The odor of his sex filled the air. I could think only of drawing my lips toward his cock. My eyes stared across the grass at my sleeping lover. His image on the ground and his image in my mind began to merge. I dreamt, saw, and felt the softness and heat of his balls as I caressed them. His shaft grew darker and rose. It felt soft and hot as its head pressed and rubbed against my cheek, when, in fact, my cheek rested in my arms. I could not fully understand what was happening and felt no need to try. The rest of the park faded from view. My gaze reached across to my lover; only his image was clear. I envisioned his cock, my lips surrounding its head. A

salty taste awakened my tongue as I imagined his cock filling my mouth and reaching hungrily down into me. I can remember the shock when I first became aware that my dreaming lover's chest was rising and falling with heavy breaths. His face had become red. His expression showed that he was reaching the highest peak of sexual excitement.

"The understanding started like a dull light in the back of my mind. Beneath those shorts his cock was struggling to escape. I had few other thoughts. The image of his balls in my hands was taking over my mind. My pulse quickened with the vision of his magnificent prick slipping in and out of my mouth. I could feel my lips moist and warm on that gentle skin. I could taste the smooth softness of its underside on my tongue. Then, as I gazed at him across the grass, all of his muscles tightened. He arched backward on his shoulders. Somehow, at the same moment, I could feel him swell in my mouth and his nuts tighten in my hands. Then, suddenly, the taste of semen filled my mouth. I was forced to swallow, even though there was nothing there. He sank back to the grass. I began to come. I cried out. I pushed my clit hard against the warm ground. All at once it was over. I lay unable to move or think. My new lover rested across from me, still asleep, the bulge in his shorts slowly disappearing as a stain grew in its place. I could no longer keep my eyes open. I fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke, he was gone. I have no doubt he was confused and embarrassed by the large, self-explanatory spot on his pants. I never saw him again; New York is a big place. But being big, it has provided me with many sleeping lovers and many deep sleeps of my own on sunny summer days."

Just as many men as women have the ability and desire to get it on without actually getting it in. Elric is a fellow who definitely gets his fair share of sex, whether it's in the flesh or in the clouds. His mastery and enjoyment of telepathic sex is certainly not motivated by a lack of physical prowess. He's tall, well built, and looks like a lumberjack who skydives to work each day.

"The best thing about this psychic-sex stuff is the incredible peaks of pleasure that can be reached," Elric insists. "I've always loved fucking. Who doesn't? What I mean to say, I guess, is that I think sex and loving are almost the ultimate things in life. Oh, I don't mean 'getting laid.' I mean being close to a beautiful woman, touching the softness of her



breasts with your fingers, your lips. To be deep within her is the ultimate in feeling alive. I don't mean just getting into her cunt, but sharing something so intense, so personal, at the same moment. And now, after so many years of sucking and fucking, I've stumbled into a new world of sexual activity.

"I was drawn into this whole thing by the most amazing girl I've ever known. Her name was Rosemary. She was gorgeous. The only thing that could distract you from looking at her tits was her ass. She was a goddess.

"We met about a year and a half ago; a friend introduced us. Three days after we met, we were fucking like two rabbits. Each time we got together, she would get me horny as hell. As soon as I was hot and rolling, she would lay me back and close my eyes. She taught me to visualize my mouth on her pussy and her lips around my cock. She would lie next to me in the dark and focus her mind on the image of my dick. Through her thoughts she would relive the sensations of her lips on my balls and shaft. As she became aroused and the fantasy seemed more and more vivid, the smell of her juices would fill the air. While I lay there, envisioning my tongue stroking and spreading her inner lips, her smell would reach and stir my senses. By this time the images were so strong that the sensations actually became real. I could feel what she was doing. She brought me to the point of climax, although we never touched.

"Now the psychic link between us has become so powerful that we will arouse each other and make love every night. Each of us lies in our own beds, in apartments on opposite sides of the city. Almost like sex-hungry ghosts, we drive each other wild and fall asleep finding total relief. It's fantastic. You can make love to whomever you want no matter how far away you may be. You're never alone and always smiling."

Couples are the stuff that all love is made of. By yourself you "jerk off," but with a lover it becomes "self-stimulation." It takes two to tango, and it takes two to screw. Solo sex is great for the circulation, and it does wonders for the nerves. But when the real show begins, there is always a fuck-or and the complementary fuck-ee. The same holds true for transcendental stimulation. Most telepathic lovers long to please a warm and waiting dear one who longs to please them. Roger and Anne are a young, healthy, highly sexed couple who definitely believe in staying in touch when they are apart. Anne likes to let Roger be the spokesman for the team.

"Anne is an artist," he says. "She works at home. I'm a designer, and I often have to fly to the East Coast to see a client for a day or two. While we're apart physically, we always make love telepathically.

"We've been together for five years. We feel more passionate toward each other now than ever before. We make love every day, even when I'm away on business trips. Our bodies and minds are so attuned to each other that we always come at exactly the same moment. I'm not suggesting that simultaneous orgasm is our biggest goal in life. In fact, we've never even tried to have one—we just do!

"When I'm going away overnight, Anne and I will pick a specific hour when we will both lie in bed naked and let the feelings flow. The sensual energy swells up in us as we fill our minds with the image of each other's body. Anne says her pussy begins to burn with a pleasurable but sexually maddening fire. I can actually feel the heat from my balls on my thighs. My prick seems larger and hotter than it does during real screwing. It's almost as though our distant lovemaking stirred our sexual energies and directed them up through our minds and out into space.

"When we're apart, we never touch ourselves. We find all the pleasure we need psychically. All we do is tune into each other. Distance seems to have no effect. In my mind I actually see Anne before me. I gently kiss her breasts and soft skin. I slowly run my tongue up the warm and moist crack between her thighs. The psychic sensations are superreal. They penetrate deep into my nerves and overwhelm my senses. I think that if it weren't for the emotional need to make love physically, we would fuck away our lives without ever touching. I guess if you could bottle psychic energy, you'd have one hell of an answer to birth control and a pretty fat bank account."

Those who dabble in extrasensory conception have a wide range of likes and dislikes. There are dabblers who like it fast, others who like it adventurous, and the very few who like it dangerous. One such man of the mind with a deep love of danger and pussy is Brendan. He's something of a cross between Harry Houdini and Harry Reems.

"Like other men, I'm overcome with the desire to sexually devour the incredibly beautiful women I see," says Brendan. "They can be walking down the street, sitting in a waiting room, jogging,

or riding a bike. The variations of bodies, faces, and places are endless. But one thing remains the same: my body and balls ache. I long to possess these women, and on many occasions I do.

"My mastery of psychic sex has changed my life and the lives of numerous lovely ladies, many of whom became part of my personal cache. Not that I own or control them. I simply teach them. The process of selection, stimulation, and special instruction begins when I have found a new and promising subject. Invariably, she is a ravishing young woman who exudes a deep sensual nature. I may only have just found her, or I may have observed her for some time. In either case the important thing is to have her where I want her. Only then can I hold her, undress her, and make love to her with my eyes.

"I have several favorite locations that are particularly well suited for my needs: theaters and concert halls are perhaps the best. They're dark and comfortable. Often they have circular balconies conveniently designed to provide some members of the upper level with a view of the rest. I go to the best places regularly.

"When I spot an astral-looking ass, I wait until the curtain goes up before I begin. I focus only on a girl who is sitting in front of the balcony. I need a good view of my new lover to take over her body and pick up on her deepest desires. I must have eye contact. As the show progresses and she watches the stage, my eyes remain fixed on hers. Gradually, she'll begin to shift in her seat. She may even adjust her blouse or bra as my invisible hands reach across the audience below us to caress her shoulders and breasts. As the flow of energy between us becomes stronger, my cock stiffens and my need to explore the rest of her consumes me. Power surges up from my soul and flows from my eyes. It travels through the air and wraps itself around her.

"She is in a half-trance. For perhaps an hour I flood her most private and delicate places with stimulation and pleasure. While her thighs spread invitingly, her eyes now stare deep into mine. She knows who is driving her to the edge of orgasm over and over again. Her mind pleads with me for release. Desire and frustration burn within her as they never have before. As I sit, looking calm and distracted to anyone around me, my cock rages between my legs. My eyes hold my helpless lover frozen. The energy from my mind passes through her body, finding and inflaming every secret nerve.

"Warmth and wetness come from the hungry emptiness growing within her. I fill it slowly, hesitantly. Although she's been silent until now, a low moan escapes from her lips. Sinking lower in her seat, she thrusts her cunt forward. Those next to her are only vaguely aware that she is trying to get more comfortable. Only she and I know that the theater no longer exists for her. Her reality has become the feeling of hot, hard flesh pushing deep into her. Never before has she felt so filled, so penetrated, or so taken. No physical cock could equal the thickness or fullness of what she feels.

"She comes in the most seizing and total orgasm she may ever know. She cannot move or utter a sound. Blood pounds through her veins while tears escape her eyes. Finally she falls into a short sleep. The sounds of the rising audience and brightened lights wake her. As she exits, she leaves her friends and calmly walks to me. She follows me to my quiet place.

"Now she is mine. I will teach her to harness the sensual forces of her mind and soul. Then she will learn to seize the sexual centers within me as I have hers."

Throw four brilliant men and women together and you get an A-1 Think Tank. Let them get to know each other and you get a Fucking Factory. That's exactly the case with Tom, Mary, Mark and Candy. They began their collaboration three years ago while working together as a research team for a New England firm. Each is an extremely bright medical specialist. They also get very horny on cold winter nights. When a blizzard hit shortly after they had started working together, they found themselves snowbound and cut off from the outside world. Comfortable and well-fed, they lived together for a couple of weeks in the company's mountain workshop. While warm and cozy, they mixed together knowledge, and intellect, threw in some lust, and discovered telepathic sex.

It is interesting that it was the ladies who suggested the first experimental session. I don't know where they got the idea, but their motivations are easy to understand. They wanted to fuck the time away but didn't want to worry about losing nine months of work. Mary explains it well . . .

"Tom and Mark are really incredible men. Besides being gorgeous studs, they're the most sensitive men I've ever known. We still get started the same way we did the night we discovered this wonderful experience. We get together in a warm, dimly lit room. After we all undress and form a circle, we sit on the floor. For a little while we just relax. There's nothing like sitting in the nude with two big, hairy men, their swollen cocks jutting up from their laps. We stare into the eyes of the person across from us. At first we talk in a soft, hypnotic way. Eventually we all feel pulled into a sexual trance. From that point on anything goes.

"In the beginning we simply stimulated and explored our partners' bodies with our minds. It was quite some time before Candy and I tried to please each other, even though only our thoughts touched. It was quite a moment for me when she and I brought each other to climax. Mark and Tom were more than a little jealous as she and I became fascinated with each other's feelings. But it was the guys who really pushed the frontier back.

"Tom started it all by bringing out his deepest desire—to have a giant prick. As his dream took over his mental energies, we all perceived his cock to be really huge. I can't say how big it became. Your way of seeing things is very different when you're in that state. You sort of feel and think things; you don't actually see them.

"That night Candy and I soon forgot about each other. All we wanted to feel was that giant shaft inside us. As we all stroked and teased each other's senses, Candy and I almost fought for Tom's attention.

"It was Mark's mind that changed all that. He loves oral sex, particularly when a beautiful woman has her lips wrapped around his cock. Our fixation for Tom's cock made Mark extremely jealous. He soon wanted his own giant member.

"One night, as the mental energies reached out of our bodies to possess one another, there were two "King Kong cocks" waving in the air. We discovered in the telepathic state that the rules and restrictions of the physical realm don't always hold true. As I hungrily sucked Mark's huge staff and Tom's filled my pussy, I realized Candy was devouring Mark's mammoth rod. Somehow in this dreamlike world, sex and pleasure can be multiplied. Logical restrictions stay in effect only if your imagination and will cannot overrule them. Together we've discovered a new world in sex and the best way to stay warm on cold winter nights. It's a ball!"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

HIGH ANXIETY

HOW FAR CAN YOU BEND BEFORE YOU BREAK?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if you're at present, tense

PSYCHOGRAPH

Rollo May, the great psychoanalyst, said, "Anxiety is essential to the human condition." But even though a little tension now and then keeps us on our toes, there are times when all the stresses of modern living crowd into your head and dance around your psyche in combat boots. And that's what this psychograph aims to find out: is the age of anxiety getting to you?

It's possible that our modern age is no more stressful than any other period in history. After all, cavemen worried about being run over by herds of stampeding mastodons, while medieval peasants had plagues, feudal lords, and visiting barbarians to keep things exciting. But modern life has brought us the disappearing ozone layer, acid rains, Three Mile Island, surly bus drivers, and other global disasters and petty irritations.

In any case, science has shown an enormous interest in the effects of stress and anxiety. Back in the 1930s medical researchers like Hans Seyle, director of the Institute de médecine et de chirurgie expérimentales at the University of Montreal, and Thomas Holmes, who is now at the University of Washington, became curious about the causes and symptoms of stress. Since then thousands upon thousands of medical and psychological papers have been written on the subject. Scientists have studied groups of human beings who have had to deal with extraordinary stresses: survivors of mining accidents, concentration camps, and submarine disasters as well as astronauts, paratroopers, and air-traffic controllers.

The buildup of stress, it seems, not only causes psychological problems but also affects our physical well-being. Stress has been linked to everything from allergies and head colds to heart attacks, tuberculosis, and cancer. Stress disturbs the finely tuned chemical systems of our bodies; studies have shown that we are more likely to get sick when we are under excess stress. When the body is under stress, there are minute but measurable changes in levels of amino acids, enzymes, hormones, and vitamins. (When we are under stress, for example, our bodies use up unusual amounts of vitamin C.)

Stress and the problems associated with it aren't confined to any particular social class. A high-powered executive can be hamstrung by stress, but so can a factory worker. In fact, there's a syndrome called "assembly-line hysteria" that can break out when production workers are put under too much stress. Whole groups of workers will suddenly become convinced that they are suffering from some dread disease and will be unable to function. This psychosomatic phenomenon most often occurs among workers who carry out repetitive jobs in noisy factories.

In this questionnaire we outline symptoms and correlates of stress that have been isolated by researchers. Try to examine yourself objectively. If you answer the questions carefully and thoughtfully, you may get a good idea of just how much stress you're carrying around.

1. Do you find you get angry more than you used to?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Do you have trouble sleeping?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Do you frequently have disturbing dreams and nightmares?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. Are you tapping or jiggling your foot at this moment?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do you seem to have less interest in sex than you used to?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Do you find you often compare yourself with others to see whether you're doing better or worse than they are?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Did your parents argue a lot when you were growing up?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. When things around you get screwed up, is it likely to be your fault?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you find it harder to buckle down to your work now than formerly?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you think you are lazier than other people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Do you think of yourself as shy and bashful?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Are you worse off financially than you thought you'd be at this point in your life?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Have you always been jealous?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. Are the palms of your hands clammy?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Would you say that you really don't know where your career is headed?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Was either of your parents seriously ill while you were growing up?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Would you say you're not so healthy as most men your age?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you often have nausea or stomach pains?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Do you frequently go through periods when you feel incapable of making any decision?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you like your boss? (If you're self-employed, substitute here "colleagues," "clients" "suppliers," or whoever else is most crucial to your

current vocation or business.)
(a) yes
(b) no

21. Are you more tired than you used to be, and do you feel like nodding off at times of the day when you never did before?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do your mouth and/or throat often feel dry?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Have you been overeating, or, on the other hand, has your appetite dropped off noticeably?
(a) yes
(b) no

24. Do the muscles in your shoulders, neck, and back often hurt?
(a) yes
(b) no

25. As you've been answering these questions, have you been tapping your fingers or pencil?
(a) yes
(b) no

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

Taken individually, none of the items on this psychograph means anything. After all, you could have a parched throat either because you're tense or because you've just walked across the Sahara Desert. Yet taken together, these items add up to a profile of the typical stressed man.

To find out how anxiety-ridden you are, give yourself one point for each *yes* answer you checked.

If you scored 20–25 points:

You show an extremely high level of stress. Men in this category tend to be hard-driving and highly successful—the obsessive overachievers you read about in popular Hollywood novels. But they often pay a price in the form of wrecked interpersonal relationships and prematurely failing health. They're the men who end up with heart attacks before they're 50. Yet sometimes they have such extraordinarily strong constitutions (they won't *tolerate* sickness) that they manage to bull their way along well into their later years. These men are often terribly impatient and unsympathetic about the failings of others. They can't stand ineptitude. This usually makes them lousy bosses and unfeeling lovers. Women are initially attracted by their powerful drive, but their abrasiveness often sabotages the relationship. At work people like them are hard on their subordinates and have trouble delegating authority. They can't stand watching others do something when they know they can do it better.

12–19 points:

While you may not be operating under the extraordinary levels of stress that men in the preceding category are, you are by no means the most relaxed man in the world. Your life is more stressful than is good for you. You probably share many of the same characteristics with men in the preceding category but not to the same obsessive degree. Men in this group may be torn between two extremes: they are attracted to the high-powered world of achievement and success with all its attendant strains, but at the same time they realize that a life like that can rob them of the benefits that go with a more bucolic, relaxed existence. The inability to resolve this question creates another stress of its own. This is an unenviable dilemma. Rather than forcing yourself to choose one or the other extreme, you should think about dividing your time more carefully than you do now. When you work, work hard; don't daydream about how nice it would be someplace else (like skiing in Vail or reclining on a beach in the Caribbean). On the other hand, when you relax, relax totally. Don't let business intrude on your leisure time. Compartmentalizing your life isn't easy, but it could be the solution to your dilemma.

Men in these two top categories should watch their health. If you haven't had a checkup in quite a while, you may want to schedule an appointment with your doctor. Stress takes a heavy toll on the body, and if you continue to work under this much tension, regular monitoring of your health is very important. Why do you think large corporations mandate frequent checkups for their top executives?

6–11 points:

If there were such a thing as an ideal level of stress, it would probably show up in this category. Men in this group operate at levels of stress high enough to keep them sharp, interesting, and alert, but without making them hypertense crazies. They understand what Rollo May meant about anxiety being essential to life. They accept stress as a normal part of life but don't let it take over. They know there are times when stress is appropriate (as in an actor about to go onstage or a salesman making his pitch for a big deal), and they don't try to avoid it in those situations. If you're in this group, it's likely that you've achieved a salutary balance in your life. You're probably progressing well in your career, but you're not letting tensions rule the rest of your life.

0–5 points:

You're so relaxed that you probably fell asleep halfway through this psychograph. You're one of those rare people who can keep calm in the midst of catastrophe. Anybody who can be so completely composed is to be admired. Such inordinate composure, however, can sometimes be a drag on your career. Superiors may interpret your calm as lack of enthusiasm, while others may view it as downright eerie. They may respect your composure, but they may also wonder whether under that calm exterior you're not hatching plots against them. (Highly stressed people have a tendency to be paranoid about things like that.) Of course, you may not care much about career success in the first place, having decided that achievement isn't worth the tension and anxiety you have to pay for it. In any case, you're not going to let it bother you, are you?

A NOTE ON LIFE CHANGES

If some traumatic event has recently taken place in your life, the score you achieved on this questionnaire may not accurately reflect the *general* level of stress in your life. Over the years Dr. Thomas Holmes and his colleagues have compiled a list of the life events most likely to cause high stress. Leading the list are death of a spouse, a lover, or a member of your family, divorce, marriage, spending time in jail, a serious injury or illness you've experienced, and losing your job. If you have recently lived through one of these events, your score may be higher than it would be normally. Your stress level will be likely to drop as the shock of the life change gradually dissipates.

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION

BY EDWARD SOREL

THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF EMPTY RADICAL RHETORIC I'D EXPECT FROM YOU... SUPPOSE YOU DID ELIMINATE CARTER, YOU'D STILL BE STUCK WITH MONDALE...
...WHO'S ALSO A STOOGE FOR ROCKEFELLER
IN THAT CASE ELIMINATE BOTH OF THEM.
THAT WOULD MAKE THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE PRESIDENT... THAT'S "TIP" O'NEILL... AND IF YOU BUMP HIM OFF YOU'LL GET THE PRESIDENT PRO-TEM OF THE SENATE...
...WHO IS MAGNUSON... AND IF YOU "WASTE" HIM YOU'LL GET SECRETARY OF STATE VANCE AND AFTER HIM COMES EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE INCOMPETENT, G. WILLIAM MILLER!
AND THE NEXT IN LINE AFTER HIM IS DEFENSE SECRETARY HAROLD BROWN... AS YOU CAN SEE IT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WE NEED- A LEADER SO INCOMPETENT THAT A REVOLUTION BECOMES INEVITABLE!
HELL... IF THAT'S GOING TO BE OUR STRATEGY WE'RE BETTER OFF STICKING TO CARTER.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Why don't we all send a letter to President Carter saying so? He will be certain to listen to his constituency in an election year.—*Dennis Dacey, Union, N.J.*

It gets worse

With regard to Marjorie Rosen's article "Bring Back the Sixties," (March 1980), I believe that Ms. Rosen has a very poor understanding of history and the present state of the world. She tries to make believe that conditions at the present time are no better or worse than they were in the previous decade.

I suggest she read the books of the great British scientist and philosopher Bertrand Russell and see why conditions in the twentieth century have been deteriorating since 1914. Technology has been out of control since World War I, and technology and science have brought out the worst in human beings.

The American people do not understand the reasons why their lives continue to get worse, but they realize that this is happening and therefore look desperately back in time. In the 1950s people looked back to the 1920s. They had been told by scientists that the world as they knew it could be destroyed by an H-bomb. Never before had people been confronted with such an incredible threat.

Since the development of the atomic bomb in the early '50s, the capabilities of science and technology have increased to the point where the world can be destroyed thousands of times over. On a conscious and subconscious level, this has naturally had a great effect on the mental state of human beings.

I believe that Ms. Rosen could benefit from reading the works of other great minds, such as H. G. Wells, Albert Einstein, and Isaac Asimov, along with Russell. It is very sad, but these men decided decades ago that human beings were a doomed species, and as the world comes closer to ultimate destruction, people will look back to times when the present technological madness was not so evident.

However, such nostalgia will not postpone the inevitable. There is an ancient saying going back to the dawn of time: "The gods first make mad what they wish to destroy." By practically denying that there have been no changes in the world in the past 30 years, Ms. Rosen is an example of the madness that will soon consume us all.—*M.C., Bronx, N.Y.*

Minor error

With regard to the article on Kenny Roberts, "Leader of the Pack" (April 1980), let me make a minor correction: 80 miles west of San Francisco is 80 miles into the Pacific Ocean. Modesto is located roughly 80 miles *east* of the city.—*M. McKown, Denair, Calif.*

If you'd like a booklet describing our distillery tour, drop Ray (or Clay) a line.

VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY and it's likely that one of these gentlemen will show you around.

That's Garland Dusenberry, our weekend guide, standing on your left. Big Yodeler Brannon is the gentleman with the walking stick. And the Rogers twins, Clay and Ray, are seated in between. Behind, you've got Boss Edens, Billy Carpenter and Lamont Weaver. Each of these boys can talk forever about Jack Daniel's. But just a sip, we believe, will tell you a whole lot more.

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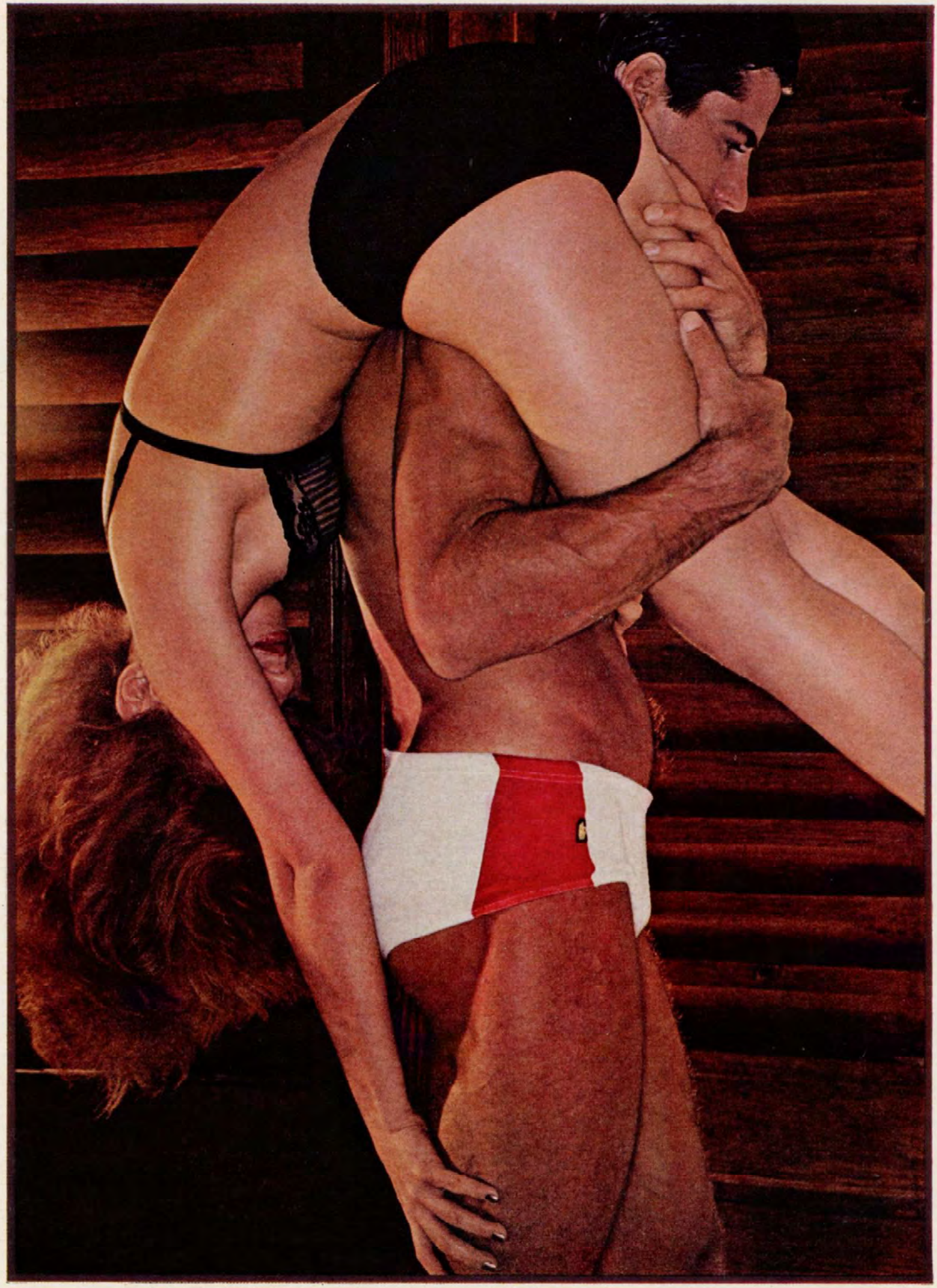


What the best-undressed man is wearing

THE BOXER REBELLION

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

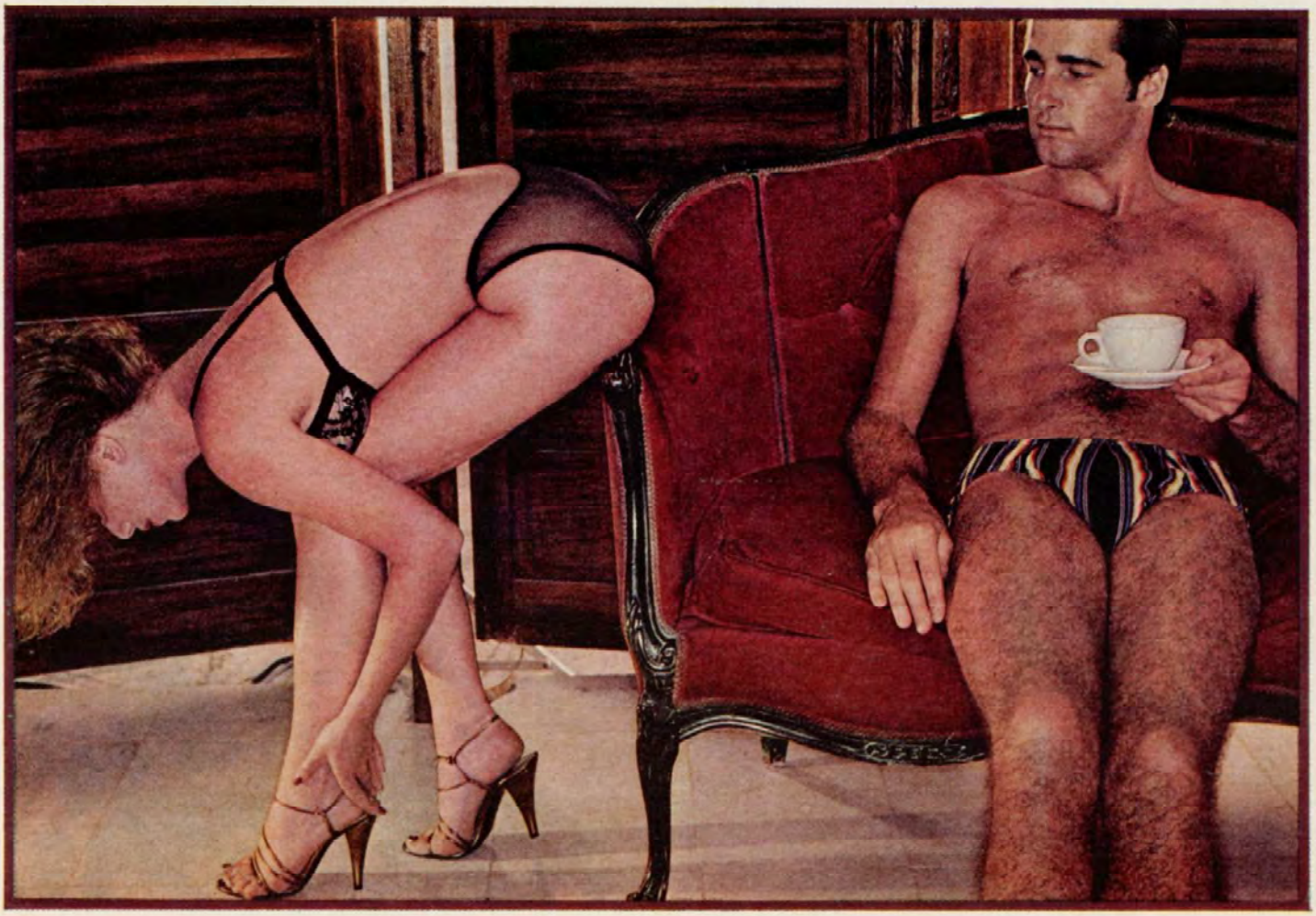
You've come a long way when a woman can ask you out for a date, pick up the check, and then take you home to show you her mobile sculpture. Congratulations! You have become a sex object. But when she finishes removing your Continental suit and your Qiana shirt, are you left standing in a pair of shapeless boxer shorts and middle-aged socks? Undress yourself in front of a mirror, and if you start laughing, it's time to reconsider what lies beneath. Today even a traditionalist can find something that spells s-e-x, while the avant-garde will want to experiment with revealing briefs and bikinis, just in case they get caught with their pants down, which is inevitable.

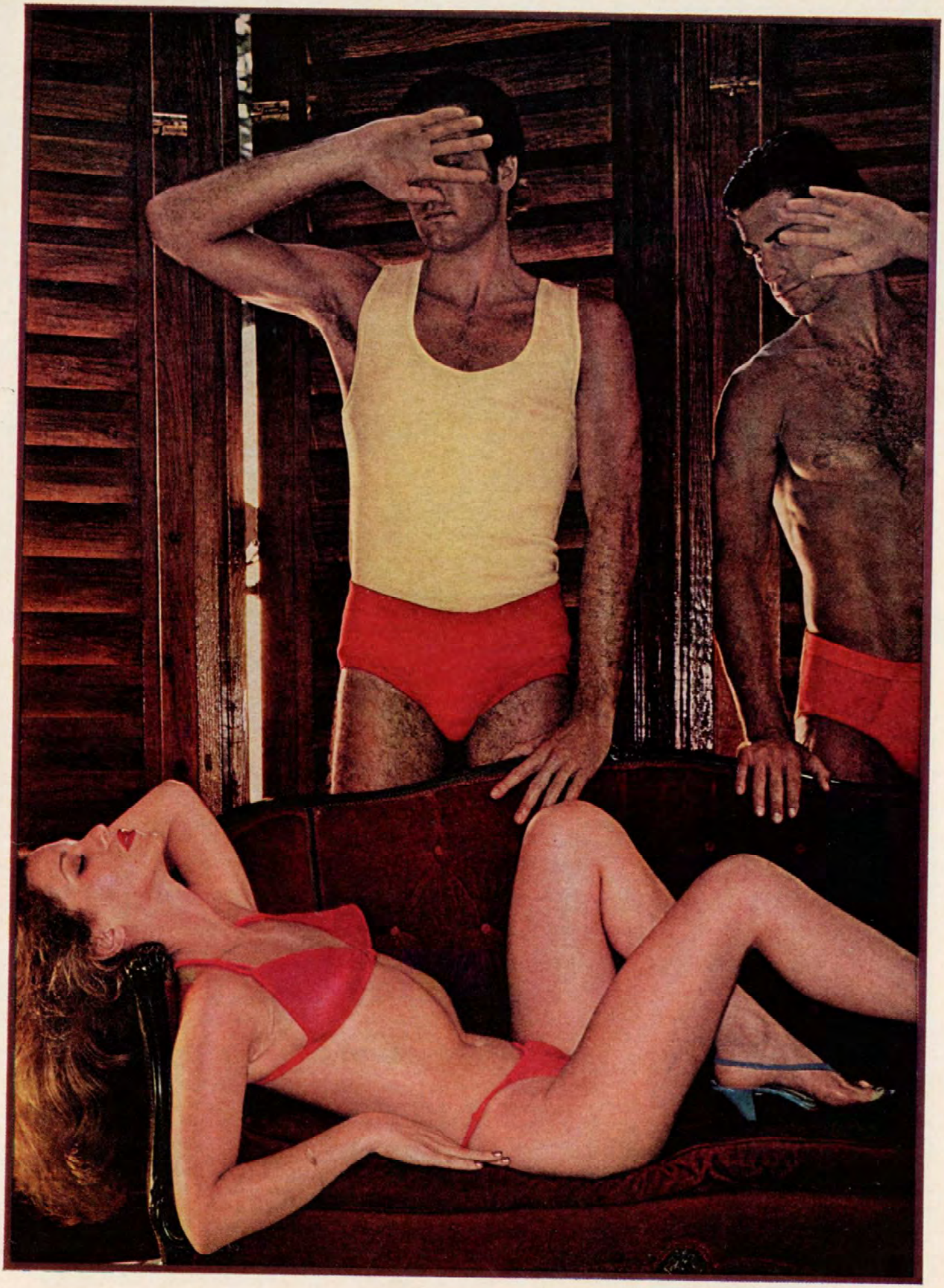
(opposite) *The cotton-and-polyester, side-paneled mid-width brief ($8) is Sasson Underthings by Fallas. All her lingerie from Montenapoleone, Madison Avenue, New York.* (above) *At left, the gray blue, cotton-and-Lycra Spandex mid-brief with white-contrast trim ($13) is by HOM. The pale blue, all-cotton brief with fly-opening and decorated elasticized waistband ($9) is by Eminence International.*

(below) *The all-nylon colorfully striped brief, which can also double as a swim brief ($5), is by Gil Cohen for Boulet International. Her shoes by Carina Nucci, New York.* (right) *The bright red, combed-cotton mid-hip brief ($4) and yellow, combed-cotton athletic shirt ($3.50) are by BVD. The orange, all-cotton modified brief ($3.50) is Poco by Jockey International. Her shoes at Charles Jourdan, New York.*

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 166

Photos taken inside the villas at Habitation Leclerc, Port-au-Prince, Haiti





IN THE JULY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

AN INTERVIEW WITH SUZANNE SOMERS

The star of television's "Three's Company" talks of her past, her sexy prime-time success as America's latest blonde bombshell, and her new film career. An intimate, uncensored portrait of a star.

WOMEN'S MASTURBATION FANTASIES

Part 2 of *Forum*'s Female Masturbation Survey. Judith Slawson reports on the astonishing variety of fantasies women use to turn on when masturbating.

WHAT WILL MAKE HER SAY YES

"I know that a man who listens to me with undivided attention will also make love to me with undivided attention." Joshua Bagby reports on what women want *most*.

HOW TO BEAT DEPRESSION

If depression is robbing *you* of sleep, energy, or sexual desire, *Forum* offers some helpful tips on how to get out of the doldrums.

WHY I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN

Like more and more women these days, Colette Connor tried marriage and found it wasn't for her. So she found freedom in a divorce and happiness in a liberated life-style. This month's personal-opinion piece is sure to spark controversy.

OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

and leave the phone.'

"'Nyet,' they say. 'Is impossible.'

"'Don't give me that 'is impossible' crap!' I say. 'Give me back my phone!'

"They start to bring the bed back in. 'No, no! Just the phone! I want the bed out, and the phone in!'

"'Bed out, phone out,' they say. 'Phone in, bed in.'

"I can see there's no use arguing. I've got to get the bed out; so I let them go.

"I go downstairs to the management of this cozy little inn here. I explain to them in baby talk that I'd like my phone back. 'Certainly, sir,' they say. 'We are terribly sorry for inconvenience. We shall send somebody up directly with phone and bed.'

"'Hey, that's great,' I say, 'But just the phone will do fine.'

"'Oh, no, sir,' they say. 'I am afraid that is out of question. The phone goes with bed.'

"'*Why* does phone go with bed?' I say.

"'Because that is rule.'

"'Well, *change* the rule! I'm going to be here until August, and I need a phone.'

"'We do not make rule, sir,' they say, et cetera, et cetera, and it soon becomes clear I'm not going to make any progress this way. Meanwhile the head of the frigging NBC television network is on the phone with Russian key ladies, trying to get one of them to slip a note under my door.

"Well, one night it's about 2:30, and I hear someone banging.

'Nyet!' I shout. 'Nyet cigarettes! Nyet jeans! Nyet dollars!' You see, there are people walking up and down the halls at all hours of the night, trying to buy American cigarettes off you, buy the blue jeans right off your ass, change your dollars at the black-market rate, whatever. It's those goddamned people who hang around the bowling alley. I can't deal with any of these suckers. I could get thrown out of the country. I've got a show to put on, for Christ's sake.

"But the pounding continues. So I throw on a robe and answer the door. Lo and behold, it's one of the guys from behind the desk.

"'Meester Freeshette? Telephone call for you from States.'

"A telephone call? For me? Lord have mercy! So I get into some clothes and follow the guy down to the lobby. He takes me through a door into the cashier's office, and there on the desk is a telephone off the hook. And I look down, and I tell you, I nearly had twins: it's 362-2105! My baby! So I get on, and it's New York. 'Frishette! Thank God we've finally found you!'

"Well, in the morning I go down to the cashier, and I talk real slow to him, and I ask him what my phone is doing in his office. It's simple, he explains. The hotel is authorized to have a certain number of telephones with specific numbers, and if they take one out of a room it has to go somewhere, and this is where it went. So I ask him pretty please if he couldn't just sort of bend the rules a little bit. As long as the phone's got to go somewhere in the hotel, why don't they put it in my room? I won't tell anybody, I promise. And he says he can sympathize with what I've been going through, plus the fact that the phone rings all day with people calling for me, which is very disturbing to him; so he'll do his best.

"Well, you could've knocked me over with a feather when they came to reinstall the phone. But—"

The telephone rings. Frishette rolls his eyes. He goes over and picks it up. "Nyet," he says. "No, no, no. No Kosmos. NBC! NBC!! NBC!!!" Clunk.

"They reinstall the phone, but in the meantime the word has gotten around that you can reach this hotel by calling 362-2105. And people who've been able to raise the Kosmos's cashier by using that number have given it to other people—not just people in Moscow, people all over Russia. People all over the freaking world. And so now, every few minutes around the clock, people from Cuba and Czecho and South Yemen and who knows where are calling the telephone in this room, absolutely certain that it's the switchboard of the whole hotel."

Frishette goes over to a shelf stacked high with Oreo cookies, Doritos-brand Nacho-flavored tortilla chips, Nabisco chocolate grahams, Sun-Maid dried apricots, Milky Way bars, and other anti-Soviet edibles he has smuggled in from Burbank. He tosses me a Reese's peanut butter cup. I let it dissolve on my tongue like a sacrament.

We on the outside think the worst thing about the Soviet Union is being sent to Siberia for 15 years for drawing a mustache on a Lenin poster. It never occurs to us that it is in the luxury hotels of the workers' state that the ultimate dramas of human suffering are being played out. Let Amnesty International observers into the Hotel Kosmos, and the Soviet system would stand condemned for what it really is—a society in which the phone goes with the bed, and the bed goes with the phone.

"The Russians supply the broadcast center, thirty-seven channels of TV signal off one hundred forty cameras, five Ampex HS-100 slo-mos, fourteen mobile units, and one thousand seven hundred forty monitors," Frishette tells me. "We bring in forty-five tons of equipment. Forty-seven Ampex VPR-2 tape decks. Still-store discs. Chyron IV character generators for putting names on the screen. Swiss timing keyers. Electronic slide stores. Quantel digital effects systems. Eighteen RCA TK-670 and TK-76B cameras. A switching matrix with forty thou-

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CHARLES JOURDAN
3 West Fifty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 421-4250

sand five hundred crosspoints. A phone system big enough for 660 NBC people to talk to each other. Film chains. A master control. Two Pong games for the staff lounge. A nail puller. You should've seen the Russians crowd around when we started opening crates. They'd never seen a nail puller before."

"Booze for the crew?"

"Not necessary. We can buy it here." Frishette breaks out a fifth of Johnny Walker Red. "They're letting us buy in the coupon stores—special deals hidden away in office buildings, off limits to the public, stocked with all kinds of goodies, where the bigwigs shop. You don't think Brezhnev lines up with the rest of the proletarians, do you? See the price on this bottle? Two rubles. That's one dollar at the black-market rate. Think of the subsidy the government has to pay to sell imported Scotch to party members for a buck. Oh, well, to each according to his needs."

I raise my Kosmos bathroom glass high. The bottom is stamped MADE IN FRANCE. "To the American way of opening crates. Long may it wave."

"I'll drink to that," says Frishette. But before he can, the telephone rings.

"What? Who? Nyet! Nyet! No Kosmos. No Kosmos. NBC. NBC. N-B-C!"

A TALK WITH AN OLD OAK

There is not a taxi to be had in the driveway of the Rossiya. A line of black Volgas is waiting for Soviet officials having meetings in the hotel. I go up to one of them. The driver is reading *Izvestia*. I ask if he can take me to 22a Gorky. He turns slowly and looks me over. He goes back to his reading. Not a word. I take out a five-ruble note and push it at him through the window.

The prospect of making eight dollars wonderfully concentrates his mind. "*Pazhalusta*," he says, putting aside his paper and motioning me inside.

A Russian friend has agreed to be my interpreter. I meet him in front of the mint-green-painted palazzo that houses the Organizing Committee of the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow. The lobby is paved with pink marble, lit by a sparkling chandelier, and flanked by neo-constructivist wall sculptures depicting the joy of industrial production. The decor is a generous cut above that of other Moscow offices. We are greeted by Mrs. Gorbachova. She conducts us to an enormous hall with a 25-foot ceiling, a parquet floor, and a magnificent cut-glass chandelier. The walls are covered with gray-green-striped silk satin and lit with sconces of crystal and brass. The tall windows are draped with gathered white curtains, scalloped at the bottoms and trimmed with long fringe.

In the middle of the room is a blond-wood conference table surrounded by 22 chairs covered in olive-green velvet. In the center of the table is a silver-plate tray with bottles of soda, glasses, and ice. Next to it is a stand from which hangs a small banner of Misha the Bear. Gorbachova seats us on one side and leaves the room.

She returns with a short, dark-skinned, powerfully built man in a glen-plaid suit, a shirt boldly striped in rust and gray, and a maroon-and-gray-checked tie. He is wearing the largest, shiniest watch I have ever seen, a small clock actually, and eyeglasses with two-tone frames. I stand up for a handshake, but he proceeds directly to the opposite side of the table and sits down. He reaches into his jacket pocket, takes out a card, flicks it across the table, and fixes his eyes on the ceiling. I catch the card. It is printed in black and red on coated stock: STARODOUB, Allan Emilyevitch, Head of the Press and Information Section.

"Starodoub," my interpreter whispers to me. "'Old oak.'"

Starodoub speaks only Russian. "What do you want me to tell you?" he says. No beating around the old oak.

"What have your biggest problems been?" I ask.

"At first it was a shortage of labor. We required fifty thousand construction workers and were concerned that to obtain them would mean slacking off on non-Olympic building projects. But work on Olympic facilities is considered an honorable enterprise, and enough people, especially students, volunteered for us to fulfill our plan. So plans for construction on a national scale have not been decreased."

Starodoub has made an ingenious paper car and is driving it on the table with one finger.

"Out next difficulty has been the training of personnel. It is easier to build the rocket than to train the cosmonaut. The biggest problem has been linguistic. Fifteen thousand interpreters have been trained, in a total of forty-five languages. There will be one interpreter per ten or fifteen tourists. We're not sure how it will work out, but we're certain that by the end of the games there will be mutual understanding."

Starodoub pours glasses of ginger ale for all present.

"What about security?" I ask.

"This aspect will be very well taken care of here. Before the games in Munich and Montreal, newspapers around the world wrote that all the pickpockets in the world would congregate in those cities. Many in the press have ideological biases that have caused them to write in a negative way about the 1980 games. But I haven't seen any reports that all the pickpockets in the world are about to congregate in Moscow."

Starodoub is making a little happy Misha the Bear pin walk along the table's edge. Tip, tap, tip, tap.

"At least one top Communist party official," I say, "has warned of the ideological impact on Soviet people of three hundred thousand foreign visitors with

alien ideas and principles who are expected to attend the games. Do you see this as a problem?"

"I haven't heard this," says Starodoub. "An official of the party could not have made such a statement. Not a chance."

"I happen to have the clipping here," I say.

"I'm certain no such thing has been said," Starodoub says. "The statement is the result of several different agencies which interpreted it before it was published. Russian children have a game called Tyilyifon . . ."

"In any event," I say, "how do you view the prospect of having so many thousands of ambassadors for capitalism visiting Moscow?"

"Such contacts have been going on for so many years that it is amusing that a statement such as you cite should be made. We have had an average of four million foreign visitors a year over the last five years, after all. So there's nothing new about foreign visitors—it's just the concerted impact of them which is without precedent.

"That's why it sounds like a silly statement. We don't refer to our guests as propagandists of alien ideas and principles. Our visitors have their views—they may keep them. We do not interfere in their life-style, and we expect them to do the same.

"There are certain preconceptions which visitors with certain ideologies may hold. But we don't believe that there will be complications on the personal-contact level."

"As an example of a preconception which I held," I say, "on the way upstairs I noticed a very impressive Coca-Cola vending machine, the only one I've seen in the Soviet Union. I knew you had Pepsi, but I didn't think you had Coke."

Starodoub chuckles. "We have all the liberties," he says.

AS THE SUN SETS OVER THE U.S.S.R. THE SPORTS FAN IS BID A FOND FAREWELL

Intourists delivers the sports fan to the airport. He falls in behind a group of Danish tourists in the hope that he will be processed as a member of a long line rather than as himself. He discovers, however, that the border is one place where the Soviet authorities treat everyone as an individual. He is asked to show his money, to make sure that he has not changed any on the black market. He makes the mistake of letting the inspector see his wallet, which contains a note pad with memoranda such as "Re chandelier in Olympic committee meeting room, point out that per interview in November 1979 *Penthouse*, released dissident Edward Kuznetsov's job for 16 years in labor camp was polishing glass for lighting fixtures."

The sports fan tries to look as Danish as possible, but the contents of his bag-

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gage suddenly have become a matter of state interest. He is asked to open his suitcases. Inside there are a few score pages of similar jottings. The sports fan takes a deep breath and does his best to look bored, harmless, and very far away. The inspector motions a colleague over. The colleague riffles through the sports fan's papers. Encouragingly, he is not able to speak or read English. The colleague steps away for a moment and returns with his superior, a slim officer with a disheartening number of red stars on his epaulettes. The slim officer speaks English better than the sports fan.

"What are these?" he asks.

"Notes," the sports fan replies.

"Notes about what?"

"Various things I have observed."

"What sort of things, specifically?"

"For example, a description of the hotel I stayed at in Moscow."

"All of these notes are about the hotel you stayed at in Moscow?"

"No."

"What else do you describe in these notes?"

"For example, accounts of conversations with various people."

"What sort of people?"

"People in Moscow."

"Did you know any of these people previously?"

"No."

"How were you introduced to these people?"

"In varous ways."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a journalist."

"You have here much regarding the Olympic games," he says.

"I had the opportunity of meeting with a representative of the Olympic Organizing Committee and visiting the Olympic sites."

A pause of 20 minutes ensues while the slim officer steps away to read every word of the sports fan's notes and the inspector and his colleague make certain that his luggage does not have false bottoms. Then the slim officer returns.

"Will you come with me, please?"

The sports fan looks longingly at the Danes appraising bottles of pepper vodka in the duty-free shop just past the customs area. He follows the slim officer to a small room with nothing in it but a desk and a telephone. The inspector and his colleague come in after him. Behind them is a person he has not noticed before. He is tall, with dark, neat, shoulder-length hair, wearing an aluminized ski jacket, a tooled belt, blue jeans, and Pumas. He stands by the door, with his arms folded, and looks at the sports fan dispassionately through aviator glasses.

The sports fan feels his anal sphincter loosen. He visualizes himself with his head shaven, grinding crystal pendants in an icy workroom. He considers that the image of the KGB man as Akim Tamiroff in an astrakhan hat, spherical and covered with wens, is somehow comforting. The Peter Fonda look he does not appreciate at all.

"Have you any letters?" asks the slim officer.

"No," says the sports fan.

"Manuscripts?"

"No."

"Weapons?"

"No."

"Narcotics?"

"No."

"Soviet currency?"

"No."

"Empty your pockets onto the desk, please."

Package of Kleenex for required self-sufficiency in Soviet water closets. Matches. Passport. Wallet. Traveler's checks. Gloves. Pilot Razor Point marker. Two packs of Marlboros.

The inspector carefully reaches into each pocket to ensure that the sports fan, preoccupied as he is with thoughts of a bowl of thin soup with a fish eye floating in it, has not neglected to produce any of his belongings.

Then, suddenly, the sports fan finds himself alone in the small room with the door ajar. Is he free to leave? Only one way to find out. He puts his things back into his pockets. The coast is clear. He walks unchallenged back to the customs area. The inspector is back at his post, staring past him. The sports fan zips his bags. A porter takes them. He shows his boarding pass to the gate attendant and walks through the metal detector, down the stairs, and into the night.

The bus is waiting for him. He gets on. There is a tiny orange glow in the distance. The bus moves toward it. The glow gets larger. In its center is a woman dressed all in green, with long, golden hair. The woman is an angel of mercy surrounded by a mandorla of light. The bus stops. The sports fan steps down onto the tarmac. The angel has come in her craft to take him to a better world. At her feet is a silver stairway. He floats up to her. Her skin is clear and radiant, her lips full and glistening, her teeth small and white. Her hair flows and shimmers. A pair of tiny wings is pinned to her breast. Between the wings are engraved three letters, SAS. With a voice like a wineglass struck with a fingernail, she beckons him aboard. The craft is richly appointed. Evidently a large number of Danes are going to a better world as well.

The craft begins to move. Unearthly music is heard. It is being made by supernal trumpets hung from the wings of the craft. Its pitch and volume rise until his entire body resonates with the glory of transportation. He looks out into the darkness and watches the ground fall away. The angel leans over him and asks if he would like something to drink. He breathes in her fragrance. She is scented with the rarest essence of the place from which she has come, and to which they are going.

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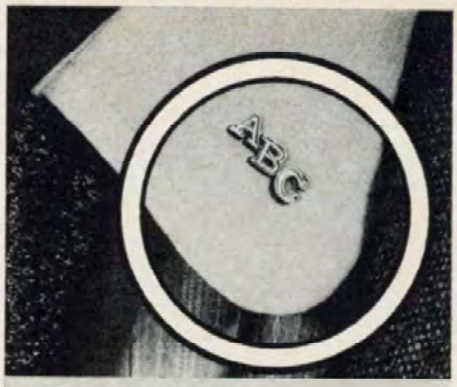

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MONDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

departed on the instant, but the King's aircraft has become disabled under circumstances which are, to say the least, mysterious. I am obliged to listen to a litany of accusations suggesting the participation of my country and my King in wildly notional financial adventures. Yours is a prosperous country, Mr. Dunstable. Solely because of a decision taken by us. I would think we would have deserved better at your hands than this. I can see no point in continuing this conversation along these lines."

Dunstable seemed unimpressed. "Well, sir," he said, "no point in gettin' all worked up. Let's break for lunch. Afterward, we've got some real interesting stuff to show you."

The Minister was relieved. But at lunch he could manage no more than a glass of tea. When the Minister returned to Aspen Lodge after his unsatisfying lunch, he was not at all reassured to see that a projection screen and film and slide projectors had been set up.

The Minister started to protest, but Dunstable was firm. "Just sit back and enjoy yourself. This here's very interestin' stuff. It won't take too long, and then you can be on your way if that's your pleasure."

"Really, Senator, I can't . . ." The Minister's objections dissolved before Dunstable's aggressive presence.

"Now what we're goin' to do," said Dunstable, satisfied that his guest was going to sit still, "is what our school kids in this country call 'Show and Tell.' I think you'll get the spirit as we go along."

He signaled for the lights to be extinguished. "Okay, boys, let 'er roll."

The slide machine flickered forth its beam. On the screen flashed a Kodachrome of the Royal Mosque, towering above the huddled profile of Qu'nesh. The picture had obviously been taken on a brilliant day. The sight of the city produced a distinctly sentimental feeling in the Minister. He wanted to be home, away from these darkly forested hills and blue mountain haze.

To his right, the young Columbia Arabist launched into a disquisition: "... building commenced seven years ago at the express command of his Royal, Most Holy Highness. The minaret is the tallest in Islam, standing nearly two hundred feet above the Qu'nesh wadi. Reputed to have cost three hundred seventy-seven million dollars to date, including several tons of gold."

It was very exasperating, the Minister thought, to be forced to sit through a tourist lecture on his own country. The young man continued: "The interior of the mosque has been decorated at great expense"—slides of details now followed one another—"and has incorporated such treasures as the original prayer shields from Hagia Sophia in Istanbul and the Amram Prayer Rug, until recently the centerpiece of the Chicago Museum of Folk Art. . . ." Folk art! the Minister thought resentfully. "... with the consummation of the pending purchase of the Sword of Suleiman, the Royal Mosque will represent a treasury of the history and traditions of Islam second perhaps, and only *perhaps*, to the Great Mosque in the Kaaba at Mecca. In terms of the specific articles of the Moslem faith to be stored and displayed there, the Royal Mosque will be to Islam what the Vatican Reliquary is to Christendom."

"Pretty stylish buildin'," said Dunstable jovially. "The King must really have his heart in it to spend all that money. And bringin' in all that stuff from other countries. Now that's impressive. We sure got nothin' like that in Texas, although the Petrex Tower in Houston's real grand. Well, boys, let's keep the show movin' along."

This time it was the motion picture projector that blinked. From a speaker, the sound track gave forth an orotund, official voice: "This is the Fort Johnson Explosives Test Facility." The screen showed a flat, scrub-covered meadow. "The subject is Hoechst New Model Explosive-Batch Three." The camera

zoomed in on a tabletop on which rested a slab of what the Minister took to be a dull, rust-colored clay or soft Plasticine. "Weight of the sample used in this test: nine ounces, approximately two hundred fifty grams." The camera cut back to three bunkerlike structures placed in the middle of the scrubby field. "Targets for the test: two concrete emplacements, twelve-inch concrete filled with fifteen-pound sandbags. Destructive tolerance: three tons TNT." The camera, obviously from a considerable distance, zoomed in on the buildings. The Minister could see that sand had been shoveled around their lower flanks. They looked like enormous tortoises built from concrete, perdurable as granite. Suddenly, as the Minister watched, the screen filled with a light as brilliant as a magnesium flare, the speakers gave a thumping roar, blurred by the inadequacy of their bass response, the image of the bunkers was lost in blowing, choking vortices of dust and fragments of matter, blasted randomly through the air. Then silence on the loudspeakers, except for a telltale clunk as an odd bit of rubble banged to earth near the monitors. When the dust settled, the Minister saw that the middle of the field, where the emplacements had been, was now scarred by two wide, shallow craters staring sightlessly upward into the sunny sky.

"How about that," enthused Dunstable. "Now that is really somethin'. Have you seen that before, Mr. Minister? I tell you, you just can't keep them Germans down. Tell our guest about that stuff, Joe Bob."

"This explosive matériel was developed in two batches of ninety ounces each—that's two thousand six hundred grams—by the Experimentisches Laboritorium August Hoechst, which is a division of Hoechst Chemiefabriken GmbH. The laboratory is located in a suburb of Duisburg, not far from Düsseldorf. The matériel was fabricated into ten slabs of eighteen ounces apiece. Five of these disappeared from the laboratory in May of last year; the balance had been transferred earlier that day to the West German Defense Forces.

"The batch that was illegally removed from the laboratories was dispersed almost immediately by the man who arranged for its removal. A single slab was purchased in Paris by one of our agents. We are fairly certain two other slabs are in the hands of one or more Middle Eastern terrorist organizations. The operation was financed with funds originating either in Damascus or Baghdad, although the money was probably paid through Switzerland or Korea. The financiers probably thought they were buying the entire batch of explosive and were outraged to discover they hadn't, judging by the very unpleasant death of the insider at Hoechst who arranged the theft. The whereabouts of the other two slabs remains unknown."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

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Subaru has added a Milanese styling dimension to its tradition of economy and reliability in the new GLF.

EUROPEAN STYLING FROM THE FAR EAST

BY WADE HOYT

Subaru has always had a reputation for building great little front-drive cars. Word of mouth and owners' surveys proclaimed that Subarus were trouble-free and cheap to run. Unfortunately, they were never very exciting cars to look at or to drive.

There are several theories, none of them very nice, about why Japanese cars always looked so dopey. One of them is that the Japanese simply copied a bunch of '58 Buicks on a smaller scale, assuming that that was what Americans liked. A more likely theory is based on the fact that the streets and parking areas in Japan are so crowded that an owner cannot step back to admire all of his car at once. In addition, most Japanese new cars are sold not from showrooms but by door-to-door salesmen, much as vacuum cleaners or encyclopedias are. Car designers, therefore, concentrated on little ornaments and decorations that one could contemplate and admire close up, which is why the early Japanese cars all looked like a crash between a Nash Metropolitan and a Wurlitzer jukebox.

But a few years ago even American car stylists began to copy the clean, crisp lines of the latest European designs, and the Japanese are quickly catching up.

The styling is the most obvious improvement, and it includes such functional bonuses as a larger interior, a 20 percent increase in glass area, and upgraded aerodynamics for improved fuel economy and increased stability in crosswinds. And even though the new models are slightly bigger than the old Subarus, they weigh the same.

The fanciest new Subaru is the GLF. We tested a five-speed version that came equipped with a set of modest, unpretentious aluminum spoke wheels.

The redesigned instrument panel features a speedometer and tachometer, plus fuel, temperature, voltage, and oil pressure gauges and an LED digital clock, all with bright orange, rear-lighted numerals that look as if they belong in a fighter plane. The latest rage in Japanese instrumentation is the Telltale Graphic Monitor—an illuminated drawing of the car that lights up with words and symbols to tell the driver when a door is ajar, a stoplight burned out, the brake fluid low, the parking brake on, the seat belts unfastened, or the high beams on.

Thoughtful details abound throughout the new Subaru. The dome light includes a swiveling map light. There is a little pop-up vanity mirror inside the glove compartment lid. So-called child safety locks on the back doors of four-door models prevent them from being opened from the inside of the car. There is a trunk release next to the driver's seat, but if you flip a lever inside the trunk, it can be opened only with a key, which allows you to keep things safe even when a parking attendant has your ignition key.

Push a button on the dash of four-wheel-drive models and the Subaru insignia on the grille retracts to reveal a driving light that looks like a death ray on some movie spaceship.

Mechanically, the Subaru is an eccentric car of the first water. Under the hood is an aluminum flat-four engine that appears to have started life in a small aircraft. This diminutive power plant is about six inches high and a foot long. A bizarre pollution-control system not only meets the letter of the law but also provides easy starts and smooth performance in all kinds of weather.

The 67-horsepower engine won't blow the doors off any sports car, but it will deliver rewarding acceleration if you are willing to make full use of the five-speed transmission. The 72-horsepower engine in automatic transmission models compensates for the loss in peformance usually associated with automatics. Handling is agile, but the ride on rough roads is typically Japanese—busy and bouncy. Any frowns on cobblestone streets are quickly transformed into smiles at the gas pump, with EPA fuel economy ratings of 25 mpg in city driving and 40 mpg on the highway.

All in all, it's a lot of car for $5,548. Hatchback models start as low as $4,098. Four-wheel-drive hatchbacks, pickups, and wagons range from $4,898 to $6,248.

For a company that started out selling no-frills basic transportation modules, that's a pretty impressive lineup. ○+□

Photo illustration by Richard Williamson/Aerographics

MONDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171

He returned to his seat. Dunstable was suitably grave. "Thank you, Joe Bob, for a very lucid presentation." He might have been overseeing a meeting to discuss the marketing of a new brand of breakfast cereal. He turned to the Minister. "Any questions, sir, or shall we continue with our program?" There was a shade of sarcasm there, the Minister thought. He could make some obvious connections between what he had seen, but it would be better to see all the cards played.

"No, Senator. Pray continue. I must say I find this as confusing as you find it fascinating. But if it gives you pleasure . . ."

"Good, good," Dunstable rubbed his hands together. "Ted, do you want to pick it up from here?"

The young man went to the slide projector. On the screen flashed a brightly colored photograph of a group of men in front of the building which the Minister had already seen at length that afternoon. He recognized the photograph. It had been taken by the *National Geographic* on the steps of the Royal Mosque, then unfinished, as part of a long, praiseful article on modern Islam.

"Pictured here are the King and the supreme religious rulers of the Kingdom, the Council of Imams, the nine priests who administer the internal laws of the country, where no distinction is made between civil and religious jurisdiction. Behind them stands the Royal Mosque, still some stages from completion, which is planned to celebrate the renewal of Islam and the dominant role of the Kingdom in that process." The young man was reading the caption from the magazine.

"Got any mug shots there, Ted?" asked Dunstable.

The aide quickly ran off nine head shots, giving a name to each: "Imam Bakr el-Tas, Imam Ali Mounir . . ." and so on. The Minister knew each one of those ascetic, fanatical faces. He had looked into each of those nine unforgiving pairs of eyes on that awful morning when he had gone to the King and the Council on his knees, head bared and unshod, to plead for his brother's life. They had looked back at him as indifferently as if he had been a goat in the market square. The law was the law, the chief priest had said sternly; Allah made no exceptions.

The lights went on.

"Now, Mr. Minister," said the ex-senator in a voice so candidly threatening and tough that the Minister found it surprising, even from Dunstable, "let's talk business. Don't interrupt me, please, until I get through. There'll be plenty of time for questions.

"First, the President and me believe that you are plannin' somethin', probably at the OPEC meetin' next week, which you think will make a difference in the election. Like raisin' the price of crude and blamin' the administration. Two, somebody over there got greedy and just plain mixed politics and money—which, let me tell you from experience, is a bad idea—and decided to make a killin' on the market turn. Now, you don't have to say anythin', and I don't expect you will, but on our side of the table we're just goin' to regard those as matters of fact.

"Which leads me to three and four. Both of which have somethin' to do with what I've been showin' you here.

"Number three: the other nine ounces of that explosive you saw, which can blow the bejesus out of anythin' on God's green earth, was planted last night in that fancy mosque of yours; it's armed and ready to go. And we got a man on the scene who's got nothin' to do but push a button, and the whole mosque'll go straight up in the sky. That pretty tower'll snap like a matchstick. They tell me that the explosive develops a temperature of about a thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

"'Course, just blowin' up a buildin's got no purpose unless it proves a point. Which is number four. If the mosque goes up, the King's going to hear on *the* best authority that it's a punishment from Allah, brought on his head because some of his friends and relatives got a mite too clever and played games with *his* money, collectin' interest and all. The King's likely to get pretty angry, what with his mosque in little bitty pieces and his rugs and shields and God knows what else in ashes, and every Moslem in the world screamin' at him for gettin' their sacred relics burnt up. "C'mon now, son," said Dunstable, in a wheedling, fatherly manner the Minister despised, "we all know what happened on the far side of the desert, when those other folks started messing with the mosque at Mecca. Couldn't have been much different than the moving picture show we just looked at; more private, of course, although I wouldn't think that'd make it feel any better when that sword hits."

The Minister watched Dunstable carefully. He wasn't lying about the explosive in the Royal Mosque; that seemed certain. It was a desperate act, but Baxter and Dunstable were desperate men. Yet he doubted they'd pull the trigger unless they were certain it would somehow change the course of events which would be unleashed at Vienna next week. And there they were stonewalled. They could never get directly to the King. Thanks be to Allah, he was totally screened by his priests. Prince Alrazi was the only secular personage who spoke directly with the King.

"Mr. Dunstable," he said carefully, "this is getting out of hand. You are now threatening the destruction of a religious monument which is sacred to millions,

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hundreds of millions, of devout Moslems. It is too ridiculous. If you do press the button, as you say you may, it will only bring the obloquy of mankind upon your head. You have perhaps also insinuated some of your magical explosive in the Royal Orphanage and the hospitals?"

"Mr. Minister, you and I ain't lookin' at this different. I know that the King has got to be made to believe it's a just visitation from Allah if he's goin' to want to chop some heads. And that's my hole card. You saw those pictures of the Council of Imams, or whatever they are. Nine good men and true; I'll leave it up to you, Mr. Minister, to guess which one of them's been workin' for us for five years, since your King came to the throne! I'll tell you this: the man came to us. He didn't want the Russians in Qu'nesh, and he didn't want them Iranian Ayatollahs there neither. Just wanted the Kingdom to get along peacefully and for the mosque to get built and maybe over a period of time get the King to make sense about the oil business. We don't ask a whole lot of him, just to keep us ginned on anythin' he hears that can do us some good sometime."

What Dunstable suggested was inconceivable. One of the imams was an American agent? Impossible. The Minister called Dunstable's bluff.

"Senator, I don't believe you. You can't force this on me."

Dunstable glared at him. "Don't play poker with me, boy! A pissant'll pull a freighter if I tell him to!" Then he raised a finger.

The lights came down, and the film projector whirred.

"This here's a silent picture," said Dunstable viciously, "but I believe you'll be able to grasp the plot."

The image on the screen bucked and jerked like a bad home movie, until the hand that held the camera steadied. His insides seizing up in growing horror, the Minister became aware of what he was watching. He knew now why they had wanted *him*. It was hideously familiar, an unendurable replay of events and feelings it had taken him a year to put far enough behind him so that he no longer woke sweating and shaking in the night, every night. The film had the awful, unreal clarity of a nightmare. It focused on his brother's terrified face, the black eyes flushed with fearful, pleading tears; panned along his body, pausing crudely and cruelly on the urine stain which darkened the boy's groin. When, at last, the sword had done its flashing work, the camera lingered with a perverse attentiveness on the youthful head, its features frozen in the terrified rictus of a horrible death. It closed on the severed neck, on the last thickening drops of blood fading into the dirt of the square. Then it panned around, finally coming to rest on a shadowed window, as if in an old, blotched mirror the Minister could dimly make himself out. At last the film sprocketed to its conclusion, but by then the Minister was past caring or control.

"Where did you get that?" he gasped. His eyes were full of tears. He shifted in his seat, trying to make himself more comfortable, frighteningly embarrassed at the incontinence which had overtaken him. His voice was a grating whisper, choked almost below the threshold of audibility.

"You figure it out, boy," said Dunstable. There was not the merest edge of pity. "That execution was tighter'n a deep well in west Texas. That was the deal you made with the priests. No one was to be there except them. There was supposed to be a dozen only, admitted by special pass. If you was to count the passes, you'd find there was thirteen. Now, each one of them passes had to be signed by a member of the Council of Imams. That was your deal with the Council, if you'll recall."

The Minister recalled. It was just as Dunstable claimed. He nodded weakly, sighing agreement.

"And," Dunstable added, "how do you think we got that explosive in the mosque? Got it past the guards?"

It was all deadly clear to the Minister.

"Now, sir, we can fix all this up," Dunstable was suddenly softer, almost paternal. "No need for that film to be a preview of coming attractions for you or anyone else. We can just make us a deal. If you're willing. Would you like some time to think it over?"

The Minister would. He wanted to think, to cleanse himself. He made a wobbly, gingerly exit.

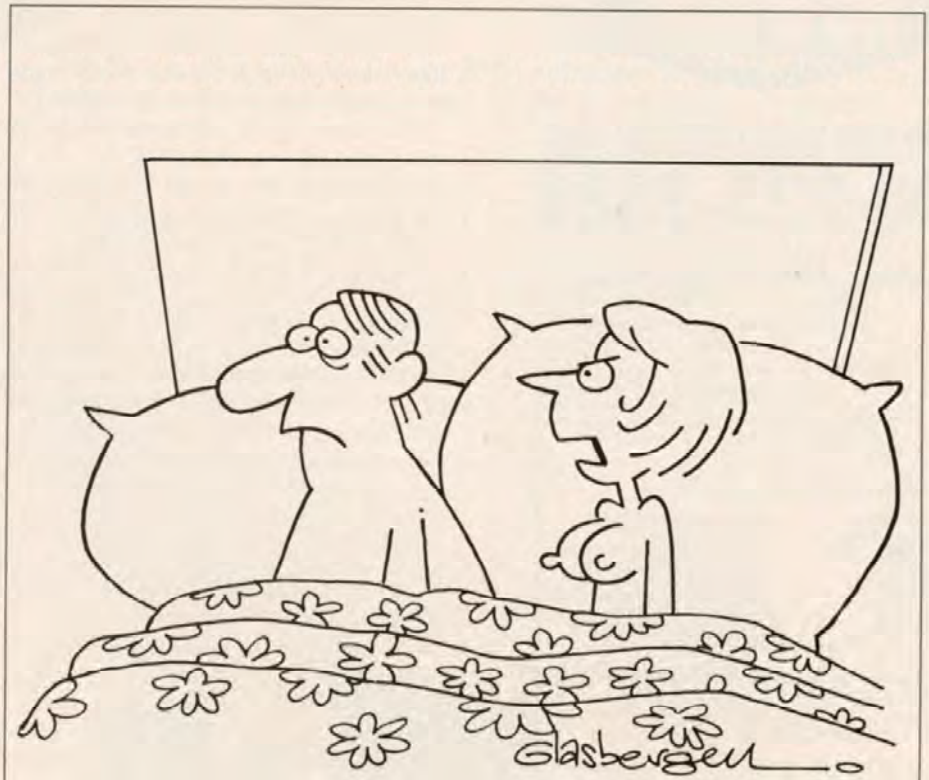
Dunstable, smiled at his aides. He looked benignly confident. "Say, Joe Bob, that's some home movie. Think it got the point across?"

The young aide had been standing by the chair vacated by the Minister. He touched the seat perfunctorily and smiled back. "I have to think so, Senator. Looks like the poor bastard's peed in his pants!"

Five minutes later the phone rang. One of the aides answered it and listened for a second. "Go ahead," he said, "but let us know when he's through talking. Hell no, give him a tight line if that's what he wants. This'll be a personal call." He hung up, and then he looked at Dunstable. "He's asked for a scrambler phone. He wants to talk to Qu'nesh. To the Prime Minister."

Dunstable grinned. Big fish, indeed. Just what he expected. He asked Ted to get him the White House. When the connection was made, he took the receiver. "Fulger," he said, "looks like we have a deal." Hanging up, he looked at his aides in turn. "Well, boys, a good day's work. What do we all say to a little bourbon whisky?" They settled down to wait.

It took a while for the Minister to reach



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Prince Alrazi. By then he was in a state of near panic. Alrazi calmed him down. The Prince was, in his way, as tough a customer as Dunstable. Thankfully, he was sober, if a trifle breathless, when he came on the line. The Minister spoke openly. Whatever his misgivings about Dunstable, he was certain of the ex-senator's assurances respecting the secure nature of his connection.

When he had finished reciting the events of the last two days, he paused, expecting a fusillade of anger from the other end. Alrazi was surprisingly unemotional and philosophical. His reaction revealed his priorities.

"Well, dear cousin, what will be will be. Let's be realistic. Don't sound so discouraged. Come to an understanding with them. You can be certain the Americans couldn't care less about the money. Oh, Dunstable may want money; he has that sort of character. If he indicates something in this area, throw him a few million. He's a powerful man, but nowhere as rich as he'd like to be. The politics is all they really care about. So guarantee them no interference in the election. Business as usual next week in Vienna. What it all works out to, dear cousin, is: if they let us keep the money, we'll let them keep the Presidency. It will all come down to the same thing."

The Minister ran through some thoughts on the way he planned to handle it. Concluding, he asked, "Is there anything else?" There were: details which Alrazi described as "lagniappe." Just before going off the line, Alrazi made a curious, clinical-sounding statement: "Don't worry about the loose ends. I'll take care of those myself. I'll see you in Qu'nesh week after next. Enjoy yourself in Vienna." That was all. Altogether too matter of fact, thought the Minister.

He set the phone down and walked around the room, organizing his thoughts. At length, when he felt entirely composed, he rang Aspen Lodge and asked for Dunstable. When the senator picked up the phone, he said, "Senator Dunstable, I've spoken with certain people. I would like to get under way early in the morning. If I might perhaps share a few minutes with you, I think any misunderstandings which have come up between our two countries might be most expeditiously resolved. Have you time to talk?"

The ex-senator's voice boomed loudly over the line as heartily as if he was greeting guests across a stack of smoking ribs at his Midland ranch. "Mr. Minister, you know where we are. Just stroll on over, and then we can visit a bit. For just as long as you want. Look forward to seein' you."

The stars were ringed with frost as the Minister walked to Aspen Lodge, rehearsing the precise words he wanted to use. As before, Dunstable was waiting on the porch, his breath making streamers in the cold air. When the Minister came

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up the steps, he took his hand warmly. "Cold out there. Come settle yourself. I've got a nice fire goin'. So's we can talk man-to-man."

The Minister looked at him firmly. "There have been some very serious allegations made here today, Senator. Sufficiently serious to cause me to look into them at the highest level. Which I have done in the last three hours. As a result, I can give you the solemn oath of my government and myself that nothing is intended which will conceivably affect the forthcoming election in your country. In any way. You can be assured that our role in the OPEC meeting beginning Thursday will be essentially placatory; our pricing action of last April has created some consternation among our colleagues in the producing states. Fortunately, the reduction in output by us has affected the allocations of the free market sufficiently favorably to offset any significant economic disruption. In fact, it would appear to be more than counterbalanced by the improvement in the value of the dollar and sterling and the more beneficial realignment of world currency and trade relationships which seems to have ensued." The Minister thought he sounded like an editorial.

"Of course," he concluded, "we expect now that the discussions with the Baxter administration which preceded our announcement of last April can be brought to their logical, fruitful conclusion as soon after the election as possible." He was pleased with the way it had come out. It would record harmlessly. He was certain that a battery of machines was whirring away, taking down every word that was said.

Dunstable gave a grin as broad as the Persian Basin. "Sir, I'm sure glad to hear you say that. And I believe I can speak for the President. He will be pleased to hear it. You can count on us. As a matter of fact, in the time since we were last together in this room, we've been doin' a little further checkin', me and my boys. The way we see it, there just isn't enough in this stock market business to make a fuss over. I believe we may have gotten a bit ahead of ourselves in takin' an emergency view. The way things are goin' in the world, a few bitty billions don't make a bunch of difference. Of course, it would be better if we could wipe the whole thing off the tax collector's books, eliminate all the computer records the banks give the tax folks, but that might take some doin'." He laughed promiscuously. "But it'll be done."

The Minister looked at him with an easy scorn and reached into his pocket for a gold Bulgari pen and a small notebook. This kind of business he did in his sleep. Tearing out a leaf from the notebook, he wrote eight digits on it and extended it to Dunstable; his eyebrows asked the question.

"I believe that'll do real nicely," said Dunstable. He reached for the Minister's pen and wrote the name of a Bahamas bank under the figures.

The Minister looked at it carelessly, and then he remarked, "It'll be there the Wednesday after the election. Now, Senator," he asked, "have we additional business?"

Dunstable shook his head. "Well, in that case," said the Minister, "there *is* one more thing." He related Alrazi's last request, seeing Dunstable's eyes widen momentarily, then settle back to their usual snakelike glitter. The senator nodded vigorously.

"Well, sir, we'll just do that and any other cleanin' up that's properly ours." It struck the Minister that Dunstable's words almost precisely duplicated Alrazi's unsettling final phrase.

Dunstable walked him to the steps. He put his left arm across the Minister's shoulders and pumped his right hand with the other.

"Mr. Minister, it has been a pleasure to deal with you." The Minister broke off the handshake and went down the steps and on to the walkway that led back to Pinecone. Behind him Dunstable's percussive farewell echoed through the night, shivering the pine needles.

"You all come back and see us now, hear?"

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
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COME ON—MOVE YOUR BUTTS! WE'RE THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE NOW!
PUT HER IN WITH ME, JAILER!
NYERGHHH!
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR LEVITY!
I AIN'T EVER BEEN SO CLOSE TO ARISTOCRATIC FLESH IN MY WHOLE LIFE!
YOU ONLY GET TO LOOK LIKE THAT IF YOU'VE BEEN RAISED ON PEACHES AN' CREAM!
WHAT NICE PEOPLE! AN ARISTOCRAT! THAT'S THE NICEST COMPLIMENT I'VE EVER HAD!
ANYBODY GOT A CANOPENER?
I SAY! IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS SINCE I PUT IN THAT APPLICATION FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PAROLE BOARD!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WANDA AND HER LITTLE HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE FRENCH MONARCHY FROM THE REVOLUTION. DUE TO EITHER THE MALFUNCTION OF THE TIME MACHINE OR HER RESIDENT EGG-HEAD, HOMER SAPIENS' INCOMPETENCE.....
.... (WE SUSPECT THE LATTER) THEY HAVE ARRIVED SLAP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REVOLUTION! YOU DON'T BELIEVE US? WHERE DO YOU THINK THIS IS THEN? NO, SMART ASS—IT AIN'T HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY! IT'S THE BASTILLE! PARIS—FRANCE! AND THE GIRLS ARE IN TROUBLE, MAN!
WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AND ENJOY YOUR SENTENCE? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE—IT'S MURDER OUT THERE ON THE STREETS!

YOU LOT SHOULD GIVE GOOD HEAD — TO MADAME GUILLOTINE! HEH—HEH!
I DO NOT RECALL MEETING EITHER OF THOSE PERSONS AT COURT!
NOUVEAU RICHE, DUCKY! THE PLEBS ARE OBVIOUSLY SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL!
HEY, COUNTESS! IF THIS IS OUR LAST DAY... ER ... HOW ABOUT... YOU KNOW.... ONE FOR THE ROAD?
THOS. PAINE
THE DISAGREEABLE THING ABOUT REVOLUTIONS IS THE REVOLUTIONARIES! THEY'RE SUCH A DREADFUL CLASS OF PERSONS!
YESTERDAY IT WAS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM — NOW IT'S UP FOR GRABS! THAT'S LIFE!

SLEEP TIGHT, MY PRETTIES! TOMORROW YOU HAVE A BREAK-FAST DATE WITH MADAME GUILLOTINE!

Kilroi WOS HERE
GO HOME, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
HE'S NICE, ISN'T HE, BOO'FUL? IS MADAME GUILLOTINE HIS WIFE OR SUMP'N?

NOW—HOW DO WE CRASH OUT OF THIS JOINT?
CAN'T WE WAIT UNTIL AFTER WE'VE HAD BREAKFAST WITH MADAME GUILLOTINE?
JUST SHUT UP FOR A MINUTE, WILL YOU, PUSSCAKE—I'M TRYING TO THINK!
WE JUST NEED A ROPE!
THESE CHAINS WILL DO!
NOT QUITE!
GIMME YOUR GLOVES — AND TEAR YOUR DRESS INTO STRIPS!
"DEAR MOM— HAVING A RIPPING TIME IN GAY PAREE!"
OKAY, BOO'FUL— I'M DOWN!
I STILL WISH WE'D WAITED FOR BREAKFAST!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO 1980, AND THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH
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WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
OOH! I'M SORRY —I...ER...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HAVING DINNER WITH A LADY!
THERE'S A GREAT CROWD OF PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS! THEY SAY THEY'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MOSTRESS!
HOMER—HAVE YOU GOT ANYMORE OF THAT YUMMY PUMPKIN PIE!

THEY SAY THEY'RE VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE.....
...BUT THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY TOP DRAWER! IN FACT— THEY LOOK A LOAD OF LAYABOUTS TO ME!
CAN'T YOU HANDLE ANYTHING YOURSELF?

OH MY GAWD!
GET SOME FOOD IN THERE, GRUD! HURRY!

GET SOME MUSIC IN THERE!
GET SOME BOOZE IN THERE!
GET THE PUSS-FORCE IN THERE!
I'LL LOOK IN THE MOSTRESS'S APPOINTMENTS DIARY AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

BENEATH THE EMBALMED CORPSE OF WALTER VON KREESUS, WANDA'S LONG DEPARTED DADDY AND EX-KING GNOME OF ZURICH, THE CROWD OF GUESTS MILL ABOUT WITH GROWING IRRITATION
THEY SAY HE WAS THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
AND BY THE LOOK OF HIM—AS LECHEROUS IN DEATH AS HE WAS IN LIFE! THOSE WERE THE DAYS!
WHERE D'THEY KEEP THE FOSTERS AROUND HERE?
YOU SHOULD TRY SOME DECENT BAVARIAN BEER!
NO REFRESHMENTS! DOES SHE CALL THIS HOSPITALITY?
CHEER UP, FROGGY—I CAN LET YOU HAVE A FEW LAMB CHOPS!
SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE LETTING ME HAVE A SMALL LOAN—JUST TO TIDE ME OVER FOR A BIT! YOU KNOW—INFLATION AND ALL THAT!
YOU TOO?
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM? COME TO THINK OF IT—WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ALL OUR DREAMS?
THIS LOT HAS GOT THE UNMISTAKABLE LOOK OF A FIREMAN'S CONVENTION OUT FOR A BIT OF NAUGHTY!
I ONLY DROPPED IN TO PICK UP A SMALL LOAN
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IN LINE, MAN!
OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY!
HOMER SAYS KEEP 'EM ENTERTAINED—SO LET'S ENTERTAIN 'EM!
THIS IS NO WAY TO RUN A BUSINESS!
OH, I DON'T KNOW—IT'S BETTER THAN THE COMMON MARKET!

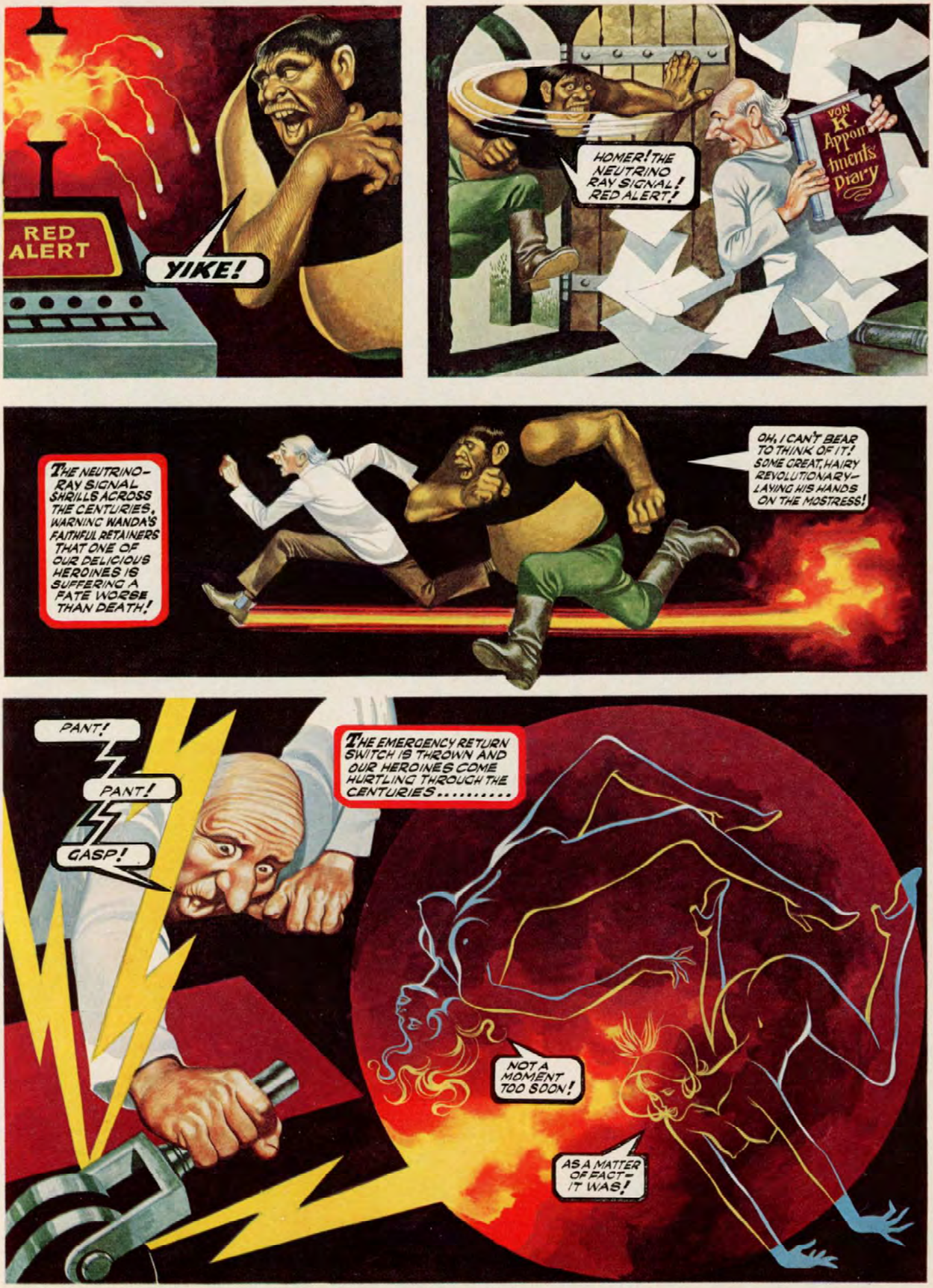
BACK IN FRANCE (AND BACK IN TIME) OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINES HAVE HIT ANOTHER PROBLEM.....
I SAY! BOO'FUL...

WE KNOW THIS IS A VERY TENSE MOMENT—BUT PLEASE DON'T BITE YOUR NAILS LIKE THAT!
WHERE'S ALL THIS EQUALITY CRAP?
EVERYONE'S OUT THERE ENJOYING THE REVOLUTION—AN' I'M STUCK HERE WORKIN' OVERTIME!
OKAY! OKAY! LET'S HAVE THE LITTLE ONE FIRST!

AM I ALLOWED ONE LAST WISH?
THAT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO! WHAT D'YA WANT?

PSSSST! PSSS.... PSSSSST!
WHAT—HERE? NOW?

SHE ASKED ME TO GRANT HER LAST WISH!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VON K. Appointments Diary
THE NEUTRINO-RAY SIGNAL SHRILLS ACROSS THE CENTURIES, WARNING WANDA'S FAITHFUL RETAINERS THAT ONE OF OUR DELICIOUS HEROINES IS SUFFERING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
OH, I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF IT! SOME GREAT, HAIRY REVOLUTIONARY— LAYING HIS HANDS ON THE MISTRESS!
PANT!
PANT!
GASP!
THE EMERGENCY RETURN SWITCH IS THROWN AND OUR HEROINES COME HURTLING THROUGH THE CENTURIES.....
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
AS A MATTER OF FACT— IT WAS!

YOU MADE A RIGHT COCK-UP OF THAT TRIP, SAPIENS!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MISS CANDYFLOSS?
I WARNED YOU, MOSTRESS—YOU CAN'T TAMPER WITH HISTORY! OBSERVE IT, LEARN FROM IT—BUT DON'T TRY TO CHANGE IT!
MMMMM!

♫WALTZIN' MATILDA...♫
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT NOISE? IS SOMEONE HAVING A PARTY?
THUD!

TO THE PUNISHMENT ROOM, SAPIENS! YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!
♫WE LOVE THE RUSSIANS—THE JOLLY, JOLLY RUSSIANS...♫
GREAT PARTY, INNIT, OL' MATE? HOW'RE YA FEELIN'?
A KOSHER HAM-BURGER! IS THAT POSSIBLE?
THESE OCCASIONS LEAVE ME A BIT TIRED AND EMOTIONAL!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WEALED!
YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT, FELLERS—THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT IN THIS STRIP! OH, REALLY? WELL—THERE AREN'T MANY DULL MOMENTS IN THIS STRIP! OH, REALLY?—AND THE SAME TO YOU!

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CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

by the discovery, the team contacted Dr. Chester Stock, presently vice-president and head of research at Sloan-Kettering, and shared some of their data with that institution. Stock expressed interest, and Sloan-Kettering sent a senior scientist, Dr. John Harris, to work with the St. Vincent's team; it also agreed to replenish the stock of inbred leukemic mice.

The work continued and progress was made, Harris acting as liaison with Sloan-Kettering. Harris's reports to his principal prompted Sloan-Kettering to offer a contract to the team. According to Burton, Rottino looked over the contract provisions and rejected them. For it appeared that the "joint cooperation" offered by Sloan-Kettering was merely a device for giving them all of the credit, while the researchers at St. Vincent's would do all the work. As Burton recalls, "Rottino comes from New York, and he said some very choice words and threw the contracts in the garbage."

"John Harris conveyed our willingness to test their material on a basis where they wouldn't lose any of their rights," remembers Stock. "In fact, we offered them a type of contract, a co-op agreement. . . . We thought we could conduct tests and let them know if we could confirm their results." Stock continues, "I learned later from Dr. Robert Kassel, who came on our staff and who was associated with them at St. Vincent's, that they had not overcome their concern about having us test their materials. Perhaps they were concerned we were going to steal something."

Work progressed well, nonetheless, and the team of Burton, Frank Friedman, Kassel, Rottino, and Harris eventually published some astounding findings in the November 1962 issue of *Transactions of the New York Academy of Sciences.* The team had found natural substances that were able to cause remissions of better than one in two in leukemic mice, a possible breakthrough.

Two things happened upon the publication of the paper: first, Harris was fired from Sloan-Kettering; second, both the Damon Runyon and U.S. Public Health Service grants were canceled.

According to Burton and Rottino, Harris was fired because, among the article's authors, he, as a member of Sloan-Kettering, was listed behind two unknowns, Burton and Friedman. Harris (now dead) explained to Alan Anderson, Jr., in an article in *New York* magazine, that "in those days . . . S.-K. always wanted to come out playing first trumpet, no matter who wrote the tune. When the director sent me down to St. Vincent's, the idea was for me to smuggle back as much information as I could. I didn't go for that, and Friedman, Burton, and I published everything that went on. This got

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disapproval back at the lab."

The termination of the grants also left four Ph.D.'s, two M.D.'s, and a half-dozen technicians without salaries, according to Burton. They reapplied to both the Public Health Service and the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for resumption of funding. Both funding agencies decided to send a site-visitor to inspect. The important fact to note is that both the Runyon people and the Public Health Service sent the same inspector, Dr. David Karnofsky, chief of chemotherapy at Sloan-Kettering. According to Burton, Karnofsky told the team members: " 'You didn't do the biopsies ahead of time. We can't be sure that they really were leukemic. And until you can be sure, you can't get the money.' And he laughed." Before Karnofsky's second visit, the biopsies were prepared. Still, Karnofsky found a way to reject them. As Burton relates it: "And he looks me in the eye, and he looked Friedman and Kassel in the eye, and he said, 'Wait a minute, how can we be sure you didn't introduce staphylococcus, and that's what cured the mice?' So we were damned either way. He said, 'Sorry, you can't have the money.' "

By the end of 1963, Martin Kaplan left the team; the technicians were let go; Kassel left in January 1964; and Burton and Friedman were left. According to Burton, both he and Friedman attempted to reinterest Sloan-Kettering in the work but were coldly turned down by a high-level committee after a year and a half of nonresponse.

A small postscript: Burton's bitterness about this period is monumental. "Now I'll give you the sad thing, and this is what's called, in Yiddish, *chutzpah*. In '67, I got a call from Dave Karnofsky—voice very agonized. I said, 'Who's this?' He said, 'Dave.' I said, 'What's the matter, Dave?' He said, 'I've got lung cancer; it's in my brain. It doesn't respond to radiation and chemotherapy. Can you help me?' I'm afraid I was not very nice. I said, 'Dave, I didn't have a biopsy, and if I had a biopsy, you could have had a staphylococcus. Maybe you ought to try somebody who can help you.' "

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In the fall of 1965, the science editor for the American Cancer Society, Patrick McGrady, Sr., was being treated at St. Vincent's for a minor ailment. Knowing Rottino well, McGrady toured the labs and was given a demonstration by Friedman and Burton of how, in about an hour, they could shrink away tumors in special strains of mice. McGrady was stunned: "They injected the mice, and the lumps

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went down before your eyes—something I never believed possible." McGrady quicky invited both Friedman and Burton to perform the feat again at the American Cancer Society's 1966 Science Writers Seminar in Phoenix, Ariz., held just before the ACS began its fund-raising operations for the year.

McGrady, who subsequently left the Society in disagreement with its policies, introduced the researchers to writers and scientists assembled in Phoenix for the seminar, and, with the serum they had isolated, Burton and Friedman injected two mice that had mammary cancers. An hour and a half later, the tumors had virtually disappeared. "All of the reporters ran out," Burton remembers. "I said to Friedman, 'Boy, either we got bad breath, or something we did frightened them.'" The next day the conference made headlines throughout the world. On the front page of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, the banner headline read: 15-MINUTE CANCER CURE FOR MICE: HUMANS NEXT?

Instead of welcoming this publicity, the American Cancer Society representatives began to have second thoughts about the Burton-Friedman demonstration. McGrady notes: "It was very hard for the people to believe what they had seen. It had happened." While Burton and Friedman were out sightseeing, several doctors approached McGrady and muttered that the whole thing had to be a fake and fraud. They called the experimenters "quacks, charlatans, and what have you," as Burton notes.

McGrady invited the skeptics, including Sol Spiegelman, the present head of the Oncology Institute at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, to repeat the experiment with two ampules that Friedman and Burton had left behind. With two newspaper reporters in the room, the five refused to inject the serum into the remaining mice. Had the injection worked again in the hands of others, the reporters would have had an even more sensational story. Even so, the publicity for Burton and Friedman grew. Late in 1966, Dr. Richard P. Mason, ACS's senior vice-president of research, visited Burton and Friedman at St. Vincent's. According to Burton, Mason told them, as well as Rottino, that they had made their contribution and that they could receive a grant if they would give their techniques to the NCI and to Sloan-Kettering.

"We figured it was going to be lifetime fellowships—our entire life's work handed over," recalls Burton. Mason, however, offered only a one-year $15,000 grant *for the entire team*. Burton: "And we were stunned. What is this? Two Ph.D.'s, an M.D. We have a mouse colony—and you're going to give us one year? But then what happens next? 'Don't worry, when this is repeated, everybody will come knocking on your door.' Big joke. Friedman threw him out."

PUBLISH OR PERISH

Within the medical research world, publishing the results of experiments is more than a way of communicating progress to other scientists and doctors so that they can reproduce the results for themselves; it is also a way to acquire prestige and legitimacy in the profession. For the most part, journals are sponsored by important institutions and have editorial boards comprised of respected professionals in the field. The inability to publish is scientific exile. To publish means position, status, and a way of obtaining grants.

Faced with considerable interest on the part of the press and others but unable to show any scientific papers after the 1963 New York Academy of Sciences debacle, Burton, Rottino, and Friedman made determined efforts to get published. Rottino, for example, attempted to publish findings in extract form for annual conferences of cancer scientists in 1967—and was rejected. Rejection dogged every submission of theirs for the next three years.

The Burton-Friedman-Rottino team had concluded a milestone experiment on a large sample of cancerous mice. The experiment and its results were described in exhaustive detail in a paper entitled "Long-Term-Induced Remissions: Mam-

mary Adeno-Carcinoma in the C3HT Mouse." The paper was submitted directly to the editor of *Cancer Research*, Dr. Michael Shimkin. The experiment proved that there was no foundation to the criticism that the effects of the team's tumor-shrinking serum were illusory or transient or that the tumors grew back after a while, that the mice eventually died of their cancers, or that the serum was only a gimmick. The experiment showed that in most of the cancerous C3HT mice injected with the serum the tumors did not grow back, that the remissions lasted the lifetime of the mouse, and that 23 months elapsed before the last of the mice, cancer-free since the induced remissions, died finally of old age, without a trace of cancer.

According to Burton, independent critical review of scientific papers submitted to journals is done by editorial or advisory-board members who may request the experimenter to incorporate additional data in the paper; if in their opinion, the experiment does not deserve publication, the paper is returned with pro forma thanks. After publication of the paper, anybody is entitled to reproduce the experiment as described. *But it is highly unorthodox for any person associated with the journal to attempt to replicate the experiment in advance of publication.* When, in violation of this precept, reproduction nevertheless occurs, the violator is suspected of questionable scientific conduct.

Not having heard from the publication for some eight months, the team decided to call the editor. They were stunned by what they learned. According to Burton, the editor told them that he considered their paper of such importance that his laboratories were now trying to repeat their results. Burton says that the editor was asked, "What is to prevent you, as editor, from putting *your* name on the paper, either saying that you reproduced our work or that we reproduced your work?" To which Shimkin allegedly replied, "You gotta trust me." Unfortunately, the editor had done little to warrant their trust. The paper's return was demanded under threat of a lawsuit, and the editor finally acquiesced. Eventually, the obstacles interposed to publishing became so frustrating for Burton that he decided to forgo it, thus giving up the orthodoxy he had attempted for so long to attain.

TO GREAT NECK

In 1970 and 1971 Burton and Friedman assisted Dr. Rottino in his treatment of patients at St. Vincent's with the antitumor serum. "Then Rottino came to us in 1972 and said, 'We're going to have to stop treating patients.' Why? 'They [the local cancer establishment] blew the whistle on it.'" Rottino reportedly told Burton and Friedman that St. Vincent's was not going to jeopardize $3.5 to $4 million in other grants because of opposition to their project by the cancer establishment.

At this time a terminally ill breast-cancer patient, the wife of a Long Island psychologist, was being treated with the Burton-Friedman technique. The psychologist, Martin Goldstone, was friendly with a prominent Great Neck rabbi, Robert S. Widom, and together with Burton and Friedman, the Immunology Research Foundation was formed. Initial funding was raised with the help of another businessman, Lionel Teicher, and by the fall of 1973 the center was in quiet operation.

In July 1974 *New York* magazine came out with an article by Alan Anderson, Jr. The article summarized Friedman and Burton's progress until then, which by 1974 had finally resulted in the basic four-part theory that Burton developed for treatment of patients at the Bahamas Clinic. One important result of the article was that a vice-president in charge of research and engineering at Champion International in Hamilton, Ohio, Herbert Randall, decided to fund Friedman and Burton in September 1974 after extended investigation and study of the nature of their therapy. He is presently vice-president of the Immunology Researching Foundation, the funding umbrella of the Freeport center.

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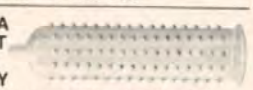

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TERRY AND THE PIRATES

"The laboratory tests they are doing have no basis in science," says Dr. William D. Terry, associate director of the Immunology Program of the National Cancer Institute, a $1 billion-a-year taxpayer-funded arm of the National Institutes of Health. Terry, who has been at the NIH for 18 years, is in fact the cornerstone of opposition to Burton's work. He has become NCI's spokesman regarding Burton, and he has made two visits to Burton's labs, once in Great Neck and later in Freeport.

According to Terry, not only is Burton unscientific; he is unable to distinguish fantasy from reality: "What you are up against here is that there is no way to deal with the Dr. Burtons and their putative treatments, which are put forth by people who are outside of the system and who, in a sense, keep themselves out of the system."

According to Burton, Terry's first visit to see his work was at Great Neck after Sen. Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio (whose wife had recently died of breast cancer) wrote to the NCI to inquire about Burton's therapy as described in the *New York* magazine article. Burton maintains that the NCI replied and disparaged Friedman and Burton's work, contending that it had all been done by others before, that they did not publish, that they were very secretive, and that the NCI knew nothing about it. In turn, Metzenbaum asked the NCI how, if Burton and Friedman were so secretive that no one knew what they were doing, the NCI could assert that they had only repeated the work of others.

It was at that point, according to Burton, that Terry made his first appearance in Great Neck on behalf of the NCI. "You never have met a more hostile SOB in your life," says Burton. "He came in at nine o'clock in the morning, and Terry says, 'People come to me; I don't go to anybody.'" According to Burton, Terry then offered to walk Burton through the paperwork for a grant of $1.2 million, which would come out of a special NCI fund of $6 million, set aside for unique projects. But nothing happened.

Terry contradicts Burton: "I never offered any such grant." However, a special American Cancer Society report on the Immunology Researching Centre (IRC) dated October 20, 1977—under a section labeled "Relations with Government Agencies"—reads: "In late 1974, the National Cancer Institute, after a site visit to Drs. Burton and Friedman, offered to collaborate with the Immunology Research Foundation by testing and attempting to confirm Dr. Burton's claims related to an immunological means for controlling cancer, but the offer has not been accepted to date." This tends to confirm Burton's version.

The second time Terry came into a Burton lab was in Freeport, three years later. Burton was forced to leave Great Neck, because in addition to other circumstances, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration continued to refuse to grant permission to IRC to conduct clinical trials of an immunological approach to the treatment of cancer patients. According to Burton, the FDA would request certain specific information. The information would be provided, and then the FDA would come back and request more. More information would be provided, and the FDA would then request more and more. These endless bureaucratic demands were too much for Burton and Friedman, and finally, in disgust, they asked the FDA to close its file. Searching for a less oppressive medical research environment, Burton discovered the Bahamas—and Freeport.

But before IRC could move there, Dr. Charles, then chief medical officer of the Bahamas, wrote to Dr. Terry, asking his views about Burton's establishing a clinic in Freeport. "I believe that Dr. Charles, on behalf of the Bahamian government, contacted me. I would have to go . . . and check to see if it was a letter or a telephone call," remembers Terry. "But I did provide my view."

According to Burton, the letter Terry sent to Charles said that Burton was a "paranoid psychotic." According to Terry, "I never in writing told anyone that I

thought Dr. Burton was a paranoid psychotic."

Despite Terry's unfavorable opinions and, according to Terry, the opposition of Dr. Charles, the Bahamian government granted Burton permission to open a clinic in Freeport, with the proviso that proper records would be kept and that patients would be treated only with a physician present (Burton is a Ph.D., not an M.D.). In the contract, however, there was a stipulation that at the end of the year, an "international review" of Burton's operations would be conducted.

The reviewers turned out to be Dr. Charles, a member of the Pan-American Health Organization whose field of expertise was not cancer, and the NCI's Dr. William Terry, once again. Terry does not feel that his impartiality as part of the review panel was hindered by his previously unfavorable comments to Dr. Charles about Burton. "The work is the work," says Terry. "It's a matter of reviewing what's there. It has nothing to do with opinions about people. . . . I am perfectly capable of dispassionately judging what was going on because I am in the business of looking for things that work."

Terry was critical of the clinic. As far as he is concerned, the clinic is a procedural and scientific mess. He has not made it a secret that he regards the whole thing as quackery. According to Terry, there were no accurate records, no consistent protocols of treatment or study. And even if there were, Burton would not have been able to properly interpret them. The theory of the relation of the blood fractions to the immunological system is, according to Terry, just "horse manure." "From whatever Dr. Burton has ever told me, or Dr. Friedman, or from what I saw down in the Bahamas, the lab tests they are doing make no sense and have no basis in science." Terry spent only two days in the Bahamas; he did not interview patients but nevertheless authored a critical report to the Bahamian government concerning Burton. Apparently, the Bahamian government paid no credence to Terry's unscientific polemic. Pursuant to agreement with the Pan-American group, Terry's unscientific appraisal was not released, and the Bahamian government invited Burton to stay.

Burton's recollection of the two-day trip of the international review board is vivid, and he recalls that the panel wanted the names and U.S. addresses of patients as well as those of the doctors who recommended them to the clinic. Burton's Bahamian attorney balked at the request in the belief that it was not made in good faith but rather for the purpose of reporting the physicians to their local medical societies for disciplinary action. Terry claims the reason for the request was to attempt to verify the results.

What Burton remembers most about Terry's Freeport visit was Terry's alleged constant references to money, wanting to know who paid and how much. Terry conveyed the impression that he thought Burton was making a great deal of money. The issue of money was not casual. It costs between $5,000 and $7,500 for treatment at the Freeport Clinic. This may sound expensive, but it is actually a fraction of the cost of orthodox treatment. It costs a cancer victim about $23,000 to die of cancer in the United States. Part of the cost is for conventional treatment, such as chemotherapy.

Burton is paid $30,000 a year for his work. He claims that he puts about half back into the clinic's operation. The clinic's facilities are modern and clean, and its equipment is new and well serviced. A computer aids in the setting of serum doses for patients who have left the island so that serum injections can continue under the supervision of the patient's own physician in the United States. All patients are required to sign a consent form when they come in, which explains the nature of the treatment and states that it is experimental and is not represented as a cure.

THE TEST

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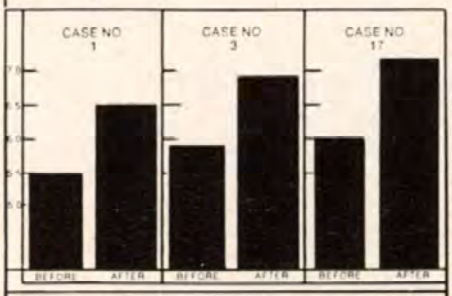

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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The contract betwen Metpath and Burton received the commendation of Dr. Paul Rosch, president of the American Institute of Stress, whose special field of interest is the relationship between stress and cancer. At first Dr. Rosch was skeptical about Burton's blood test for early cancer detection and also for uncovering cryptic malignancies that do not show up through any other signs, symptoms, examinations, or tests. Dr. Rosch would send Burton blood specimens by air express and not indicate anything about the patient's condition just to see whether Burton was able, on the basis of the blood sample alone, to distinguish patients with tumors from those with other conditions, patients with malignancies that were responding to treatment from those who were doing poorly. "Over the course of three months," continued Dr. Rosch, "I sent Burton over one thousand blood specimens." He became satisfied that Burton was on to something big, or, as he described Burton's blood test for detection of cancer, "something which had great merit and potential." Rosch added that Burton's percentage was extraordinarily high in getting the right answers from the blood specimens. "Very impressive."

Burton's test is a means of measuring several specific protein elements in blood. Burton has long identified these specific elements as part of a complex defense system against cancer. By measuring the relative amounts of these elements present in a person's bood, he is able to determine (1) whether the patient's system is effectively battling the cancer, (2) whether the patient's immunological defenses are strong or weak, and (3) whether the tide of battle is running in favor of the cancer or the patient.

The test is thus extremely useful as a diagnostic tool—an objective means of detecting cancer from the blood profile, even in the absence of any positive X-ray findings, tumor mass, or pathological signs or symptoms. But equally important is its "watchdog" usefulness in measuring the results of any treatment, its efficacy or lack of it. The test can alert the physician that his particular treatment regimen is not working, and that a change in treatment strategy is required.

Dr. John T. Beaty, an internist in Greenwich, Conn., is familiar with Burton's unique cancer test and the first experiment conducted by Metpath to gauge the accuracy of Burton's technique. In that experiment Metpath air-expressed 193 numbered vials of human blood samples without any accompanying data to Burton's clinic lab in Freeport. Four of the samples were of patients known to have cancer. Running the specimens through analysis, Burton identified ten blood samples as belonging to cancer patients, including the four cases known to Metpath. The initial opinion at Metpath was that the six additional vials were "false positives"—the equivalent of false alarms. But within two months three of the "false positives" showed clinical evidence of previously undetected cancer, and within six months the remaining three also metamorphosed into cancer status. Thus, Dr. Beaty points out, Burton's analyses were correct in all ten cases, and his test predicted what was not yet apparent. According to sources close to Metpath, that medical lab has repeated the experiment several times with new batches of numbered vials. Burton's results in all respects paralleled the initial trial in accuracy.

Burton's cooperation with Metpath and others contradicts the accusation that Burton is secretive about his method. In 1978 Burton attempted to reinterest the National Cancer Institute in funding further research and evaluating the progress of patients under his treatment. He submitted several plans to Arthur Upton,

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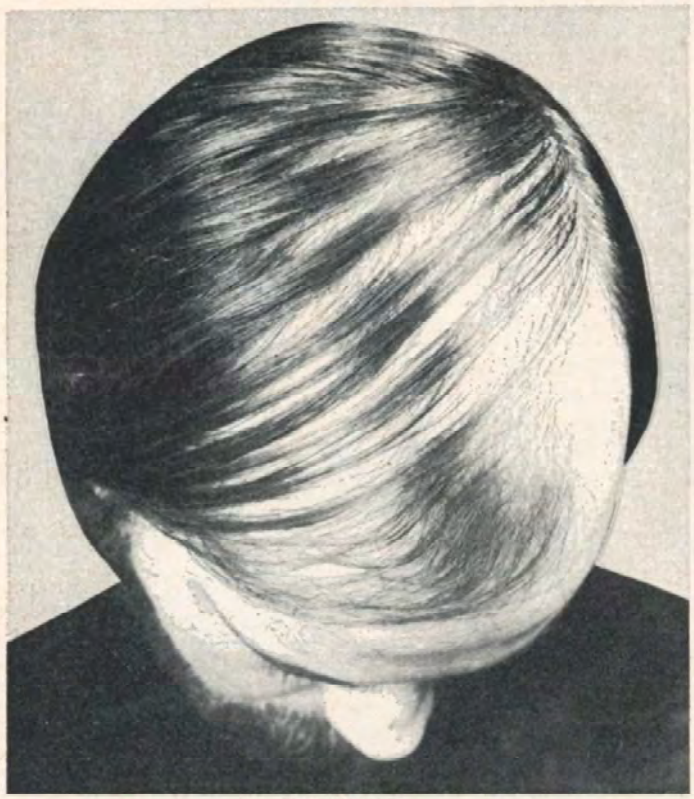

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NCI's director, including one in which the IRC would absorb all costs. The NCI would select independent oncologists (cancer specialists) to monitor the progress of 1,000 patients. But Upton, on behalf of all U.S. cancer victims, past and present, finally rejected the offers.

Upton alleged that no one in the NCI's vast network of researchers and laboratory technicians had any interest in testing Burton's thesis and results "until after it [Burton's research] has been reported in the literature in full detail to make possible replication"—a Catch-22, considering that Burton has been refused publication.

Burton has achieved his best results with metastatic prostate cancer, melanoma (a type of skin cancer), bladder cancer, and head and neck tumors. He has been the object of both panegyrics and condemnation in the press. Despite his controversial status, many physicians refer their patients to his clinic as a last resort and usually after all conventional therapy has failed. The total remissions achieved in some of these cases are therefore all the more remarkable.

Of Rottino's original team at St. Vincent's, only Burton has continued in the field opened by the team's initial discoveries. Robert Kassel, who went to Sloan-Kettering, is dead. Martin Kaplan and John Harris, who was sent by Sloan-Kettering to collect data but who ended up working with the team, have disappeared, and we were unable to locate them. Rottino remains at St. Vincent's. Friedman, who worked with Burton for 20 years, is now a biology professor. When we tried to contact him in New York, he denied that he was the Friedman we were seeking. Apparently, the memories of the years of frustration are as painful for him as they are for Burton.

THE SCOPES TRIAL

In October 1976 Dr. Burton was still located in Great Neck, N.Y. Dr. John T. Beaty, who had heard about Burton's work, arranged to meet him. A compassionate physician, Dr. Beaty told some of his patients who were suffering and dying of cancer—their conditions unrelieved by conventional cancer "treatment"—about Burton's work. Some of them sought out Burton, importuned his help, and returned to confide in Dr. Beaty. Beaty agreed to monitor their progress with Burton.

What Dr. Beaty observed in his patients who went to Burton resulted in his open support of the scientist, and he obliged those of his cancer patients who asked him to send their blood samples to Burton. After Burton moved to the Bahamas, those of Beaty's patients who went to the Bahamas for testing and treatment by Burton were monitored by Beaty on their return. Trouble came after an article in the *National Enquirer* quoted Beaty as supporting Burton's work. The article repeated Beaty's statement that he had recommended about 20 patients to Burton—most of whom were in the terminal stage of their disease—and that half of them had experienced either observable regression of their tumors or notable improvement in their condition.

The result of the article's appearance was, first, Beaty's summary expulsion from the staff of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, despite his 30-year affiliation. Next, a charge was framed by the Greenwich Medical Society, accusing him of "unethical conduct" in failing to adhere to the precept that "a physician should practice a method of healing founded on a scientific basis, and he should not voluntarily associate with anyone who violates this principle."

In November 1977 the Greenwich Medical Society, after a hearing, censured Dr. Beaty, a physician with impeccable establishment credentials. Beaty was found guilty of associating with Burton. He also was reprimanded for this association by the Greenwich Hospital, and he continues to be subjected to ostracism by his colleagues. Beaty, a dedicated physician in a small community, was punished because he dared to put his concern for his patients' welfare above the narrow self-interest of the medical establishment.

UNPROVING BURTON

Despite the fact that no one has disproved Burton's theories, he remains on the American Cancer Society's blacklist. As long as his work is maligned by the ACS as "unproven," he will continue to be thought of as a quack, a charlatan, a fraud, by country-club doctors more concerned about maintaining the medical status quo than about actively seeking the relief of human suffering.

Burton's appearance on the American Cancer Society's blacklist is an affront to reason and common sense. His entire adult life has been devoted to science and scientific discipline. His main work is patented. His degrees are legitimate—Bachelor of Science, Master of Science, and a Ph.D. in experimental zoology.

Because Burton is on the Unproven Methods list, many doctors throughout the United States refuse to cooperate with him, since that would mean associating with a healing method that is "not scientific," even though many other physicians seek him out on behalf of their dying patients and cooperate with him *sub rosa*.

Burton may or may not have achieved a breakthrough in cancer research. We will not know until he is removed from the unproven list and scientific, not political, considerations are used to evaluate his work. It is interesting to note that one of the accusations against him is that his work is strictly "empirical," that is, knowledge by experience or trial and error. But it is also true that practical experience often provides the basis for legitimate, scientific inquiry, as it has for most of modern medicine.

Finally, there is the question as to why all this happened. There is a problem with Burton's lack of political tact, which makes him unable to work in the political system to his own advantage. Burton's outspokenness often makes him his own worst enemy, but that doesn't make him any less objective.

Burton's history reminds us of what we all tend to forget, that there is an opposing tension between the requirements of knowledge and the requirements of political institutions. The establishment attempts to build faith in itself by convincing the public at large that it knows what it is doing and can handle any situation. If, however, a scientist comes along and proves that the assumptions that give strength to an institution are in fact false or uncertain, then the whole institutional edifice becomes shaky. Belief and faith in the institution are diminished, and its leadership is placed in jeopardy. Rather than risk that possibility, institutions tend to try to control everything, every development, to make certain that any innovation that comes out does so in the establishment's name. History also tells us that innovators like Burton ultimately will prevail and the institutions that attempt to suppress them will disappear and be forgotten. O+

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

one hand and my balls with the other and stuck it in Carol's cunt, and we started to fuck with Betty's head somewhere between our legs, watching and holding my balls.

I got an idea and leaned down to whisper to Carol. She okayed my plan. I stopped in mid-fuck, so to speak, and said to Betty, "If you're going to watch us fuck, you have to get naked, too." She hesitated, but Carol and I got up. And as the dress was raised over her head, I got a look at a really gorgeous set of tits. I grabbed both of them and told Carol to pull Betty's pants down. As they reached her knees, I stuck a finger in Betty's cunt and gave her a quick finger-fuck. She moaned.

Now all three of us were naked, and I got another idea. I said to Carol, "As long as you and I can do it anytime, would you mind if I fucked Betty?" Carol giggled and said to go ahead. Betty was put on her back, and Carol, without any urging, took my prick and put it at the entrance of Betty's dripping box. She also sat in our tangled legs so she could get a good look while she grabbed my balls and squeezed the hell out of them. Betty was moaning and screaming, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I finally let loose a blast that filled her cunt till it ran out and down her legs.

Soft again, my prick slipped out, and I rolled to Betty's side. As we lay there getting our breath, Carol ran to the kitchen, got a towel, and came back to grab my prick and start cleaning me off. When she finished, she wiped Betty's cunt dry, too.

I hadn't finished fucking Carol yet and said, "Let's go to bed and rest, and as soon as I get it up again, we'll fuck some more." As Carol and I started toward the bedroom, Betty followed us, saying, "Heck, I got to see this again."

I think we all fell asleep pretty quick, with me in the middle. Sometime during the night I felt a hand playing with my prick. From the experienced way it was being done, I knew it had to be Betty, and I reached over and stuck a finger in her cunt and gave her stroke for stroke. She started humping my finger and came with a rush. The lights were still on, and Carol woke up and said, "Hey, that's mine this time." I got Carol on her hands and knees and mounted her from behind and fucked her doggie-style, with Betty's head once again practically in my ass hole. She jerked herself off while Carol and I came in a glorious burst that left us limp.

The next morning Carol was snoring and dead to the world. Betty wasn't in bed. I got up to take a piss and heard a noise in the kitchen. I walked out of the bathroom and headed for the sound. Betty was sitting at the table, drinking coffee and dressed to leave. I stood naked in front of her and thanked her for the wonderful evening. She smiled and said she had enjoyed it, too. My prick was about 12 inches from her face, and she reached up and stroked it and watched it come to life. When it was as hard as it could be, she leaned forward and took it in her mouth and commenced to suck it off. She cupped my balls and let my prick out of her mouth for a second and said, "Instead of me blowing you, fuck me in the mouth while I sit still and you do the work." I started pumping her mouth as she held on to my balls. I let loose and came in her mouth, and she swallowed it all. As she licked my prick clean, she said, "Come and coffee in the morning is the greatest." She took a sip of coffee like it was a chaser. "You might say I'm a "regular" girl!"

Carol and I are still together (in another town), and Betty visits us a couple of times a year. Carol finally learned how to jerk me off, and it comes in handy when she has her period. I also taught her to like come in her coffee. She says she has another friend, named Ethel, who might enjoy what I have and that if I like big tits, Ethel's would knock my eyes out, and that she'd like to watch me fuck her between her tits.—*Name and address withheld*

Fantasy number 501 coming up!

Since voyeurism seems to be a popular theme with your readers and contributors, I thought I would share an experience of mine and a girl friend's that might be of interest. Angela and I attended different schools in North Carolina, but many of my weeks were spent at her room in a coed dorm on campus. Her roommate was always kind enough to leave on the weekends I was there.

One Saturday night we went to a nightclub in town to catch a hot jazz group on tour. We were lucky enough to get excellent seats and quickly began to down some preliminary beers. When the group came out of the dressing room to start their set, I heard Angela give a quick gasp. I quickly saw what caused her to act this way. The drummer was a heavily bearded, swarthy black man with tight leather trousers on and a sleeveless T-shirt that accented his muscular shoulders. Angela leaned over and whispered half-jokingly, "There's fantasy number 501." I laughed, for I knew that Angela would probably like the opportunity to live out one of her fantasies.

As we became increasingly intoxicated on beer and music, I became bolder and decided that she might as well have her chance. At the end of the second set, Al, the drummer, came over to the bar near us, and I saw why Angela was excited. His skintight pants accented a bulge at his crotch that seemed to blossom down his inside thigh like an ill-concealed nightstick. Somewhat unsteadily, I stood up, much to Angela's surprise, and approached him. Nervously, I asked him if he might be interested in a party later that my girl friend promised to make worthwhile. He was a sophisticated man and taken aback at first with my offer, but when he came over to the table, Angela outdid herself. Staring directly at his crotch, she shook back her auburn hair and licked her lips lewdly. Al accepted, needless to say.

Afterwards, while we waited in the car for him, Angela thanked me for my shocking initiative and asked if she had my permission to really let go. I replied, "Of course," for I was enthralled by the idea of what might happen. Al came out, and we left, engaging in some relaxing small talk on the way back to the dorm. When we got there, the small talk stopped.

Once in the room, Al, having sensed our mission, seized control of the situation immediately. "Okay, folks, I believe I know what kind of party you have in mind, and I want you to leave everything to me. Just do as I say, and everybody leaves satisfied." We were quick to comply. He told me that I was to be the spectator for this evening, which suited me fine. I put some soft jazz on the stereo and popped the top of another beer, settling back on the bed opposite Angela's. They sat down on her bed, and Al put his arm around her in an almost fatherly manner and said, "Now, Angela, I want you to do a few things for me." Her face lit up. "Sure." His voice was deep and steady, almost hypnotic. "Okay, first I want you to put that lovely hair up in a bun, on top of your head." Give me something to hold on to, if you know what I mean." Angela practically jumped at the command. She was always assertive in our relationship, and I could see that she was having a great time "on vacation." As she was quickly putting her hair into a topknot, Al continued, "Take your clothes off, Angela. I want to see you. Then I want you to help me take mine off." Her clothes were in a pile in the floor in seconds. As Al stood, she stepped to him with no shyness at all and lifted his shirt over his head. He complimented her on her fine body, but I could see that she was beyond listening to me and was breathing heavily. She unfastened the leather thong that bound the fly of his pants, and he sat down on the edge of the bed while she removed his shoes and pulled the pants off.

Angela gasped loudly when Al's mammoth, still-flaccid cock came into view. She was eager to fondle it. "Not so fast, my lovely. First I want you to know exactly what you're getting. Now you look like a practical woman; so you must have a

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tape measure around, right?" She nodded without raising her eyes, then retrieved it from her drawer. "I want you to measure this thing as soon as it gets good and hard." Sure enough, his organ was hardening. When it stood erect, Angela quickly sat down beside him and stretched the measure along the underside, from his huge balls to the tip of the plum-shaped head. She laughed and looked at me with an incredulous expression as she read off, "Nine and a half inches."

"That's fine," Al said with a chuckle. "Now, Angela, would you care for a taste?" She just grasped the base of his cock firmly and lowered her mouth to the head. Al grabbed the knot of her hair and held on as Angela sucked on the head feverishly. Then he pulled her back up and looked into her eyes. "Now, Angela, I believe your man there has had you on the right diet; he just hasn't given you the right quantity yet. I'm going to give it to you in small doses so you learn to love it, okay?" "Please" was all Angela could manage through her labored breathing. He guided her back down with her topknot, "Halfway this time, and then you'll take it all."

Angela went at that huge, black dick with a fervor I have never seen equaled. She was moaning so loudly that I was afraid the neighboring rooms would be alarmed. Al pulled her head back up then and said to her as he panted for more, "Fine. Now I want you to take it all in and back down your throat. You want to do that for me, don't you, Angela?" She just groaned. He pushed her down again. I thought that Angela would surely balk at this, because while she has always been adept at fellatio, she was never a deep-throat artist. But here she was now, my Angela, ingesting this black man's enormous member down to the pubic hair, with him giving her instructions and encouragement all the while. Suddenly he pulled her up by the hair as she gasped for air.

"Now, Angela, stand up, bend over, and hold on to that desk. I want you to concentrate all your attention on this lovely place between your legs. I want you to think about every long, luscious inch of cock I give you. Count them as you feel them." He stood behind her as she moaned her assent, reaching behind her to guide his prick in. "Ohh, that's one . . . that's so good, Al . . . please give me all of it. Ahh, that's two, three, four, so good . . . now five, six, seven . . . now eight . . . nine! God! Thank you, Al!" Al's voice never changed, but his pace increased until his hips were a black blur in the soft lamplight. Angela was coming almost continuously, as was I by this time.

Then Al stepped back, after countless minutes of this, and said, "Kneel down, Angela, I'm going to feed you your just desserts." She was on her knees in a flash, sucking at his cockhead like an animal, milking the turgid, ebony shaft with both hands. Then she gripped his ass tightly and pulled him to her as his dick slid down her throat once more, and he erupted. She drank him down like nectar. She stood up and threw her arms around him, "Oh, Al!" and they toppled into her bed. At this point I passed out.

At one point in the night, when I woke up to go to the bathroom, Angela was astride Al's midsection, getting the ride of her life. She leaned her head back at me as I edged out of the room and mouthed the words, "Thank you." The next morning I was awakened by Angela crawling into bed beside me. Al had caught a taxi back to his hotel. We discussed the events of the night at length and decided it had been a once-in-a-lifetime experience that had worked well for all concerned. It never happened again, I'm sorry to say.—*Name and address withheld*

Bedside manner

I'm a 24-year-old, medium-built, good-looking guy who seldom believed the stories in "Forum"—until I had a sexual experience of a similar kind.

Last summer I had a part-time job at a local hospital in Gainesville, Fla. I was working as an orderly to pick up some extra cash before I went back to college

in the fall. One August night I was working the 3:00–11:00 shift. I was getting pretty bored with the patient load. I was walking down the hall when I noticed a fairly good-looking woman about 35 or 40 years of age watching television. I thought I would go in and talk with her until it was time to go home.

I entered and casually asked her what she was watching. She said she really wasn't paying much attention. At the same time I noticed the gown she was wearing exposed most of her small but firm tits. I thought to myself that this was going to be a nice visit. I have always enjoyed women who expose their bodies slightly. We began to talk about what she was in for, and I learned her illness was not major. After a while she mentioned that the hospital bed had made her back awfully sore. I then asked her whether she would like a back rub, which she accepted eagerly. I went to her bedside table and took a tube of lotion from the drawer. When I turned around, she had taken off her gown and was lying nude on her stomach. I went straight to the door and shut it and thought this was going to be fun.

She had her eyes closed, but her ass was looking gorgeous. I then began to rub the lotion on her back, working my way down to those golden globes. As I rubbed in the lotion, she started to moan softly and then said my hands were really talented. Her legs were slightly spread, and I began to work her crack very slowly to see if she approved. She made no resistance.

About this time my hard cock was about to burst out of my pants. I then asked her to flip over so that I could rub her legs. She obeyed my command. Her eyes remained closed as I applied the lotion to her thighs. I rubbed them for about 30 seconds and then went straight to her now dripping cunt. As I stated to finger-fuck her, she moaned with shock and pleasure. Then she reached for my head and pulled me to her lips, and we kissed passionately for several minutes. This was getting me so hot that I couldn't stand it any longer. So I asked her to come to the bathroom adjoining her room.

I then unbuckled my pants and let them drop. I sat down on a shower chair and had the beautiful, middle-aged woman straddle my lap. After a few moments of unsuccessfully trying to get my dick into her wet pussy, she suggested turning around so that her back was facing me. My hard pecker entered her dripping snatch very easily. She started to moan louder as she bucked up and down. After a few minutes of this we both reached long and loud orgasms. She then lay back on me, and we both rested for a minute or two. We told each other that this had never happened before to either of us. We exchanged phone numbers and have met several times since. I have always wanted to make it with an older

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The Coming Depression—Inflation has reached 25 percent, and the end is not in sight. Ever since 1913, when the Federal Reserve Act was passed, politicians and bankers have enriched themselves by printing geometrically increasing amounts of worthless paper money—a scheme that will finally bankrupt the nation. But, writes James Dale Davidson, chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, "by bankrupting the middle class, the politicians may have touched off a chain reaction of bankruptcies that will eventually destroy their robber's world of paper money." This process, according to some experts, will plunge America into another Great Depression. Davidson explains how your money and your work have been devalued to the point where today's dollar is worth only one-eighth as much as a Confederate dollar—backed up by a government that has been defunct for 115 years.

The Last American—"Since when have we Americans been expected to bow submissively to authority and speak with awe and reverence to those who represent us?" So spoke the late William O. Douglas, who spent more time on the Supreme Court than any other justice in our history and who was, according to Nat Hentoff, "the most crucially important member of the Court in our time . . . the last of the truly great men in public life." In a moving tribute to this authentic American hero, Hentoff explains why William Douglas should be remembered as "the keeper of the Constitution" and how his opinions and dissents on the Court directly affect the quality of our lives.

Sermon from the Mount—Actor Charlton Heston has starred in more epic films and played more legendary characters than any other actor in motion-picture history. He has been Moses, Ben-Hur, El Cid, Marc Antony, Henry VIII, Michelangelo, and Macbeth. In the August issue of *Penthouse*, Heston talks about walking down Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments, riding on a white horse through a captured city with thousands shouting "Cid! Cid!" and entering the beleaguered city of Khartoum like a revered savior. A self-proclaimed "real mean son-of-a-bitch old character actor," Heston has been heralded as "the first heroic American actor" by Sir Laurence Olivier. His goal, after more than 30 years of acting? "To get it right, just one time."

The Child Pornographer—The true story of how one determined New York City patrolman tried bucking the porn world to put a man behind bars. Veteran policeman Joe Horman and Pulitzer prize-winning journalist William Sherman cover the infamous beat they know best, that mecca of sleaze called Times Square.

Marvin Gaye—Motown's most soulful troubadour climbed to the heights with "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" and plunged into the depths of despair in his heartbreakingly confessional album *Here, My Dear*. On the eve of the release of Gaye's long-overdue new LP, *Marvin Gaye, Love Man*, veteran music journalist John Milward profiles the singer whose voice sent young Americans dancing in the streets in the sixties only to leave them crying by the stereo in the sadder, but wiser, eighties. O+

women, and now I have and know that it is the best thing I have ever done.—*Name and address withheld*

Pot-whipped

I am an 18-year-old high-school senior who has had his share of girl friends and sexual experiences for his young years. Yet what happened to me on this night was totally unpredictable and unbelievable. I was at my best friend Bob's house, and it was around 7:00. I have known Bob since I can remember, and our families are extremely close. Bob's mother, Mrs. B., is like a second mother to me. Bob and I were rather bored at the time, so I suggested we light up a joint and just talk a while. Bob said his mother would be home soon and she would detect the smell and become angry. I finally persuaded him to light one up.

I assume a half hour had elapsed when, to our utter amazement, we both looked up and saw Mrs. B. staring angrily down upon us. Mrs. B. has always been a strict disciplinarian. She was naturally totally against the use of drugs and at the moment was outraged.

Now Mrs. B. is 38 years old, yet she has the body of a 25-year-old. Obviously I had no explanation for the marijuana, and she was infuriated.

She told Bob she would deal with him later, but first she was going to teach me a lesson. She told me to follow her to her bedroom, and when we got there, things really started to happen. Mrs. B. was still visibly upset, and she instructed me to sit on the bed. While I was sitting there, she began undressing to the point where all she was wearing was a bra and underwear, with silk panty hose covering her sexy legs. She then went to the closet and got a thick, black leather strap. It became quite obvious that she planned to punish me by spanking me. Now my large cock was already aroused by the sight of her legs, and she then told me to strip down to nothing, which I did.

She then began whipping my bare backside with her strap, and even though the pain was unbearable, I was so aroused it did not matter. After about the tenth time she hit me I climaxed and came all over her leg. Noticing this, she became even angrier, and she pushed me onto the bed, turned me over, and continued the beating at a faster and harder pace. Even though I was getting the worst spanking of my life, I was still enjoying it. She finally stopped after my ass was black and blue.

Although I could not sit down for three days afterward, I think the next time I smoke pot it will be right in front of Mrs. B.—*Name and address withheld* O+

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Now head straight to some rails and follow them as far as necessary to meet a way named for an important Gold Rush figure. Let it lead you to a way out of the city, but don't leave. (If you've made it this far, don't think things are looking up.) Now return to the last route you were directed to. Somewhere along it we hid our Canadian Club. Things you've seen should tell you where.

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